

THE
MISSIONARY
AND
SCHOOL
RECORD.

VOL. XII.

MONTREAL, AUGUST, 1855.

No. 8.

The Miserable Boy.

There is a wicked creature called Satan, or the devil; he is not a man, neither is he a beast; he is a spirit; he has not a body, as you have, but he can think—he thinks of doing wickedness; he hates God, and he hates every body; he hates you, my little boy, and my little girl—he would like to make you unhappy: he is very unhappy himself, and he tries to make us unhappy too. One day God will shut him up in a dark prison, but now he lets him walk about this world; yet hell is the devil's home. There are a great many devils, and they help one another to do harm. Satan is the prince of the devils, and tells the rest what to do.

I am now going to tell you of a poor little boy who was made very wretched by one of the devils. It seemed as if this boy was mad. A wicked spirit was in him, and tormented him. This spirit was deaf and dumb. Sometimes it would tear the boy, and make him cry out with pain, and foam at the mouth, and gnash his teeth, and fall on the ground. Sometimes this poor child would rush into the water to drown himself, and sometimes into the fire to burn himself. His father

loved him, and could not bear to see him in this dreadful state. But his father could not cure him, nor could any doctor.

At last this poor father heard there was a man who had cured a great many people as wretched as his son. This man was called Jesus Christ. He was the Son of God, and had come down from heaven to save us from Satan and all the devils. The father of the boy thought, "I will take my dear son to Jesus, and ask him to cure him."

The Lord Jesus had some friends who walked about with him, and these men were called his disciples. The poor father saw them first. Jesus was not with them: he was gone away for a little while to pray to God his Father in heaven, upon the top of a hill. What could the poor man do now? Could the disciples help his boy? He begged them to try. Jesus had once told them that they should be able to cast out devils; so they tried to cast the devil out of this boy, but they could not. A great crowd of people gathered round the boy and the disciples, and some wise men were there, called scribes; those scribes did not love Jesus, and they were always glad

when the disciples could not do wonderful things.

No one knew when Jesus would come back. At last the people saw him coming, and they ran to meet him. How glad the poor father must have been to see Jesus! He fell on his knees, and said, "Lord, I beseech thee look upon my son, for he is my only child." And then he told him all about the boy. Jesus said, "Bring thy son hither." But as the boy was coming, the devil threw him on the ground, and there the poor creature lay foaming at the mouth. Ah, that devil knew who Jesus was—all the devils know the Son of God, and are afraid of him.

The poor man was very unhappy to see his son lying in such pain upon the ground, and he said to Jesus, "If thou canst do any thing, have compassion on us, and help us." If the father had known Jesus better, he would not have said, "If thou canst;" he would have felt quite sure that Jesus could cure him. Then Jesus asked the man whether he believed. What could the poor father say? He did believe a little, but he did not believe as much as he ought. Immediately the man cried out, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." As he said this, the tears came into his eyes. Poor man! I am sure you would have pitied him, if you had seen him. It was a good prayer he made when he said to Jesus, "Help thou mine unbelief." It showed that he believed that Jesus was God; for who but God can make people believe?

While the Lord was talking with the father, more people came running to the place—soon there would have been too great a crowd. Then Jesus said to the devil, "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him, and enter no more into him." This deaf spirit heard the words of Jesus; this dumb spirit was able to cry out; it tore the boy, and came out of him. The people looked at the boy, and said, "He is dead." There he was,

lying on the ground, and looking just like a dead person. Jesus went to him, took his hand, and lifted him up. The child was alive, and quite well. Jesus gave him to his father. How happy that father must have been! Did he now believe in Jesus? He knew now that Jesus could cure his child.

Afterwards the disciples went into a house with their dear Master, and then said, "Why could not we cast out the devil?" Jesus said, "Because of your unbelief." The disciples had not prayed as they ought, and so they did not believe as they ought. Jesus had given them the power to do wonders, but they could not do them except when they believed in the Son of God. Jesus can still do every thing. He has died upon the cross and he has been put into a grave; but he was alive again in three days, and went up to his Father in heaven, and there he sits at his right hand, and he hears the prayers of men in this world. Do you ever pray to him? I hope you do—in all your troubles go to him. If you do not believe that he can help you, say, "Lord, help mine unbelief." He is very kind, and pities people in distress; he is very strong, and able to help them out of all their troubles.

