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THE
MISSIONARY
(AND)
SABBATH-SCHOOL
RECORD.

VOL. X.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 1, 1853.

No. 1

The Common Talent.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Among the many beautiful and instructive parables of the Bible, we find one wherein a certain nobleman is described as going into a far country, to receive for himself a kingdom. It was his intention to return at some future time, but that time was uncertain. Meantime he distributed to his servants certain portions of his property, with directions to lay it out for his benefit during his absence, assuring them an account would be one day required.

The explanation of this parable is simple and has been often given. The nobleman about to go into a far country, was that same Jesus who, when on earth, said to his disciples, "A little while and ye shall not see me, because I go unto my father," and also sent by Mary this sweet message, "I ascend unto my Father and your Father."

The talents, too, distributed evidently mean the various gifts and abilities that are entrusted to those who are desired to expect and wait for the appearing of the Lord. In all ages the distribution has been unequal. To Moses, the deliverer and lawgiver of Israel, was given a great commission; to David, as a king, as the sweet psalmist, as the tried and highly favored servant of God, was committed a sacred

and important trust; to Peter, with all his fire and energy, his zeal and ardent love, were given the ten talents; to Paul, also, whose sound reasonings, whose glowing eloquence and powerful pleading won so many souls to Christ, were intrusted and faithfully occupied a large measure of the gifts of God; to Dorcas, chiefly remembered by her coats and garments for the poor; to Nicodemus, who came to Jesus by night; to John Mark, whose faith, though true, was yet weak, gifts and graces in a less degree were bestowed, but they, faithful over a very little, shall not lose their reward, but shall equally enter into the joy of their Lord.

The same distinctions are found among ourselves. Look around on an assembly of young people; how many and how wide are the differences which characterize them? In circumstances, in abilities, in opportunities of improvement, few are exactly similarly situated; and yet there is one talent common to all, one gift in which all are equal partakers, one deposit entrusted, without distinction, to every one of the servants of our Lord, who will assuredly come and require at the hand of each an account of their trust.

It is your time! Has it ever occurred to you that time is a special gift, bestowed

for a special purpose, and of which a strict reckoning will be taken? However humble your capacity, however limited your means of improvement or usefulness, this talent you have in common with the most intellectual, or the most influential. We are desired to occupy it, to turn it to account, to make it productive in our Master's service. Which of us has done this? What can we show for it? Another marked period of time is time no longer, but has mingled with the eternal past. How has it been occupied?

1. Time is occupied when spent in the discharge of duty. Jesus occupied time when in the temple, at 12 years of age, he said to his mother, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Paul occupied time when, as a tent-maker, he wrought with his hands, that he might not be chargeable to the churches. Diligence in our calling, whatever that calling be, a strict attention to the duties of your situation, is such a faithful occupation of this common talent, as will be assuredly acknowledged and rewarded at the great day of inquiry.

2. Time is occupied when it is improved for the acquisition of knowledge and information. Timothy occupied that time spent in the study of the holy Scriptures in his youth. Paul, too, turned to good account in after time the days spent at the feet of Gamaliel. The missionary Williams, when an active and observing boy, delighted in the study of machinery, and this knowledge, in the distant islands of the sea, enabled him to build the "Messenger of Peace," and send her with the glad gospel news from island to island. Dr. Carey, too, while working at his humble trade, and spending all his leisure moments in the study of languages, was preparing to lay open the treasures of eternal life, in many tongues, to the idolatrous nations of India. Every new energy awakened, every acquisition gained, every difficulty mastered in the path of knowledge, is time faithfully occupied. Thin

of this when you feel weary of your task, when your expectations of success are disappointed, when you feel inclined to give up in despair, hear the voice, "Occupy till I come."

3. Time is occupied when spent in the direct service of God—in private prayer, in the study of His word, in His house. This occupation of time produces the largest harvest, and the richest return. It is the nearest thing to the occupation of eternity. When the heaven and the earth have passed away, the service of God abideth ever; and those who best enjoy this employment here, will be the best prepared to sit down in the kingdom of heaven.

Lastly, Time is occupied when spent for the good of others, in plans and undertakings of usefulness. For this, it is not needful to enter into the difficulties and trials of a missionary life. It is not necessary to have at command large resources and powerful influence; every thought of love, every act of kindness, every deed of self-denial, are alike reckoned as time faithfully occupied, and shall not lose their reward.

There was one till lately in the midst of us who, Caleb-like, followed the Lord wholly, who, Enoch like, walked with God, who proved himself a faithful servant over the ten talents committed to his charge. No employment was more congenial to the late Mr. Orr than any labor of love for the benefit of the young, and when, nine years ago, he was applied to for the benefit of his aid and experience in establishing this little magazine, so kindly and effectually was this granted, that the impulse then given has carried it on during a steady course of nine years, bearing goodly fruit, leavening the mind of the young with missionary information, and leading them to engage in such labors of love as God will assuredly bless.



Pictures from the Life of Jesus.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—It is our purpose in the following pages to present to you word-pictures from that best and most interesting book in the English tongue—the Bible. We have it in our mind to journey with you, from the manger at Bethlehem, to the cross outside the gates of old Jerusalem; to talk of HIM who once became a child himself, and in imagination follow Jesus Christ, that—watching the acts of kindness which He did every-

where He went, and listening to the gentle words which proceeded out of His mouth.—we may learn something of His meekness and large-hearted love.

Every month in the year we hope to spend a happy season with you, and though we are only to you as a voice, and you to us as shadows, yet reader and writer will meet together face to face at last. God grant that it be in His glory.



PICTURE I.

BETHLEHEM; OR, THE BIRTH-NIGHT SONG.

On the side of a high hill about six miles from Jerusalem stands the little town of Bethlehem. Below it lies a deep valley, and though the ground in these days is not much cared for, between the clefts of the rock there are

strips of verdure, among the hard and there upon the hill-side we see the vineyards rich with purple grapes, and the wide spreading fig-trees; but withal there is something of sadness in the look of the old town, and we glance up

stones wild flowers spring, and here from its flat-roofed houses to the deep blue sky overhead.

