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Vol. II.]

[No. 4.

THE
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

APRIL 1, 1845.

Terms: ls. per Annum, in Advance, exclusive of Postage.



Come over and Help us..

*The profits of this Publication to go to the Funds
of the Canada Sunday School Union.*

MONTREAL:

PRINTED BY J. O. BECKET, SAINT PAUL STREET.

1845.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We call the attention of our subscribers to the notification on the first page, of the terms of the *Record*—payable in advance, and we trust our friends will recollect this, and enable us to adhere to our rule in this matter.

We would also remind them, that by a little exertion they might materially increase our circulation—and that we trust they will endeavour to obtain new subscribers, now, before the year is further advanced, as it will be better for all parties to receive the numbers singly each month, than to delay subscribing, and running the risk of not being able afterwards to obtain the back numbers. The twelve numbers for the past year may be had bound in a very neat little volume price 1s 8d, by application to Mr. BECKET. This book is very suitable for Sabbath School libraries—and for presents to the young.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have again to request our friends to bear in mind, that we shall be most happy to receive communications stating any local exertion through the country that may be made for the great Missionary cause. Any instance of the power of Divine grace amongst members of our schools, we desire particularly to be acquainted with—and we would deem it a favour were teachers who are acquainted with such instances to communicate with us. It is not necessary that formal communications be written—intelligence, and information with respect to these interesting circumstances, is what we desire.

Monies Received on Account of Record, from Feb. 27, to March 13.

Volume the First.

Capt. M'Killop, Inverness £0 3 0

Volume the Second.

A. M'Lean, Kitley 0 10 6
Rev. George Smellie, Fergus 0 10 0
James Allen, Perth 0 15 0
Mr. W. H. Colt, Montreal 0 1 6
Mr. Thompson, Laprairie 0 3 0
Cash Sale 0 0 6



Hindoo Orphan Girls.

(See Page 59.)

THE
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

VOL. II.]

APRIL 1, 1845.

[No. 4.]

MEMOIR OF MARION B. V.—.

MY DEAR CHILDREN.—I wish to tell you something about a little girl who died in the month of December last, whom I loved. When she was only three years old I lived in the house where she lived, and used often to talk to her and to carry her on my shoulder down stairs. At that time she was like most little girls and boys, now and then naughty. Sometimes she would “let angry passions rise,” and yet even then she was a great deal better in her behaviour than many little folks I have seen. You will understand that I believe she was like all mankind naughty in heart, and that she needed to have her sins pardoned through the blood of Jesus Christ, and a new heart given to her by the Holy Spirit. Her kind father and mother taught her these truths and told her to ask God to give her a new heart. This she soon began to do. She loved to hear about Jesus Christ who died to save sinners, and she asked the forgiveness of her sins for his sake. She now began to shew by her conduct, that she loved Jesus Christ for having died for her, and that she desired in all things to please him. I think you will like to hear what her Father said to me about her, after she

died. I told these things to all the little people in my Sabbath School—more than 200—and now I will tell you.

Marion was 8 years and 9 months old when she died. She was attacked by the illness of which she departed, on Friday morning, and after six days of extreme suffering, her happy spirit ascended to heaven, to be for ever with the Lord. Previous to the attack which closed her earthly existence, she was in the most robust health, and on the day previous, in more than her usual good spirits, she was so full of pleasure that it was late in the evening before she closed her eyes in sleep, but in the morning we were awakened by her moans, and her strength was already so exhausted that she could not stand, the hand of death was upon her, God had called her and all human means failed to remove her suffering until her spirit took its flight.

This is a solemn lesson to the young not to trust to their youth or strength and good health, for in a moment, such a moment as they think not, they may be laid on a bed of death, and when agonized with pain, as our dear little one was, their minds will not be in a state to receive instruction and prepare to meet their God. Health is the time to serve the Lord, then death, however sudden, will not find them unprepared.

It is difficult for her parents to recall those little incidents in the life of a child, which long shewed us, that the religious training she had been blessed with, had, under Divine influence, led her we trust to love the Saviour. Little incidents were of daily occurrence; but although they delighted us much at the time, no record was ever kept, and the greater part of our conversations with her have passed from our memories. For the first three years of her life, she, like other children, shewed that she inherited a corrupt nature, by sometimes evincing a bad temper, but when she began to seek the Saviour, this was quite subdued, and she became remarkably mild and obedient; no child could be more anxious to please all about her. On looking back upon all the time she was spared to us, we do not recollect ever having had to punish her severely; one word would shew her that she had acted improperly, and was sufficient to bring the tears of penitence into her eyes. Not like too many children who forget the reproof and are guilty of the same conduct again, she carefully avoided such conduct in future. She was

so much afraid of offending, that instead of punishing, we had to encourage her. No little one ever gave less uneasiness to her parents.