You may read this history in Matthew 17: 14-21; Mark 9: 14-29; Luke 9: 37-42.

"Lo! Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."

The Two Sisters.

A long while ago there lived two women named Martha and Mary. They were sisters, and they lived in a house in a pretty village. It was two miles from a great city called Jerusalem. It was on the side of a green hill, and it was planted with beautiful trees. Its name was Bethany. I cannot tell what kind of a house Martha and Mary lived in—Whether it was a large house, or only a cottage. One day a visitor came to their house; it was such a visitor as never came to your

father's house. Perhaps a rich gentleman came one day to see your father and mother. Can you remember how your parents behaved to him? Did they not behave with great respect? Did they not ask him to sit down, and did they not stand up and listen when he spoke? But it was not a rich gentleman who came to see Martha and Mary it was a poor man, yet no rich gentleman is so great as that poor man was. How can that be? Perhaps you know that poor man was the Son of God. He had come down from heaven to live a little while in this world; he died at last for our sins; he is in heaven now with God his Father; his name is Jesus Christ. When he was in this world he was quite poor; he had no carriage to ride in, he had no horse, not even an ass; he had no servants, and no house of his own. He might have been rich, but he choose to be poor; he walked about and talked to the people that he saw in the road and told them about God his Father in heaven. Sometimes he came into people's houses and rested himself. Kind people gave him food to eat. Should you have liked to see Jesus come into your house? He could not bear wickedness. If you had said a wicked word, he would have been displeased; if you had been rude or disobedient, he would have been grieved with you.

Martha and Mary were glad to see him come into their house, for they loved him very much. When Jesus came in, he began to speak about God his Father, and about heaven. Should you like to have heard what he said? Mary did; she sat down at his feet, and listened to every word. People in that country often sat upon the floor, or on a low stool. Mary liked to sit near Jesus, where she could hear him. But where was Martha? She was gone to get ready the dinner. She wished to make a very fine dinner for the Lord Jesus. But Jesus did not care about eating nice things? Oh no; he wanted very little. Martha could easily have brought him a piece of bread and meat,

or bread and honey, and then she might have sat down with Mary and listened to the Lord. But instead of doing this, she was displeased because Mary did not help her to get ready the dinner; and she came into the room where Mary was sitting so happy, and she said to the Lord "Dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she come and help me." What rude behavior this was!

Mary did not answer, but Jesus did. "Martha, Martha, thou art careful, and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." What was that good thing Mary had chosen? Was it not to hear about God and heaven? It is better to know about God than to have all the things in the world. If you had a fine house fit for a king, and a hundred servants to wait upon you, and a carriage with six horses to draw it, yet some day you must leave them all, for some day you must die. But if you know about God, and if he has forgiven you all your sins, then when you die you will be as happy as the angels, and sing sweet hymns to a golden harp.

I wonder what Martha did after Jesus had spoken to her; I hope she sat down to listen. She was a good woman and loved Jesus, and I know she is with him in heaven now.

Do you like to hear the words of Jesus? You can read them in the New Testament; they are written down there, and they are sweet words. What a sweet verse is this: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." And is not this a sweet verse? "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And is not this sweet? "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." All these are the words of Jesus, and they are written down in the Testament that you may read them.

There is no harm in liking to play,

for you are a child; but if you love Jesus, you will like to think of his words as soon as you wake in the morning, and when you are going to sleep at night, and often in the day you will think of them, and sometimes you will pray to him, and say, "Forgive my sins, O blessed Jesus. Make me good; give me thy Holy Spirit; take me to heaven when I die."

You may read the history of Martha and Mary in Luke 10: 38, to end.

Suffer me to come to Jesus,
Mother dear, forbid me not;
By his blood from hell he frees us,
Makes us fair without a spot.

Suffer me, my earthly father,
At his pierced feet to fall:
Why forbid me? help me, rather;
Jesus is my all in all.

Suffer me to run unto him,
Gentle sisters, come with me,
Oh, that all I love but knew him,
'Then my home a heaven would be.

Loving playmates, gay and smiling,
Bid me not forsake the cross;
Hard to bear is your reviling,
Yet for Jesus all is dross.

Yes, though all the world have chid me,
Father, Mother, sister, friend,
Jesus never will forbid me!
Jesus loves me to the end!

Gentle Shepherd, on thy shoulder
Carry me, a sinful lamb,
Give me faith, and make me bolder,
Till with thee in heaven I am.

China at one Glance.