BETHLEHEM means the House of Bread—Ephrata—fruitful. We read about it in the book of Genesis. There Joseph's mother was buried; there lived the tender-hearted Ruth; there David grew up to be a man, and was taken from the sheepscoats to be King over Israel; there, too, Rehoboam, the foolish son of the wise Solomon, put soldiers and made it an armed city.

It is more than eighteen hundred years ago, when the world was not so densely peopled; when England was hardly known, and the Romans were the masters everywhere; when even the Jews, God's own people, were obliged to submit to their authority; when the proud emperor who used to boast that he had found Rome a city of bricks but would leave it a city of marble, sent word to Palestine that every man should have his name enrolled or entered on the public books, so that he might know how many slaves he had.

There were bustle and excitement throughout the Holy Land. BETHLEHEM was crowded with people, and among the crowds came Joseph, a carpenter from Nazareth, bringing with him Mary, who was soon to be his wife. There was no one there to greet them, no friendly voice to bid them welcome; unnoticed, uncared for, they passed among the busy throng, and as the inn was full were glad to get a place in the stable.

While everything was busy in the city, the fields that lay below it were hushed and still. It was pleasant to turn away from the bustling street to look down upon the green depths, the blades of grass, the drops of dew that sparkled in the light, to look at the shepherds, keeping watch over their browsing flock.

By and by, the life and motion of the city were hushed. One by one the lights went out, and the city seemed one mass of houses clustering on the dark hill-side; the sheep in the pas-

tures were still, the birds roosted on the trees, fishes slept in the brooks, flowers bent down with their petals closed, all things quiet, the grass, the trees, the water, the deep sky still and solemn. The stars kept watch.

Perhaps it was at that moment, when, the softly stirring wind seemed hushed, that Jesus Christ was born; for lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone around about them. The shepherds, awakened from their first surprise, heard words of peace and comfort; that HE who had so long ago been promised, that kings and prophets had desired to see, had come at last,—a baby sleeping in a manger!

And when the shepherds ventured to look up, they saw above them in the air a great multitude of angels, so beautiful, so unlike anything that they had ever looked upon before, and heard such music that never yet a mortal ear had heard—for it was one of the psalms of the heavenly temple that saints and angels sing. Let the drowsy townsmen sleep if they will, God's angels keep the birthnight.

Could it be a dream, a fancy of the night, beautiful while it lasted, but passing away like the morning dew? Could they all have dreamed the same dream—seen the same sights—heard the same sounds? They will go and see, and they did, to find the good news true, and the great Saviour really come. How great is Christ! Four thousand years before he came his birth was promised. The words of the prophets, the sacrifices of the priests, pointed to him. The family to which he should belong, the time and place of his birth, known before he came—angels praising God and bringing messages of peace to man when he was born. He who slept at BETHLEHEM was the son of the Highest, and the maker of the world. "He who was rich for our sakes became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be rich."

"Let us go, they said, even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which hath come to pass which the Lord

bath made known unto us." Together they go up the hill, and through the silent street into the stable of the inn, to find Mary and Joseph, and the young child, to them they told the story of the Angel's Song, and the people who heard the news, wondered, talked about it, and forgot it; but Mary remembered their words, and as she hushed the child to sleep, thought of the message of the angel to herself, and of the angels to the shepherds: "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." "A Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

The birthplace of a great man is always interesting, whether it be in some quiet country town, or still more quiet village, where all the season round the wild flowers make the whole air fragrant, where the little cottage peeps from between the trees, and the brown moss-grown paling divides it from the dusty road glowing in the sunshine; or whether it be in the busy city streets, and noisy thoroughfares, where tall houses shut out healthy breezes—to see the place where a great man who has a name in history was born—is pleasant.

Looking at BETHLEHEM we mostly forget it was the birthplace of David, because a greater than David was there. The city was regarded as a holy place before the Saviour came. Seven hundred and ten years before the angel's Song the prophet Micah had foretold its future glory: "And thou, Bethlehem Ephrata, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been of old, even from everlasting."

Happy shall we be if we learn with Mary to keep all these things, and ponder them in our hearts; and with the shepherds praise God for all the things which we have heard as they are told unto us; for unto us the child was born, unto us the Son was given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and he shall be called Wonderful,

Councillor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, and best of all, "THE PRINCE OF PEACE." K B. C.

Madagascar.

The immense island of Madagascar is still shut against missionaries, and the Christians there are still persecuted with relentless cruelty. The Queen was falsely reported to be dead. She not only lives, but, along with her ministers, still seems bent on the destruction of Christianity. Her son, who is heir to the throne of Madagascar, seems still to continue a steadfast Christian. Indeed, all the Christians, amounting to hundreds, remain firm in the midst of terror and death. "Though compelled," says the London Missionary Chronicle, "to flee from place to place, or to assemble in little groups and in secret haunts, in order to escape the vigilance of their merciless foes, the God whom they have so faithfully served continues to be their stay and refuge, and, in his good providence, enables them to take sweet counsel together, and to hold occasional correspondence with distant and sympathising friends."

The Rev. David Griffiths, formerly of the Madagascar Mission, has received a letter from David Johns (Andrianabo,) one of the Malagasy refugees residing at Mauritius, dated 17th March ultimo, enclosing another, recently transmitted by some of his pious countrymen in Madagascar.

From David Johns' letter it appears that Ranavalona, the Queen, still lives and reigns; but she is desirous of resigning the government in favour of her son and heir, the excellent Prince Rakotoscheno, though the object has hitherto failed of accomplishment, through the opposition of Rainiharo, the commander-in-chief. It is further stated that the Prince is making rapid progress in the christian religion, and continues to favour and defend his persecuted countrymen as far as it is in his power.