The presence of God, and the fear of offending him, seemed to be ever on her mind. It was not only the desire of pleasing her parents and fear of offending them that influenced her, but she feared God. She was constantly telling her sister and brother, that God saw them, and would be angry with them if they did that which was naughty. Her little brother would sometimes say his prayers in a thoughtless manner—Marion would say, “Oh nurse do try and make Henry remember that God sees him.” Her own prayers were always said in the most solemn and reverential manner. She very much loved to pray in her own simple way, and she loved family prayer. On her death bed she was quite distressed at not being able to say her prayers, she asked me several times to pray with her, which seemed to give her much pleasure, although she was suffering at the time dreadful pain. As an instance of her confidence in God I might mention, that while staying in the country for a season, while playing with some companions, a most severe storm of thunder came on, her companions were all struck with terror, she immediately said to them with a smile on her countenance, “Why are you afraid? God will take care of you.”

The Bible she was fond of from very early age, she always called it, “God’s Holy Book—the best Book in the world;” many a time would she sit down alone to read it, and she had a very general knowledge of all the historical parts of it, and they were the constant subjects of her conversation.

Her behaviour in church was always most attentive, and I do not think Sir, you had a more attentive listener in the congregation than she was from the very first time she went there, much of what was said by you she remembered. I recollect that one of the sermons you delivered to children much impressed her, and I do not think some of your anecdotes on that occasion were forgotten by her to the day of her death, she repeated them for a long time to her young playmates.

She was more delighted to hear about the Saviour than any other subject that could be spoken about—when only 4 years old she used to say to her mother, “Tell me about

dear Jesus," and when hearing about him tears often came into her eyes.

She was very modest and bashful, so much so that only those constantly with her could be aware of the state of her mind, and how much information she possessed; but I believe she had made herself much beloved by all who knew her, for her mild and affectionate manner, so much so that at the day school she went to, when her death was told the children by their teacher, all were in tears.

Her regard for truth was remarkable, anything approaching to that which was false she dreaded, she never in her life was guilty of telling an untruth, and if any of her companions did so, she used on her return home, to tell it to her parents, wondering they were not afraid to be so wicked.

A very large part of her time had been spent in reading, and she much preferred books that told about the Saviour to any others, which she used to call "foolish stories."

The subject of death was no new one to her; she never made a promise to do any thing at a future day without saying, "if I am spared," and often have I been corrected by her, when making some such promise, by saying, "Tapa, you do not know whether you will be spared." A few days before her death she was walking past the burying ground with her grandmother; she looked in to try and see where her two little brothers had been laid; her grandmother said to her, "I shall soon be laying there too as I am now like a withered leaf, God will soon call me, and you will say there lies my dear grandmamma"—Marion looked up to her and said, "Ah! grandmamma you do not know but God may take me away first."

On her death bed her sufferings were most acute, and the remedies applied of the most severe kind—but she was the most patient little lamb I ever beheld, the medical man said that in all his practice, he never saw one so young, bear such sufferings with so much patience, not a single murmur escaped her lips the whole time. You had a conversation with her during her illness. Three days before her death when I felt assured that she was going to be taken from us, I told her she was dying, and asked her whether she knew it, she said "yes," I asked her "are you happy to go to heaven and be with Jesus?" she answered, "O yes." She continued sensible the whole

time, and spoke within five minutes of her departure. During all this time, death and the love of the Saviour were spoken of to her, and she seemed quite happy in her mind, though sorely pained in body. About two hours before her death, she awoke from a sleep, asked whether it was the Sabbath morning, and then gradually sunk and died without a struggle.

She was a beautiful little singer and her mind was stored with hymns which we were in the habit of singing every evening, and her little voice still rings in my ears. I may mention one very favourite hymn of hers, which if you think proper the children might sing on Sabbath—it is the 136 of her little book, beginning

“Thou guardian of our youthful days,
To thee our prayers ascend.”—&c.