You have often received accounts of China, its size and productions, and the wonderful skill of its inhabitants.

I want to put several particulars together about it, and give you a view of it at one sight, as a grand Missionary field.

It countains 360,000,000 of people—that is one half of the heathen world—almost all in pagan darkness. It is divided into 18 districts, the smallest of which is larger than England and Wales together, and some of them twice or thrice their size.

Till 1844, or about 11 years ago, China was closed against admission of the Gospel. Some good men were re-

siding as near to it as they could, and doing what they were able to send religious books into the country, but into China itself, no Protestant teachers of Christianity could get till 1844.

Then after the war with China was ended, and the emperor had given leave to the English to enter and trade with five great ports, made a decree that Missionaries of the Gospel might go to these ports too, and build places of worship and preach their doctrines.

The names of these ports are—Canton, containing 2,000,000 of people, that is about as large as London.

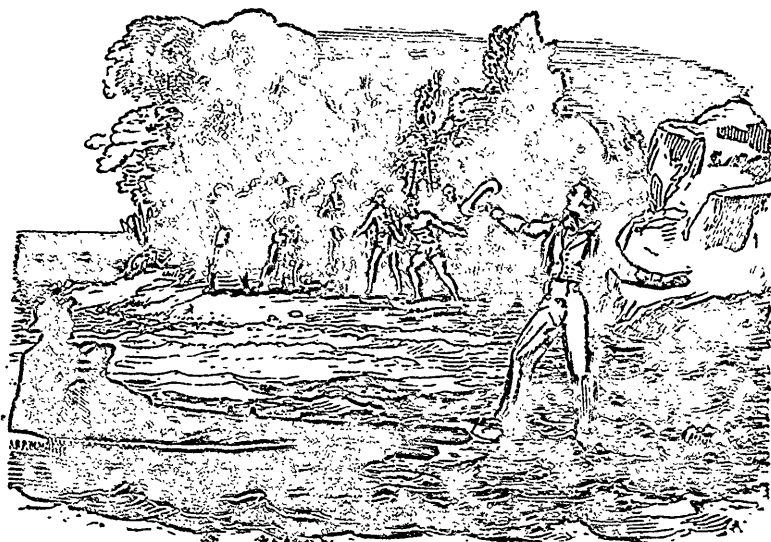
Amoy, and Fuh-chou-foo, both in a province called the Fokkeen province, and containing 15,000,000 of people.

Nangpo, where the most polished and ingenious Chinese reside, in a province containing 26,000,000 of people.

And Shangae, a city of great influence called the gate of the empire, and standing in a province with 72,000,000 people.

To these great cities and ports people come from all parts of the empire, and though our Missionaries may not travel through the country all chinese Christians may, and thus the Gospel may be sent by them to every corner of this vast country. The Chinese can almost all read, and our Missionaries circulate through every means they can, Bibles and tracts, which go hundreds of miles from the five open ports. Several chapels have been built, and the Congregations are good and attentive. Many of the Chinese are wishful to hear the Gospel; several have been converted, and the work of God is advancing on every hand.

More Missionaries and more funds are needed to go on. There are only about forty Protestant Missionaries at present labouring there. Forty Missionaries to 360,000,000 of people. O! pray the Lord of the harvest, to send forth more labourers into his harvest!



Adventures of Papeiha.

No. III.

The next adventure of Papeiha was at the island of Mangaia. Mr. Williams, on returning to Aitutaki, left two teachers, but took back with him Papeiha to be useful elsewhere. The king of Aitutaki also, and his grandfather (about whom I have already told you), sailed with him in order to enjoy the conversation of Mr. Williams, and to witness the reformation which had taken place in Tahiti and Raiatea.

There was an island called Rarotonga, not far away, which Mr. Williams had often heard about, and was anxious to visit; and as some of the Rarotongan people were at Aitutaki, it was thought that they might be the means of introducing the gospel among their countrymen. Mr. Williams, therefore, took them also with him, to restore them to their home.