The History of a Plant.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTION.

Are there any of my young readers who do not love flowers? Some of them have little gardens which they attend to themselves, and they take pleasure in their neatness and order, and in their gait when the summer is here. Others have pet-plants of their own, which they have reared with much pains and delight, on some sunny ledge or window-sill. And those who have nothing of this kind, have made some wild flower their favorite; and say, perhaps—

"Pansies, lilies, king-cups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:
There's a flower that shall be mine;
'Tis the little *Celandine*."

Very few, I should think, do not love flowers.

And it is very right to love them. They are such industrious creatures. You never would have thought it, to have seen them. "They toil not, neither do they spin!" No, they do not work for themselves, they are busy night and day for *us*. And now you see what I mean. How comes the corn of which we make bread? The wheat plants made it. We could never have made these little grains of wheat, which are, every one of them, tiny sacks of flour, out of what the roots of those plants could get from the wet earth, and the leaves from the rain and air. But they have done it. And if we wished to make food for cattle and sheep, in what way should we set about it? I am sure I cannot tell; but the little grass plants knew what to do, and they made those tender and juicy

leaves, which cover our pastures and meadows with the daintiest fare for those animals, whose flesh, thus fed, we eat. All our linen and cotton clothes are, first of all, the work of plants. But what delicious fruits they make for us; and what valuable medicines; and what stout timber, to build our houses and ships of. Even our books we owe to plants, for they made what we turn into paper. And all the time they seemed to be the laziest things in the world. They stand there, each in the place it sprung up in, and they put out new green leaves when the warm weather comes, and they shake off their withered leaves when the frost returns; and they wave themselves backwards and forwards when the breeze blows; and open their blossoms to the sunshine and shut them when the rain falls; and they never say a word, nor utter a note of song. And we loved them as we looked at them; but we scarcely thought what industrious and useful creatures they were. We shall love them more now.

I think they are to the world just what beauty is to the face. It might be a face without it. There would be eyes to see, and a mouth to eat, but we should not take pleasure in looking at it. And thus this world might do well enough for us, as a place to live in, without flowers. God must have loved the world after He had made it, when He gave it such a charming dress.—He must have wished us also to love it as His work. And He must have loved us, since He covered the earth in which He placed us with such exquisite ornament that we cannot imagine anything to be compared with it. The love of flowers will help us to love God, who gave them to show His love for us.

But this is not all their beauty tells us. "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Their beauty is the glory of God, and He adorned them with it; and all the toils of the richest kings, for their own glory

cannot be compared to it. God has put shame upon the selfish pride of men, by the sweet flowers; and has by them told us of something far more splendid than what dazzles the eyes of worldly folks,—living for His praise. And it is He who will take care of us, as He does of them. Are we not His children? The giant oak of the forest which has thriven through a thousand years,—He shielded it from injury, and gave it strength, till it had shot out its boughs on all sides, and could stand unharmed in its might amidst the storm and thunder. The little moss which springs up in the dreary desert, where foot of man is scarcely ever set, which asks but the space between two grains of sand to grow in, to which a drop of water is a shower,—do you think it would tell less plainly than that grand oak the goodness and the love of God? No, surely; and if He so clothes, as He does, “the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven,” will He, can He, forget us?

How happily the flowers live! They do not care about the things that we think so much of. The violets in the wild wood, where only village children find them, smell as sweetly as those do which are grown in the gardens of princes. How peacefully they die! And with so many of them it is when they are dead that their usefulness begins. Would it not be beautiful to live so, dear young friends, and so to depart; remembered when we are gone by the good that lives after us? And yet—

“How few the happy secret find
Of their calm loveliness!—
Live for to-day! to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight.
Go, sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven thy morn will bless.”

Yes this is their “secret,” and it means for us, *Trust all in God!* Then life and death are both alike; or rather, there is no death, but it is only, either here or in a better world than this, life from God, life for God's glory.

So love these sweet flowers; it will

help you in goodness to love them. I think that Jesus, from the way in which He speaks of them, loves them, and it was He that made them all.—Love them, then; and when you see them withering, you may say to them,

“Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time you spent,

Most while you lived for smell or ornament,
And after death for curse.

I follow straight, without complaint or grief;

For if my scent be good, I care not if
My life be brief as yours!”

Now, it is because I love flowers, and wish you all, my young friends, to love them, that I am going to tell you *The History of a Plant*. There is so very much that is curious in the way that plants live, that I am going to show you as much of it as I can hope to make you understand; beginning with the first sprouting of the seed, and going on through the growing of the root and the stem, the putting forth of the leaves, the budding and blooming of the flower, to the forming, and ripening, and scattering of the seeds. It will be a very little that I can find room for, out of all the wonders that are to be seen in every plant. For every different kind has something in its *History* different from that of all the rest. Indeed, in each plant of the same kind, something not exactly like what happens in the others, might be found. But I shall try and tell you most of what is most commonly to be seen. For it is not by reading books that you will get the knowledge which I should like you to desire; but only by looking at the things for yourselves. I shall not leave out anything that is worth speaking of, and that will please as well as instruct you. And I shall try, by small and plain wood-cuts, to make you understand some parts of the tale which you could not understand by descriptions.

You need not be afraid that I shall spoil any of your delight in flowers.—If you will attend to my story, and use your own eyes when you walk abroad in the country, or wherever you can

examine what I speak of for yourselves, I expect to make you able to take greater pleasure in them than you ever took before. What before seemed to you pretty and gay, will appear full of strange wonders: and many things which you never thought of looking at carefully, you will find to contain greater marvels than you ever yet saw. And this will be the greatest wonder of all, perhaps,—you will find that every plant *has a History*: and one worth knowing, too. For all the way through, it will be about what God has done. In this respect it is that I hope most to please you, young friends, for “the works of the Lord are great, sought out of them that have pleasure therein.”

Missionary Meeting among Cannibals.