Our impression is that God has been kindly preparing her for a long time for her change. We have often remarked that she was too mild and amiable for this world. We feel confident that God blessed the religious advantages she possessed at a very early period, to her change of heart. In no other way can we account for her remarkable exemption from evil passions—for the love of God shewn by her, for her constant reference to his eye being upon her, and for the delight displayed by her in hearing of the Saviour. Her whole conduct was such that we cannot for a moment doubt that God was preparing her for himself.

Of course all her knowledge of religion was extremely simple, but it is a happy thing that the Gospel is so simple that a child like her may understand it.

She had been very little at the Sabbath School, our residence until lately being too distant from the Church but the short time she was there she delighted much in it and loved her teacher much. The library book got for her last Sabbath day by her sister, was in her hand most of the time she was ill, and it was taken from under her pillow after her death.

Oh what a sweet picture is this! Who does not wish to live and die like little Marion? My dear children if you are to do so, you must, like her, come to the Saviour. It was He who taught her to love the Bible, to delight in the Sabbath, to hate a lie, to obey her parents, to be kind

and gentle, and it was His grace that enabled her to die in peace.

When we had all the Sabbath School Scholars together, and after I had told them about the grace of God in Marion, and their need of the same grace, we all sang the following hymn,

Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful, in the grave so low ;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel !
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled ;
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

Your affectionate Friend,

MARION'S PASTOR.

MONTREAL, 1845.

Sketches of Missions.

AMERICAN BOARD FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

(Continued from page 28.)

In the February number of this little work a short notice was given of the formation of this Society, and of the rise and progress of its efforts to spread the knowledge of the

truth in Bombay and Ceylon. You will now hear something of what was done by the same Society in the Sandwich Islands and among the tribes of American Indians. If you have maps you will find marked on them to the south of Kamschatka and to the east of China, the Sandwich Islands, eight of these are inhabited, the villages of the natives lying near the sea shore. The principal island is called Hawaii, here the King resides and holds his court, the chiefs of the other islands repairing hither when any business requires to be transacted. The people here are not black neither are they white, but a sort of olive colour. In 1809 the captain of a New Haven ship touched at these islands, and when he was leaving them, two little Sandwich boys eagerly begged him to take them along with him, he did so, one was named Henry Oboohiah, the other Thomas Hopn. Henry remained for some time with his kind friend the captain, received a good education, and far better, learned to love the Lord Jesus and to trust him as his Saviour. He then began to think of his poor country and the many friends he had left who knew nothing of Jesus, he wished to go as a minister, to tell them the glad news, but God called him to serve in the inner temple, he died while preparing for this good work. Thomas went to sea for several years, but, the Lord laid hold on him also, for he was a chosen vessel to bear the Gospel to his countrymen. In 1819 the first Missionaries among whom was Thomas, landed in Hawaii, there they found the way had been prepared for them in a wonderful manner, the people were no longer worshippers of idols. "On being asked whether they had heard any thing about Jehovah who made heaven and all things. They replied, the king had heard of the great God of the white men, and had spoken of him and that all the chiefs but one had agreed to destroy their idols because they were convinced they could do no good." Such an opening was not neglected.

In the different islands, Missionary stations were soon established, and made rapid progress, the whole nation went to school from the King downwards. The first sheet of a Hawaiian spelling book was struck off on the first Monday of January, 1822. This event was hailed with great joy, the ceremony was attended by all the foreigners in port and the native chiefs. Printing soon ceased to be such a wonder for in three years after, 78,400 tracts had been thrown off, and 41,000 copies of select passages of Scripture were dispersed through the islands. Three thousand scholars were now reaping the advantages of Missionary labours, receiving daily instruction, and some at least giving cause of rejoicing to their teachers. One Missionary writes:—"Our houses have continued to be thronged daily with inquirers from morning till bed time, and every day has usually brought with it several who have newly turned to the Lord, and for the first time visited us to declare their purpose of seeking the way of salvation."

Dear Children, is there no risk that these islanders may come and sit down in the kingdom of heaven before you? Be warned—be stirred by their earnestness, to make sure of your own salvation. But to attempt to give you here, even a faint idea of the interesting and extensive operations of this Society among the North American Indians, would be as vain, as to attempt to sketch those vast green prairies where, wild as the beasts of prey he hunts, the Indian roams, unconscious of a higher end. But when the Gospel carried by those who love the souls of men, finds its way even into these solitudes, then clothed and in his right mind we find the child of nature become the child of God. Nothing more can at present be done, than merely to notice some of the tribes among whom the Missionaries settled.