For six days the ship wandered about in search of this island, but without success. They therefore steered for Mangaia, where they attempted to open up a communication with the natives. One of them indeed came in his canoe, and ventured on board; but he was so much afraid that he took the first opportunity of making off, and no other would be induced to come

near them. Papeiha then offered to land among them alone, and try to persuade them to be friendly. There was a reef of coral round the island, which would prevent any boat from going near; but he offered to leap into the sea, and swim to the shore. This was agreed to; so, going into the boat, he landed on the reef, and calling to the natives to put aside their spears, for they were all armed, he plunged into the water, and swam to the island, where he was kindly received by the natives. He now explained to them the object for which they had come, telling them that there were two teachers had come to instruct them; and if they would be kind to them, he would go and bring them in the boat. The natives at once said they were most anxious to learn; and accordingly the teachers and their wives, with some presents for the chief, landed with Papeiha on the island. No sooner, however, did they reach the shore, than there was a general attack upon them. One of them had a saw, which the natives seized, broke into pieces, and tied to their ears as ornaments; a box of bonnets, intended for the chief's wives, was dragged through the water;

of the bedsteads, one seized one post another, another, and ran off with their booty; a quantity of oil was seized, and poured upon one another's heads, so that it streamed down their bodies. Among other things, there were two pigs, animals they had never seen before; these were taken by a chief, who, casting off his own dress, put it on the pigs, and sent them into the marae among the gods. The teachers and their wives were then attacked, and would have been seriously injured, or even killed, had not the sailors fired a small cannon from the ship, the report of which so terrified the savages that they made off as quickly as they could, and the teachers and Papeiha returned to the vessel.

If you had been in their place what would you have done? Would you have punished their treachery, by going on shore with guns, and shooting them? They could easily have done so without much danger to themselves; but what good would it have done? The poor creatures that escaped would have mourned over their dead companions: and the next time that a European ship arrived, they would revenge themselves on the first who landed. But it was good that they went away in peace; for, in a short time after, God sent a pestilence on the island, which cut off a large number of the inhabitants; and their guilty consciences told them that it was punishment for their cruelty and deceit. They therefore collected the property which they had stolen, and put it into a cavern, making a vow to "the God of the strangers," that if he would send back the teachers to their island, they would receive them kindly, and give them food to eat. We ought always to remember who it is that says, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay."

From Mangaia, Mr. Williams and his companions sailed to Atiu; and, on coming near the island, a large double canoe was seen approaching. Upon an elevated stage there sat the king of the island, Roma-tane, a tall and

handsome man, dressed in a white shirt, and girded round the waste with some Indian cloth. His long and beautiful hair hung gracefully on his shoulders, or waved in the passing breeze, as he kept time with the rowers. On coming on board he was welcomed by all; but especially by the young king of Aitutaki, who immediately led him apart from the others, and commenced a very earnest conversation, telling him about the wonderful things which had happened in his own island by the introduction of Christianity. He told him how the maraes of Aitutaki were demolished, and the idols burned. He also told him that a large white house, made of roasted stone, had been built and dedicated to the worship of Jehovah, who was the only true God, "All our offerings to our false gods," said he, "cannot procure us pardon; but God gave his Son to die for us, and through him mercy is bestowed. I am come to advise you to receive the good word." The astonished chief appeared for some time lost in wonder; at length he retired, and spent the whole night in conversation with the teachers and chiefs from Aitutaki, musing upon the wonderful truths he had heard, frequently rising up and stamping with his foot, saying, "I am astonished I have been deluded so long; I shall never worship the idol gods again."

In the morning he told Mr. Williams that he was determined to pull down his maraes, burn his idols, and build a house for the worship of Jehovah. Mr. Williams invited him to go with them to the Society Islands, but he said he wished to begin his work immediately, and desired to buy an axe to cut down trees for the post of God's house. There were two islands, Mitiaro and Mauke, not far away, that belonged to Roma-tane, and, as Mr. Williams wished to visit them, he proposed that the king should accompany them, which he willingly agreed to do.

On arriving at Mitiaro, the king sent for the chief of the island, and

told him that he had come to exhort him and the people to burn the maraes and the idols, and to receive two teachers whom he had brought to teach them the word and the worship of Jehovah. The chief answered, "Will not the gods be enraged, and strangle us if we burn the maraes?" "No," answered the king, "it is out of the power of the wood to kill us." They next inquired, "But must we burn Tarianui or Great Eara?" "Yes," replied the king, "commit him and all the evil spirits to the flames." He then requested them to be kind to Tua, their teacher, and receive his instructions. He himself would come to the festival which he had ordered them to prepare, but it would be to see how they had performed their duty to the teacher.