Among men, we mean, who a few years ago were cannibals, eating human flesh. The first missionary meeting at Takopoto, New Zealand, was held on 30th September 1850. We give an account of it in the words of the Rev. B. Ashwell, of the Church Mission Society:—

More than 120 natives assembled including many chiefs of the first rank and several native teachers. I give extracts from the speeches of the chiefs and teachers. The first is from Levi Mokoro, the principal chief of the Ngatiruru tribe, and a man of much influence with all Waikato. “There is but one great thing. It is the gospel, which invites all to repentance. Why have we left off eating one another? It is because the gospel has come to us. Why have our evil practices been discontinued? It is the gospel. Why do our quarrels end without bloodshed? It is from the gospel. The gospel is good for the body as well as the soul I say, therefore, Let us be zealous to send the gospel to that island where the natives are eating one another.” This man, a fine old chief, was at one time a fearful cannibal and sensualist. The next is from Wesley Te Paki,

the old chief of the Ngaungau, formerly a great priest. “This is the Word of God; ‘The earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let light be; and light was.’ Now, at first there was darkness. We were also dark, sitting in darkness; but God has given us His gospel, that great light by which we know our wickedness. We now assemble to worship God, and desire to forsake our evil ways. My word is, that we persevere in the gospel, and send it to others also who are sitting in darkness.”

Another chief, Ngapaka, now got up, and said, “It is written in the Acts, that ‘they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues.’ This is another tongue—another language. Our language before was for war and bloodshed: murder was our delight. Now this is another tongue: it is the language of peace and joy, of love and of the gospel. My word is, Let every tribe hear this language: let us be zealous to send the gospel.”

After several other speakers, Stephen Tahatika, monitor of Maurea, got up, and said, “It is very good to send the gospel; but do not let us be like that bird, the pipiwarauoa, when it cries kui, kui, kui, a sign of a bad year, a cold summer; but let us be like it when it cries, witi ora, witi ora, a sign of a good year. Let this be a good year. Let us send the gospel to our brethren: let them hear of the love of God.”

The next who spoke was Jowett Kakamomo, one of the monitors of Kirikiriroa. “Mine is a word of caution, that our work may be right. St Paul told the churches to collect money for the poor. The wicked did not join in this work: it belongs to a holy people. Now, if we hear the money thrown into the plate with a great clatter, that is pride; it is not what the people of God will do. They give their money from love to Christ, and with prayer, not from pride.”

William Otapo, teacher at the school

Bethany, now got up. His words were—"Let us all listen. These are the evils which caused death in former times—sacred places and sacred things. House, comb, iron pot, garment, bed-place, pigs, when made sacred by a chief, caused death to those who broke the tapu, besides our other numerous quarrels. Why have we forsaken these foolish practices? It is because the gospel has triumphed, and put a stop to war and murder which was caused by our superstitions. Now, I say, Let us send the gospel to all nations: let each tribe and each chief join in this great work."

Seth Tarawiti, teacher at the school Bethany, next spoke. "Great is the joy of my heart to hear these chiefs speak for the gospel. In old times, when Levi Mokoro, or Wesley, or Marapuhia, and other chiefs got up to speak, it was for murder, war, and blood-hed. Now, what has caused this difference in these chiefs? What has caused the difference in our assemblies? Is it not the gospel? Then let us send the gospel to others, and be ensamples to other churches."

The concluding remarks were by me, to this effect:—"My heart is filled with joy, because we are anxious to fulfil the last command of our Lord and Saviour Christ, to 'go and teach all nations,' &c. But let us not boast, because sin is mixed with all we do: our every action, every work, must be washed in the blood of Jesus, and confirmed by the influences of God the Holy Spirit. He has heard your assent to-day. He has heard our resolve to meet (God willing) every year, to collect money, and to pray for the progress of the gospel throughout the world. May a gracious God enable us to keep this resolution, and we will say with David, 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory.' Amen."

We then collected £6, 12s. Next year, if our lives are spared, I trust we shall have a much larger meeting, and a more bountiful collection; but our

gracious Father will not despise "the day of small things."



Missionary Cabinet.

In a recent number of the *Record*, we invited our readers to a view of the *Missionary Cabinet* at Boston, where are collected many illustrations, from different parts of the heathen world, of the darkness and superstition that still reigns on the earth.

The Cabinet is arranged in different cases. In the case which we now examine, there are Chinese and Siamese *Candlesticks*, and *Candles*, and *Lamps*. These candles are made from the Tallow tree. It is about the size of a pear tree, with yellow blossoms. The fruit is enclosed in a husk, like a chestnut; when husk opens, it shows three white grains, the size of a filbert.

These contain the tallow. Sometimes the tallow is pressed out; sometimes it is obtained by boiling the bruised seed in water, and skimming off the oily matter that floats on the surface. Candles made of this tallow have been found nearly equal to those made of wax; it is also used for cooking. The tallow trees are usually planted on large plains: their purple or red leaves, and yellow blossoms give to the traveller, the appearance of a large and beautiful flower garden.

A stick of Olive, from Mount Olives. This tree is interesting from the frequent mention of it in Scripture. The mount of Olives was named from the abundance of this tree which grew there; it is east of the city of Jerusalem, and separated from it by the little

brook Kedron. How often Jesus walked there; sometimes in company with his friends, sometimes alone. The garden of Gethsemane is on its side, where our blessed Lord passed those sad and distressful hours, just before Judas came in pursuit of him. It was there he stood when he gazed upon Jerusalem, and wept to think how soon it would be destroyed. What ravages, and crimes, and desolation has Olivet seen since the Saviour was there. It could tell a wonderful tale. It has witnessed none of the fruits of those blessed truths which Jesus came to teach. Nothing like piety has ever dwelt about Olivet, since the early disciples were there. In the year 1823, the Monthly Concert of prayer for May was held on the Mount of Olives, by three American Missionaries—Messrs Fisk, King, and Wolf; who had gone out on the Palestine mission. What sacred and solemn feelings must have filled their bosoms, as they stood where the footsteps of our Lord had been! And how great did they feel their privilege to have been permitted to come and preach his name in places once hallowed by his presence, and his instruction—

The Betel is a beautiful tree, the tallest and slenderest of the Palm kind; and with a very smooth, white bark; its leaves form a round tuft at the top of the trunk. The nut is about the size of a hen's egg, it yields two crops a year, sometimes amounting to 300 nuts.