The Cherokee Indians were the first among whom a

settlement was effected. This was in 1817, four small log buildings were the first erections, into which were admitted 26 native children and youth, to be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. A little church grew up in the wilderness. A printing press gave them Bibles and school books in their own tongue, also a newspaper called the *Cherokee Phoenix*, contributed much to diffuse useful knowledge.

To be Continued.

HINDOO ORPHAN GIRLS.

(See Wood cut.)

We think our readers, especially the girls, will like to see our picture of some of their little sisters in India. They are indeed our sisters, though their skins may be darker than our's, and we should not forget to feel a deep interest in them. If any of us had a sister in danger, and in trouble, would we not fly to rescue her? The Hindoo girls are in danger of losing their souls, for they have not heard of Christ. It is right for us all, and especially for the girls in our Sabbath Schools, to feel a deep interest in them.

Many of these little girls are very amiable and very clever; how dreadful to think that they live in the darkness of heathenism, and worship stocks and stones. They have souls to be saved as well as girls in Canada; and we could tell you many stories of their anxiety to have Christ as *their own* Saviour, when they heard from Missionaries or other Christians about him. We will just tell you now of one Hindoo girl thus "seeking Jesus." She was not an "orphan" girl really, for her father and mother were not dead, but as you will hear she was stolen from them when very young and could hardly be said to have known what their care was. We think the story interesting.

She was playing at the door of her father's hut one afternoon in summer, when she was carried off, taken to Calcutta, a great city in India, and sold as a slave. The lady who bought the little girl was a Mahomedan, that is, she believed that a man named Mahomet or Mohammed, who lived 600 years after Christ, was what he pretended to be, greater than our Lord Jesus Christ. He

wrote a book called the Koran, which his followers, who are very numerous in the East, were to use as their Bible, and this book, which is full of lies, he said he got from heaven by the angel Gabriel. This lady believed, that "there is but one God, and Mahomed is his prophet." The little girl had been before a Hindoo, but now this lady who had bought her, and who was indeed very kind to her, brought her up as a Mahomedan. The little girl lived with the lady until she was 16 years old, then suddenly, she knew not how, it came into her mind that she was a sinner, and needed salvation—she was in great distress of mind, but her mistress could not relieve her of it. A Mahomedan priest was sent for, he knew nothing of a Saviour either himself, and though he told her to learn long prayers, full of long words in Arabic, and although the girl did so, she got no comfort—she felt that there was no forgiveness or salvation in them. She tried these useless long prayers for three years, then she thought that all this distress was a punishment on her, because she left the Hindoo faith; so she went to a Brahman, or Hindoo priest, and begged him to receive her into the Hindoo Church. The cruel Brahman answered her by cursing her in the name of his god. She offered him a large sum of money, then the Brahman relented, and promised to receive her. You will like to hear about some of these strange ceremonies. He told her to take an offering of flowers and fruit, morning and evening, and once a week the bloody sacrifice of a kid of the goats, and bring them to a certain goddess, who was some way off. In India the people have a language of flowers, each flower means something; and when you go into a temple, you can often tell the petitions that have been offered by the flowers offered on the altar. The flowers which she brought signified a bleeding heart, There was One who would not have refused such an offering. He could have healed her broken heart, but she did not know him.

She was so anxious for salvation, that at last she was taken very unwell, and her mistress was afraid she would die; when one day, as she sat alone in her room thinking and longing, and weeping, as her custom was, a beggar came to the door and asked alms. Her heart was so full that probably she spoke of what she wanted to all with whom she met, in hopes that some might guide

her. She began talking to the beggar, and used a word which means salvation. The man started and said, "I think I have heard that word before." "Where? oh! where have you heard it?" she eagerly asked. "Tell me where I can find that which I want, and for which I am dying: I shall soon die, and oh what shall I do, if I die without obtaining salvation?" The man told her the name of a charitable institution, where once a week two thousand poor natives were supplied with rice, and before the rice was given out, some Christian teacher used to speak to them. "I have heard it there," he said, "and they tell of one Jesus Christ who can give salvation."

Dear readers, do you know the verse?—

"Jesus, the name which calms our fears,
Which bids our sorrow cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace."