The vessel next sailed to Manuke, the other island belonging to Romatane, and the king conducted the other teacher and his wife to the shore. When he leaped from the boat, he cried aloud, "I am come to advise you to receive the word of Jehovah, the true God, and to leave with you a teacher and his wife who will instruct you. Let us destroy our maraes, and burn all the evil spirits with fire; never let us worship them again!" The people were astonished at this address, but they answered that they would receive the word which he recommended, and place themselves under the instruction of the teacher. After this, they inquired when he would come to the festival which they were preparing for him; but he told them that all these filthy customs were to be abolished, but he would come soon again to see their steadfastness in the good work.

On returning to Atiu, where the king was anxious to begin his work of reformation, Mr. Williams asked him if he knew where Rarotonga was? "Yes," said he, "it is only a day and a night sail from Atiu." He then pointed out the direction in which Rarotonga lay, and bidding farewell

to Mr. Williams and the chiefs of Aitutaki, he allowed them to pursue their voyage to Rarotonga.

The Clock.

Tick ! tick ! how swift the seconds fly.

Speeding by ;

With some soul of mortal faded,

With some solemn secret fated.

Related

To men that calm and sleeping lie.

Tick ! tick ! in its remorseless flight,

Through the night,

The minute hand keeps moving round ;

Discoursing its solemn sound

Of a mound

The sexton builds by still moonlight.

Tick ! tick ! some lone watch hear :

And the tear

From that strong agony of wo.

Which those who sleep can never know,

Quenchless flow

For the calm, cold dead sleeping near.

Tick ! tick ! discordant music singing,

Now mingling

The wailing notes of those who weep

With shouts of those who vigils keep,

Drinking deep

From the ruby wine-cup ringing.

Tick ! tick ! those sound strange fancies

take,

Phantoms wake,

As by some magician's wand,

Faces peer from shadow land,

A long band

Of hours misspent their places take.

Tick ! tick ! they stern and grimly frown,

Pointing down :

Some to the records of wild mirth,

And the unhallowed love of earth,

And the dearth

Of good seed well and fitly sown.

Tick ! tick ! those frowning ghosts appear,

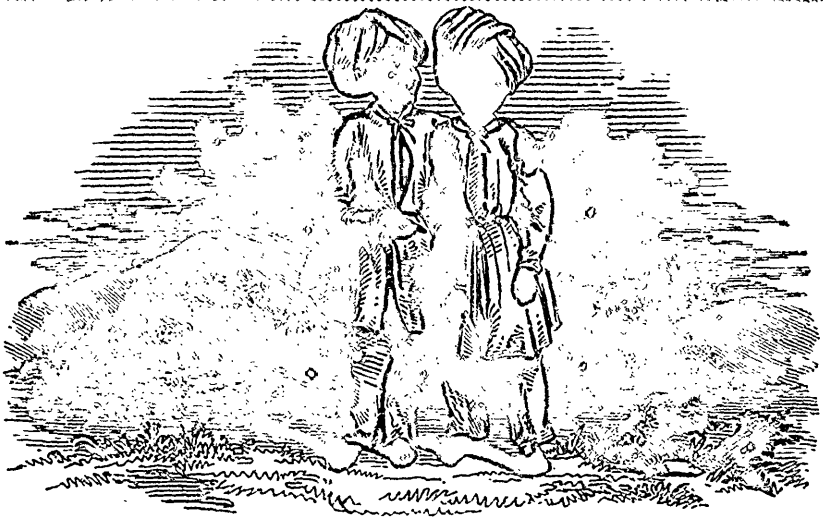
Standing near

Like judges to all mercy deaf,

They give me warning life is brief,

And that grief

And holy zeal become us here.



THE HINDOO TWINS.

Some few years ago, a wretched Hindoo and his wife were seen lying by a road-side, near Mysore, struck down by the fearful cholera. Their whole bearing, dress, and appearance, spoke them of the higher caste, and showed that withering sickness, and not poverty, had brought them down. They looked like pilgrims going to some idol shrine; and probably had trod through many weary miles before they lay down in agony to die beside the road. Two infant boys were borne by their distressed mother, and many beautiful and costly ornaments upon them showed both how much love she bore to them, and the rank and circumstance in which they had been born. Many, very many, passed them by in fear, for they dreaded catching the disease with which they were afflicted. Many more from mere indifference. Such sights are very common in India, and the people get to care very little when they see poor pilgrims drop and hear poor orphan children raising above their corpses their sorrowing wail. At last some stopped, and looked in pity on these sufferers. They were strangers, they had come from far, were sick, but needed nothing 22/2 a little friendly help. Those who