Here are some ancient books. A Syriac New Testament, 640 years old.

There is the Koran, in Arabic. The Koran is the Mahomedan Bible.

An ancient manuscripts of the Gospels on vellum. "What is vellum?" A delicate kind of parchment, made from the skin of calves. The hair is stripped off, the skins are soaked in lime water, and then pared very thin; after which the surface is rubbed smooth with pumice stone. Look at it.

There is another ancient manuscript of the Psalms, which the Rev. Mr. Fisk, one of our first missionaries to

Palestine, purchased of the Monks at a Greek convent, near Jerusalem.

A Syriac New Testament.

In the middle of the upper shelf is a very conspicuous object of which the engraving is a picture.

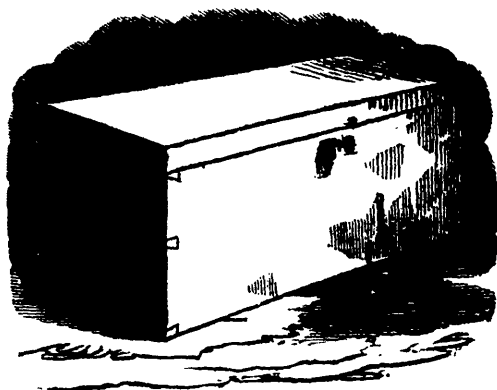
This is a model of a Pillar and Statues in the celebrated stone Choultry of Madura, built by Tumul Naick, some 250 years ago. The group represents that monarch with his five wives, two of them are on the other side of the pillar, and not seen in the engraving. They are all cut out of the same stone that forms the pillar, which is from 12 to 18 feet high



Look at that *little box* on next page. It was made by two missionaries when they were in prison.

"Missionaries in prison!" you will exclaim in astonishment. Yes, missionaries in prison, and in *this* country too, at the city of Milledgeville, in the State of Georgia.

"When was it; and who were they;



and what were they there for?" I hear you ask. I will tell you something about the affair, a sad affair it was too. The Cherokee nation, Indians you know, used to live in Georgia. As the white people came in and began to crowd them out, the United States granted them a certain portion of land to call their own, and to govern over as they chose; it was to be theirs as long as they wanted it. They forsook their wild, wandering habits, and settled down on farms, and began to cultivate the land very successfully; they had workshops, and good houses; missionaries went among them, and established schools, and taught them to read, and founded churches; indeed it was quite wonderful, how improved these Indians became. They seemed very happy and industrious, they tried to do as well as they could. But the people of Georgia at last said. "We want more land! we want the Cherokee land! Let us try and get rid of these Indians!" It was a very unjust thing, but they did not mind that. To accomplish this, the first thing to do was to send away the missionaries, for they knew the missionaries were friends to the Indians. A law was then made, declaring that no body should live in Georgia, unless they swore allegiance to the State, and got permission from the governor to live there. This was a very new and strange proceeding: you know that people can go from one State to another, without asking the governor! It was considered an *unconstitutional* law, something they had no right to make; because it is contrary to that freedom, which the Constitution or written laws of our country have allowed us; and the missionaries were resolved not to obey it; they lived in the Cherokee country, and felt they had no right to be bound by such a law; they continued their labors as usual. A large body of men called the "Georgia guard," was organised, which hovered about the Cherokee lands, giving the poor Indians all the trouble they could. Colonel Nelson, with a party of armed men, were determined to seize the missionaries. They went to the house of the Rev. Mr. Worcester, and made him prisoner, with two or three Methodist clergymen. They were marched 22 miles through mire and water, abused by one Serjeant Brooks, who made it his business to torment them, using the most profane and wicked language. At night they were chained together by the ankle in pairs. As they went along, they met more armed men, with Dr. Butler, another missionary, who was arrested the day before. Poor Dr. Butler had a chain fastened around his neck, and the other end at the neck of his horse, by whose side he was compelled to walk. At night he was liable at every step to stumble, and be strangled by his chain. The forest roads were very bad at this season of the year; it was the spring of 1831. A soldier

took him up behind his saddle; in this situation the horse plunged, and they both fell; the soldier being injured quite badly. He went 35 miles with the chain about his neck. When they stopped for the night, the missionaries were all chained together. After traveling two or three days they reached Camp Gilman, and were thrust into jail, Brooks saying as they entered, "This is where all the enemies of Georgia have to land, there and in hell." The jail was made of logs, with a floor of split poles and without chair or table. No one was suffered to speak to them, and no one to write unless the communication passed through the Colonel's hand. Was not this a dreadful situation for these dear missionaries.

The Grand Sabbath School Movement in England.

The Sunday School Union, whose headquarters is at London, has set on foot a jubilee movement, for the erection of a new and commodious building for the use of the Society, and for the accommodation of the Sabbath-School Teachers of London, with a Library, Lecture, and Reading Room. The appeals made on behalf of this movement are so earnest and elevated in their tone, that they are attracting much attention both in Britain and the United States. From one of the most remarkable of these appeals, that which appeared in the *British Banner*, we make the following extracts, which are worthy of careful consideration in Canada. If there are obstacles to the progress of religion in London that do not exist in Canada, there are many in Canada, particularly the country parts, which do not exist in London, and in both intelligent, faithful, Sabbath School teachers will be found most efficient in removing these obstacles.