This poor Hindoo girl felt it to be so, and she cried, "Oh! where is He? take me to Him." The man cared nothing about this salvation himself. He thought she was mad, and he was going away, but she would not suffer him to go till he had given an answer; she dreaded least she should miss that prize which now seemed almost within her reach. "Well," he said, "I can tell you of a man who will lead you to Jesus," and he directed her to that part of the town where Narraput Christian lived.

Who was Narraput Christian? He was once a rich and proud Brahman, but he had given up all his riches and honours to become a humble disciple of Jesus, and he was now an assistant missionary and preacher to his countrymen. This was the man of whom the beggar spoke.

The Hindoo girl gave the beggar a trifle, and that very evening she set out in search of Narraput Christian, the man who would lead her to Jesus. She went from house to house, and enquired of every one she met, "where Narraput Christian, the man who would lead her to Jesus, lived? But no one would tell her. They all knew, but they were worshippers of idols, and they did not choose to tell her. It grew late and dark, and she began to be afraid of being seen out at that hour. Her heart was nearly broken, for she thought she must return as she came, and die without obtaining salvation. She was just turning to go home

when she saw a man walking along the road: she thought she would try once more, so she asked him the same question, "where Narraput Christian lived, the man who would lead her to Jesus?" To her great joy, he pointed her to the house, and when she reached it, she met Narraput himself coming out at the door. She fell at his feet in tears, and wringing her hands in anguish, she asked, "Are you Narraput Christian, the man who can lead me to Jesus? Oh! take me to Him: I shall die, and what shall I do if I die without obtaining salvation?" Narraput did not receive her as the Hindoo priest had done; he raised her kindly from the ground, and led her into the house, where his family were met at their evening meal. "My dear young friend," he said, "sit down and tell me all." She told him her history, and as soon as she had done, she rose and said, "Now, Sir, take me to Jesus. You know where He is. Oh! take me to Him." Ah! if Jesus had been on earth, how willingly would He have received the poor wanderer. she thought He was on earth, and that she might go to Him at once; but Narraput knew that though He was not here, He was just as able to pity and welcome her from His mercy-throne in Heaven; so he only said, "Let us pray." All knelt down, and as he prayed, the poor Hindoo girl felt that she had found that which she had so long wanted.

The next day, Narraput took her to a mission-house and placed her under the care of the Missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Gogery. In six months she was baptized by the name of Mary, after her who washed the feet of Jesus with her tears. Her mind was at peace, her health returned, and she still lives, adorning by her example and conversation, the gospel of God our Saviour.

Missionary Intelligence.

BOMBAY.

More news of Shreeput Sheshadri.

You all-recollect the case of Shreeput, the little Brahman who was taken from the Missionaries at Bombay, by his father, because he wished to become a Christian as his

elder brother had already done. You will find the account at page 59, and 107, of Vol. 1. You know that some of the Brahmans being very anxious to recover little Dada, as he is called, from the Missionaries, thought he might be purified from the defilement as they supposed, of Christian instruction, by a pilgrimage to their holy city Benares, and by some outward ceremonies, disgusting and foolish enough, such as standing up to the neck in clarified butter, &c.

A great many, indeed by far the greater part of the Brahmans of India, declare that Shreeput must not be received again into "caste," that if he were so, Brahmanism would be no longer pure and holy. It is wonderful here to trace the providence of God; the case of this poor little boy is creating great excitement, as we learn by a letter from Mr. Nesbit, the Missionary with whom he had lived, dated Bombay, November, 1844. He says, it is astonishing to see how it has agitated Brahmanism throughout India. "It not only affects all Maratha Brahmans, colonies of whom are to be found in every considerable town of India, except in the extreme south, but all those Brahmans, who though of a different nation, have the privilege of eating and drinking with them. The case is known throughout this vast circle and in every place of note are not only partizans, but agents on both sides." Both parties are spending large sums of money in this dispute, and so much divided are they, that some of those who did not wish him to be restored to "caste" have told the Missionaries that if they will help *their* party, Shreeput will be brought back again to the Mission House. This the Missionaries will do very willingly, for all that is required, is to certify in writing that Shreeput has knowingly eaten beef, and drunk wine, whilst living with his brother under their care,—this it seems will be reason enough positively to refuse him admission to "caste."