stopped to look, however, stopped too late to be of any use. The father was already dead, and the poor mother lying quite insensible, and beyond the reach of human skill or sympathy to raise her up. The two infants, however, were there. They were lovely babes, and their sorrowful cries would have moved almost a heart of stone. The lookers on were deeply affected, and lifting them from the dying arms of their loving mother, thus rescuing them from the infection arising from both parents, they bore them off. But what could be done with them. The jewels found about them gave them some favour with the heathen people, and procured for them some friendly help for a little season. The time soon came, however, when other assistance must be sought; as those who had charge of them cared nothing for them beyond the gain they would secure by them. They were accordingly carried to Mysore, where an officer, in the British army there took charge of them, and sent them down to the Orphan Refuge under the care of the excellent Mrs. Coles. They were so young, they appeared a serious charge to the good Missionary's wife, but with noble-hearted feeling she

willingly undertook the care of them, at least for a time. They were now baptised with Christian names, and became every day more and more dear to Mrs. Coles. She attended to them as to her own child, who was then an infant like them. Her own children's nurse was their nurse too, and all that kindness and attention could do was done to relieve their little wants. At first they seemed inclined to be sickly, and when Mr. and Mrs. Coles removed to Bangalore, which they did soon after, they became very delicate indeed. At last they were taken to Bellary, and there their health improved, and now they are as fine and strong and healthy boys as you could wish to see.

At Bellary there is an excellent school for natives, called the Wardlaw Institution, and there these little boys now go daily to receive instruction. They are both about six years of age, and are the universal favorites of the school. Such a thing as a quarrel between them was never heard of, and they are as gentle and amiable as boys can be. If any favor has to be asked by the older scholars, they are sure to pick out one of those dear children to ask it.

Some two or three years ago Mrs. Coles wrote to Birmingham, to beg the Congregation under the care of Mr James to try to do something for the support of these orphan children. The ladies kindly took it up, and ninety pounds were soon raised and sent out. How delightful, is it not? to help in thus saving "the children of the needy," and how precious and loving does that Gospel seem which can thus raise and help the orphan and the destitute!

The picture at the head of this paper represents these dear boys. They are severally called—and I am sure you will smile, when I tell you, at the absurdity of giving such names to little Hindoo boys—'John Angel James,' and 'George Storer Mansfield.'

"John Angel James," says Mrs Coles, "is a very droll, merry boy,

quite witty at times, and has a most animated little face. George Storer Mansfield, is a gentle mild child, not quite so sharp and clever as his brother, but quite as good and amiable; he is never more pleased than when J. A. James is saying something droll, and none joins in the laugh with more spirit than he."

Let us all pray that these dear boys may grow up useful, holy Missionaries,

Botanical Papers.—No 8.

ON THE FLOWER.

The flower and its parts are denominated the organs of reproduction. The parts of a flower are thus arranged,—1. The Calyx; 2, the Corolla; 3, Stamens; 4, the Pistil. These are formed by leaves altered so as to suit the particular functions which each part performs. When flowers become double the stamens and pistil are more or less completely changed into leaves, and then no seed is produced. The parts of each series or whorl are arranged on the principle of alternation, and there is a remarkable symmetry as regards the number of the parts. Throughout the vegetable kingdom the numbers which generally prevail are 5 and 3, or multiples of them. Thus, if a flower has 5 parts of the calyx, it has usually 5 of the corolla alternating with them, and 5, 10, 20, stamens, and 5 or some multiple of 5 in the parts of the pistil. So also with flowers of 3 parts in the calyx. 2 and 4 are also met with, but by no means so often. Flowers exhibiting 5 or 4, or their multiples, usually belong to dicotyledonous, and exogenous plants, those having 3, are monocotyledonous, and exogenous, while 2 and 4 are met with among acotyledonous and acrogenous plants. The arrangement of the flowers on the stem varies. Flower buds are produced either at the extremity of the main stalk as in the gentianella; or at the points where the leaves join the stems, as in the periwinkle. Occasionally in place of flower

buds, stalks bearing hairs are produced as in the *Rhus cotinus*, or wig-tree; in this case it is seen that hairs indicate a degeneration of the parts; or an abortive state of them. The flowering of plants takes place at different periods of the year. By observing this a floral calendar may be formed, and from the time when certain flowers open their petals for the day Linnaeus constructed a floral clock. The closing of flowers also follows a periodical law. Most flowers close during darkness, but some in day light. Thus the saffron shuts about mid-day, and the chicory about 4 in the afternoon. Many are affected by the kind of day, in rainy weather, the scarlet pimpernel, called the poor man's weather-glass, remains closed; so also do the dandelion and other composite flowers. The diurnal periods in flowering are alluded to by the poet in the following lines:

In every copse and sheltered dell,
Unveiled to the observant eye,
Are faithful monitors to tell
How pass the hours and seasons by.