We have to hope of the mass of the adult portion of society, either in the Metropolis or elsewhere. They seem "bound with the chain of their sin." They are irrecoverably beyond the reach of pulpit influence. At this moment, there is reason to believe that conversions

among them are everywhere few, and that many of those reported, through various agencies, are doubtful. It would really seem as if no means now in operation could touch them. We set no limits either to the mercy or the power of God; we only state facts, and argue from the data they supply. It is mournfully certain, that the mass of these full grown people will die as they have lived, without God, and without hope for all that is being done, or perhaps, that now can be done, to prevent it. The conclusion is terrible, but we cannot suppress it.

Is, then, this state of things to go on? Is there no hope for the generation to come? We rejoice to say there is hope! And the question is, from what quarter is help to come? We hesitate not to affirm, it is the Sunday-School. We make the avowal frankly, and in the face of the world—the Sunday-School! Let it not be supposed, however, that we are setting light by the Day Schools of London. In their own way they are doing a great work; but we believe they are doing very little to effect the salvation of the rising race. To save the soul is not the primary object for which, as a rule, these schools are carried on; and that which is not sought is not likely, to any very great extent, to be found. When conversion in after years takes place, the culture obtained in the Day School is of great importance; but its direct effects contribute very little to conversion.

The conclusion, then, we draw is, that the character of the future population of the Metropolis is, under God, very mainly in the hands of the Sunday-school Teachers. But for the Sunday-school, we should tremble for the prospects of religion in London. Let the rising race be left to run wild, and let nothing henceforth be done to spread among them the knowledge of God, and at the end of five-and-twenty years a result will follow for which, at present, few are prepared. If the adult Ministry in London should be left to itself, we should stand in fear of the churches largely dying out before the close of the present century. Let the Metropolitan Pastors, of all sects, but give the statistics of conversions among adults—that is, among persons who have never enjoyed the advantages of Sunday-school tuition—during the last seven years, and the result will tell a tale that will serve to correct such as may think that we are the subjects of an unfounded alarm. The truth is, we repeat, that adult conversions are, now-a-days, things everywhere comparatively rare; the large portion of all the additions to the churches are coming from the Sunday-schools. Let these Schools be shut up, and the Churches of Christ will pine away in spite of all that can be done by the regular Ministry; and many of them, at no distant day, will actually die out. The adult masses will not attend, and where there is no hearing, there can be no faith; and an end to conversion must involve

an end to vital religion; even the form will not long survive the power.

Such are our deliberate views of the position of the churches and of the Sunday-school in the Metropolis; and if they even approach correctness, nothing more need be said to show the importance—the incalculable importance—which attaches to the Sunday-school Union. The practical point, then, we have to deal with is obvious. As we view the matter, the one great, all-absorbing question is, By what means may the Metropolitan Sunday-school be rendered most efficient, and suited to the accomplishment of its Divine mission? This question involves two points—an increase in the amount of the teaching, and an improvement of its quality. Those, we consider, are things to be aimed at.

First, then, as to the amount; that must be augmented till the supply has become adequate to the demand. What this implies we shall not stop here to inquire. With a population continually expanding, it is difficult, if not impossible, to fix a limit; suffice it to say, that the obtaining of it will involve a new order of things—a much altered state of feeling in the Churches themselves. Error must be corrected respecting the end and object of the Sunday-school; apathy must be aroused; complacent notions of personal opinion as to the work must give place to a sense of imperative duty; prejudice must be overcome, and pride abashed; the opinion must be established, that no talent is too good for its service; it must be viewed as a special ministration of the Gospel, with a view to the conversion of the rising race, and, as such, the greatest work on earth; it must be considered as beneath no rank, and as superior to the highest intelligence; it must be viewed as work worthy of a Locke or a Newton, a Bacon or a Boyle, a Burke or a Johnson; the ladies and gentlemen of the land must look upon it as a field which it is an honor to cultivate.

The times we live in are extraordinary, both for things that are evil and things that are good. There is a spirit abroad in our midst which is far from friendly to the religion of Christ. It is intent on the uprooting of that Gospel from the face of the earth! If its power were equal to its object, England would soon have neither Sunday, nor Sunday-school, nor sanctuary, nor Bible, nor pastor, nor preacher, nor teacher! That enemy is aspiring to occupy the high places of literature amongst us. His object is to discredit Revelation, seize upon the ministry, and divest it of the Gospel—in a word, to introduce the dreary reign of Atheism under the guise of a would-be philosophical system! Now, the great antidote to this evil is, the early replenishment of the mind of the rising race with the truths of Revelation. Let it not be said that the multitude are in no danger from it. Men is one.—Whatever she'll prove death to the prince, possesses the power of working death in the pea-

sant. Let any one read the recent publications on this subject which have appeared in the United States, and he will see the moral aspects of the frightful experiment which has been recently made among the German Colonies, where Pantheism has ripened into avowed Atheism! Three or four public journals have been established and are being well supported, to further the diffusion of the doctrine of the fool, that "there is no God." It will be for the English Sunday-School to drive this enemy from the gate of the coming generation, by thoroughly indoctrinating the rising race with the knowledge of Him whom to know is life eternal. Let them ply the youthful mind with the instrument which the Spirit of God has put into their hands, and there will be nothing to fear from all the Pantheists of Germany, and all the power of Pandemonium.