Mr. Nesbit further states, that three or four months ago,

according to the account of these Brahmans,—Shreeput was asked in the presence of a multitude of Brahmans, whether he wished to be a Hindoo, or a Christian, and that he avowed his desire as he had done before, to be a Christian. The Missionaries have not had any communication with their former pupil for nearly a year, but now they hope through the assistance of these new allies, their old opponents, to do so, and also, if it please God to get back their “little Dada.”

Poetry.

A MOONLIGHT LESSON

FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

They tell me that the gentle moon
 Receives her silver light,
 All from the great and glorious sun,
 That beams in heaven so bright:—
 He pours on her his golden ray;
 She shines to guide our darksome way

And as she treads the evening sky,
 And smiles so sweetly there,
 I think a little child may try,
 To read the lesson fair,
 Traced in pure lines of silvery light
 Upon the gathering clouds of night.

Some distant ones have never heard
 Of Christ “the truth, the way;”
 If God upon our minds have poured
 His Gospel’s precious ray,
 And if the Sun of Righteousness
 Have filled our hearts with joy and peace,—

Oh! shall we not reflect the beam
 To us so freely given,
 And guide young wanderers to Him
 Whose glory filleth heaven;
 And yet whose eye hath often smiled
 On the weak efforts of a child?

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REV. WM. ARNOT, MINISTER OF ST. PETERS,
GLASGOW.**

In submitting to the public, and to Sabbath school teachers in particular, this second series of Scripture lessons, we would invite special attention to the few prefatory remarks here subjoined.

The "course" issued last year, having given such general satisfaction that the whole impression has been for some time disposed of, the present series has been published with the view of supplying the demand felt for a manual of this kind. The present is not a *continuation* of the same series, it is similar in some respects, whilst it has other peculiar characteristics which we shall state in the language of the Rev. Author.

"The Table of lessons contains, 1st, the number of lessons, amounting to 50.

2nd, A column left blank for the date—that it may be begun at any season of the year.

3rd, The passages to be read in the class.—It is understood that the Teacher, in prescribing each lesson, will press the children to read it carefully at home, especially those passages which may be found too long for being wholly read in the class.

4th, A verse or verses to be committed, selected from the lesson, or cognate texts from other parts of scripture.—Where two or three verses are noted, one or more may be committed, according to the discretion of the Teacher, and the capacity of the children.

5th, The subjects showing as much as possible their mutual relation and natural sequence.

6th, Jottings of the more prominent points in the lesson, to help inexperienced Teachers in fixing on the things to be more fully explained and applied.—It will be observed that there is in this column no attempt to expound the passages; the hints which it contains are intended, not to inform the Teacher, but to keep before his eye the many subjects which he ought to go over, that he may guard against the error of spending all his time with the first one or two. It will be found that many of the lessons are too long to be fully taken up in one evening; in these cases, this column will be of use—from the topics suggested in it, he may select beforehand a few to be more minutely examined.”

J. C. BECKET.

Montreal, April 1, 1845.

AGENTS FOR THE RECORD.

<i>Adelaide</i>	James Hart,
<i>Amherstburgh</i>	Rev. R. Peden.
“	Samuel R. Kedey,
<i>Ayr</i>	Robert Wyllic, P. M.
<i>Brantford</i>	E. Roy,
<i>Brighton</i>	J. Lockwood, P. M.
<i>Brockville</i>	H. Freeland,
<i>Bytown</i>	D. Kennedy,
<i>Clarendon</i>	Robt. Creasor,
<i>Cobourg</i>	G. Hart,
<i>Danville</i>	Thos. C. Allis, P. M.
<i>Gananoque</i>	T. O. Adkins,
<i>Hamilton</i>	R. Roy,
<i>Hereford</i>	Alex. Rea, P. M.
<i>Kingston</i>	George Hardy,
“	Robt. Wallace,
<i>Merrickville</i>	J. T. Graffe,
<i>Niagara</i>	A. R. Christie,
<i>Otonabee</i>	M. Short, P. M.
<i>Perth</i>	J. Allan,
<i>Ramsay</i>	Mr. Wyllic, P. M.
<i>Sherbrooke</i>	William Brooks, P. M.
<i>Stanstead</i>	P. Hubbard, P. M.
<i>St. Laurent</i>	Mr. R. M'Nee,
<i>Toronto</i>	Alex. Christie,
<i>Whitby</i>	Rev. R. H. Thornton.