But Pantheism, virulent though it is, is not the only nor the worst foe that Christianity has to fear, meet and vanquish. This compared with Antichrist, is a very little thing.—Antichrist, the great enemy of God and his Son—of the Gospel and all who love it, rejoicing in its grace and bringing forth its fruits—this is the grand enemy! It admits of no doubt, that Popery is now once more awake, and intent upon conquest in these realms.—Nothing will satisfy it but the utter extinction of Protestantism—the extinction of the light of the Gospel—the overthrow of liberty, both civil and religious—and the withdrawal of every volume of the Word of God now in circulation among us. There is not, we say, any truth amongst men more certain than this—The time is come, therefore, when there must be a taking of counsel with a view to the adoption of means to preserve the generation that now is, and that which is to come, from the poison and the death of Popery. This is counsel in which all may share,—this is a war in which all may fight. Professing Christians may, in their own way, do much to further the common cause. The pulpit may and must do great things; but, perhaps, it does most when it preaches most fully and most feelingly the glorious Gospel. The Press, too, may do its share, and great it is; but, when it shall have done its most, much will still remain to be done. Popery is potent, triumphant, in proportion as men are in the dark. The great antidote to its evils, and to its poison, is,—the Bible. They, therefore, who do most to diffuse this blessed Book, and to promote the study of it, are the greatest champions for Protestant truth, and the most powerful obstructors in the path of the Popedom.

Here it is, then, that we come forward to assert the claim of the Sunday-School to a share, and a large share, of capability for the great war against the common adversary.—The Sabbath-School we consider the loftiest barrier to the progress of Antichrist, so much as the Sabbath-School is pre-eminently a Bible-diffusing, a Bible-reading, and a Bible-studying Institution.

"I'M GOING TO BE A MISSIONARY."

"Oh, mother," said a little girl, "I'm going to be a missionary."

"How can that be," replied her mother. "You are a little girl, only ten years old. Little girls are not sent out as missionaries."

"Can't you *guess*, mother, how I can be one? I have found out a way. I am going to give a penny a week of my money to the Society, and then I *SHALL be a missionary*;" and with eyes sparkling with joy, as if she had found some precious treasure, she exhibited a little bag in which her pence were to be deposited until there should be enough to hand over to the collectors. "I have asked John," she added, "if he will give a penny too, but his pencils cost him nearly all his pocket-money for his exercises at school; but he says we can pray together that *God may bless my penny*. What made him think of that was father's reading at prayer about the widow's oil, and he came to me afterwards and said—'Don't you think God can make your penny go a great way, Mary, as well as the widow's oil? and so then we thought we would tell God all about it, and ask him to *spread it out into good*. We began last Monday to pray together, and John says by and by Lucy shall come to our little prayer meeting, and then perhaps she will learn to think about poor heathen."

Mary's mother did not *praise* her little girl as if she had done some good thing. She showed, however, that she *sympathized* with her; but she knew that only God who sees the heart could tell if she was doing right in *His sight*; but could you have watched that mother, you would have seen her retire to her own room and close the door, to pray to her father in heaven, that He would watch the germ of religious life in her child, and strengthen her to fulfil a mother's duties. None knew this from her own confession; but he who sees in secret rewarded her openly, by enabling her to make it manifest that she had been with Jesus, and was

often with Him. His smile was on her, and this smile rested on her children.

Teacher's Corner.

Elgin, Dec. 4, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—With your permission I will say a few words in friendship to the writer of the article, "Address to Parents," in the Record for November. My brother, **you**, when writing in the above address, of order in a Sabbath School, say, "We have made a rule that no child who is more than a quarter of an hour behind time will be let in at all." What, my brother, will you visit the iniquity of the parents upon the children? If we keep Sabbath Schools, as you say we do it from love to the Lord Jesus, let us follow His example, who never turned any applicant away, whether late or early. When the anxious child eats his breakfast on the road hurrying to school, would not your sympathetic heart admit him, although half an hour too late? Recollect that laborers were admitted into the vineyard at the eleventh hour, and received their penny the same as the whole day laborers; and what if, in carrying out your rule, you were to shut the door on some child of Christ, would you not be afraid of hearing our Saviour saying, "Inasmuch as you shut the door against one of these little ones, you did it unto me." Consider these things, my brother.

A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

The Faithful Teacher.

HIS OFFICE AND HIS OBJECT

His office, though apparently simple, is high and holy, and by no means easy. He seeks to teach a few children committed to his care that knowledge which not only makes its possessor happy for *time*, but prepares him for happiness to all *eternity*. It is not, therefore, *worldly wisdom* which he teaches, for the faithful teacher often-

times has no great scholarship himself to boast of, but that "wisdom which is from above," wisdom, revealed in and gathered from the sacred pages of the Word of God. He is, in fact, a teacher of religion, and hence his office is most solemn and responsible; for although his sphere of duty be much smaller, yet his office is not dissimilar to that of the minister of the gospel: the object of both is one and the same.

What, then, is the object of the faithful teacher? Has he engaged in this important work for no other reason than to gain the praise of men? Does he seek nothing but his own glory? And is he ambitious to be called a teacher, as the hypocrites of old were to be called Rabbi, Rabbi? Does he teach only to please a friend, or, worse still, to deceive a parent or a minister by feigning anxiety to do some good? O no! This is, alas! the case with some who teach in our Sunday-schools, but it is not the case with the faithful teacher. His object is the loftiest which can occupy the time and thoughts of men. He seeks not his own glory, but, on the contrary, would be willing to go on in his work though all men were against him. He is content to be disregarded, slighted, and despised by men, if need be, so long as he and his work be acceptable to God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Again, then, we may ask, what is the object of the faithful teacher? It is to win so. The salvation of the immortal soul of each child in his class is the object nearest and dearest to the heart of the faithful teacher. All other objects in comparison with *this*, he deems insignificant and worthless. For *this* he prays, for *this* he labors in many ways, and by all means. He seeks every opportunity of making known to his youthful flock the glad tidings of the gospel, "the redemption of the world by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." He tells in simple language the sad history of man's fall; he speaks in glowing terms of the love of Christ who died to save us from that punishment which overhangs the world.

He speaks of the promise of the Holy Spirit, which God will give to all who seek it earnestly by prayer, whereby "a clean heart" may be created, and "a right spirit" be renewed within us.

Such is the office, such the object of the faithful teacher.

Talking is not Teaching.

A Sabbath-school teacher should make it a point, on all occasions, to prepare himself well. It is of more importance thoroughly to inject one great truth into the mind than to smother it with a bushel of words—mere words. In particular, he should guard against the habit of haranguing, or discoursing continuously to his class. This is an error into which many worthy teachers have fallen; but years of this kind of labor may be spent with very little effect. The teacher ought not to forget that he is not an orator, but a teacher—a communicator of truth. Now, for this purpose, the great instrument is interrogation. To get the young mind to attend to the truth and to understand the truth—to bring that truth, through the understanding, home to the conscience and to the heart, and to show how it will operate upon the life—this should be the great business of the teacher. A teacher, then, of the highest order, will eschew a continuous stream of talk, and everything like showing off his own knowledge. But not only is this important in the class—it ought also to mark all addresses to schools. Teaching and oratory are two things hardly compatible. To teach well requires a well-furnished mind, and a well-balanced judgment. A glib tongue serves for mere talk.

Course of Scripture Lessons for 1853.

Agreeably to a former intimation, with the view of making the *Record* as valuable as possible, we, in this number, commence a course of Scripture Lessons, and for the purpose of suiting the wants of the country the more generally, we have selected two, that schools may take either or both, using them on alternate Sabbaths, as they may think best.

FIRST SERIES.

- Jan. 2.—Scripture to be read, Gen. i.; to be committed, 2 Cor. iv. 6. *Subject*—Creation. *Prominent topics of the Lesson*—The work of each day—the power that could make them—the wisdom and goodness that made them *thus*. Apply 2 Cor. iv. 6.
- Jan. 9.—Scripture to be read, Gen. ii. 15, 17, iii.; to be committed, Rom. v. 19. *Subject*—The Fall. *Prominent topics of the Lesson*—The command easy—an aggravation of the sin—temptation—pride—would be as God—lost his favor—and image.
- Jan. 16.—Scripture to be read, Gen. vi. 5-22; to be committed, Isa. xxxii. 2. *Subject*—The Deluge. *Prominent topics of the Lesson*—Wickedness of man great in the earth—God saw the wicked works—and the evil imaginations—judgments determined—mercy in the midst of judgment—over all his other works.—Nob—examine the principal facts of the next two chapters, and point out the *vengeance of sinners*.—(Isa. xxxii. 2.)
- Jan. 23.—Scripture to be read, Gen. xi. 1-9; to be committed, Gen. xii. 1-3. *Subject*—Babel, Abraham. *Prominent topics of the Lesson*—Earth peopled—men unite, but not to seek the Lord—sin of forgetting God—not for me, against me—curse is the man that trusteth in man—judgments upon them—and again mercy mingled—God called his Church out from the world, and gave the promise of a Saviour.—(Gen. xii. 1-3.)
- Jan. 30.—Scripture to be read, Gen. xiii. 1-13; to be committed, 2 Cor. vi. 17, 18. *Subject*—Abraham and Lot. *Prominent topics of the Lesson*—Though driven away by famine, returned rich—sought out not only the place where his tent had been, but the place of the altar—the strife between the servants—Abraham a peacemaker—the snare of those who *will* be rich—Lot's danger—what is a man profited, etc. Mat. xvi. 26. 'Come out from,' etc.
- Feb. 6.—Scripture to be read, Gen. xxii. 1-14; to be committed, Lev. xi. 17-19. *Subject*—Abraham and Isaac. *Prominent topics of the Lesson*—Explain "tempt," James i. 13. Heb. xi. 17. Trace the narrative—Isaac a type of Christ *the Sacrifice*—example of faith.

SECOND SERIES.

- Jan. 2.—Scripture to be read, John i. 1-5; to be committed, Heb. i. 1-3. *Subject*—The Word. *Prominent topics of the Lesson*—See Gen. i. 1. Existence and perfections of God—Trinity—by the Second Person the Godhead is manifested. Heb. i. 3—Creation. The Life—the Light—Blindness of men, and need of the *blazing Sun*.
- Jan. 9.—Scripture to be read, John i. 6-13; to be committed, 1 Peter i. 23. *Subject*—The Light. *Prominent topic of the Lesson*—The Baptist—parentage, Luke ch. i.—and office. Matt. iii. 1-3, and Mal. iii. 1—use of instruments to lead to the *true light*—neglecting Christ the great sin—the privilege, 'sons' the way of attaining it, born again.
- Jan. 16.—Scripture to be read, John i. 14-18; to be committed, 1 Peter i. 21, 22. *Subject*—The Incarnation. *Prominent topics of the Lesson*—The Incarnation—Christ's person and character—John's witnessing, Acts i. 8—fulness—receive—grace answering to grace when we are renewed into his image, 2 Cor. iii. 3, 18.—The law and the gospel, Romans viii. 3.—The daysmen between us.
- Jan. 23.—Scripture to be read, John i. 19-34; to be committed, Heb. x. 21, 22. *Subject*—The Baptist. *Prominent topics of the Lesson*—The priests' questions and John's testimony—both recognise the Scripture prophecies of Messiah—The Lamb of God, the substance shadowed by the sacrifices of Abel, Abraham, and Moses—Baptism and the Spirit—washing of regeneration, 1 Peter iii. 21.
- Jan. 30.—Scripture to be read, John i. 35-51; to be committed, Dt. xviii. 18, 19. *Subject*—The Twelve. *Prominent topics of the Lesson*—John fulfilling his mission, pointing to Jesus—especially as a lamb slain, 1 Cor. i. 23.—Effects of right preaching—turns the hearer, from the *minister preaching*, to Christ preached—Calling of the Apostles—the power of his word, Mic. v. 2.
- Feb. 6.—Scripture to be read, Luke iv. 14-22; to be committed, Isaiah lxi. 1, 2. *Subject*—The Testimony of Jesus the Spirit of Prophecy. *Prominent topics of the Lesson*—After the temptation—Galilee—Nazareth—his custom to honor the Sabbath—public worship—the preacher—the text—the interpretation, see Acts viii. 35. Rev. xix. 10.