The green robed children of the spring
Will mark the periods as they pass—
Mingle with leaves Time's feathered wing,
And bind with flowers his silent glass.

See Hieralium's various tribes
Of plummy fruit and radiant flowers,
The course of time their bloom describe,
And wake and sleep appointed hours

Broad o'er its imbricated cup
The goatbeard spreads its purple rays,
But shuts its cautious florets up,
Retiring from the noontide blaze.

On upland shores the shepherd marks
The hour when, as the dial true,
Cichorium to the towering lark
Lifts her soft eyes, serenely blue.

Thus in each flower and simple bell
That in our path betrodde lie,
Are sweet remembrancers, who tell
How fast the winged moments fly!

The Calyx.—This is the outer covering

of the flower. It is usually greenish; sometimes, however, it is variously coloured, as in the *Fuchsia* and *Indian-cress*. It consists of a certain number of parts called *Sepals*, which are either distinct from each other as in the butter cup and wall-flower, or united more or less completely as in the harebell and gentianella. The calyx in the gooseberry, currant-apple, and many other plants, form a covering of the fruit, and remains attached to it when ripe. In some plants the calyx is inconspicuous and reduced to a mere rim, as in hemlock and certain *Rhododendrons*. In such plants as thistles, dandelions, and others belonging to the large division called composites, which have numerous small flowers on a common head, the calyx is united to the fruit and appears at the upper part of it in the form of hairs. This is a degeneration of the calyx and helps to scatter the seeds, and in the case of thistles is the means of diffusing extensively these noxious weeds. May we not see in this the curse of thistles. The calyx is not developed as in other plants, but is blighted as it were and changed into hairs. It was the soil which was cursed by God, and to it we trace the state of vegetation. What it is in the soil which gives rise to all the degeneration in vegetable productions, and the arrestment of development, we know not. To keep up its fertility, man requires to labour constantly. The whole system of agriculture shows that materials require to be supplied, and that no soil will continue to produce good crops without the addition of manure. Even in the very deteriorations of creation we see beauty; what then must it have been when God pronounced it good? In the present earth there are abundant indications of the curse; but we are enabled to look forward to its removal, when there shall be a new earth as well as a new heaven; "when the earth shall yield her increase, and God shall give us his blessing."

Mount of Olives.

On the east of Jerusalem, and only divided from it by the deep valley of the Kedron, rises the far-famed Mount of Olives. I suppose every one of you has often read an account of it, and all of you know the many references there are to it in the Bible. It is a fine and beautiful mountain, and still retains something of its verdure, its vineyards, and olive-trees for which it was anciently so famous. It has three summits, each of different heights. The most northern is the highest, and from it a fine view of the valley of the Jordan is obtained. The middle one is that which tradition has fixed upon as the spot from which our Saviour ascended to heaven; and the southern one is where Solomon built temples to the idols of his wives, and so led the people into sin (1 Kings xi. 7. 8)—it is called, in consequence, the “Mount of Offence, and the Mount of Corruption.” By far the best view of Jerusalem is obtained from the Mount of Olives; and as its summit is ascended, an extensive and beautiful prospect opens before the eye of all the surrounding country. “Looking to the north-west, says Mr. M’Cheyne, “the eye falls upon a lofty hill, believed by most travellers to be Ramah, where Samuel was born, but by others Mizpeh, the rallying place of Israel (1 Sam. vii. 5). To the east and south-east, over the summits of a range of bare and rugged mountains, we looked down upon the Dead Sea of a deep blue colour. Beyond it, the range of Abarim, the brown, barren mountains of Moab, rise steep and high, and bound the prospect. . . Turning to the west, we looked down upon Jerusalem — its mosques and domes, flat roofs and cupolas, being stretched out beneath us. We could see the correctness of the description, ‘As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people’ (Psa. cxxv. 2). We obtained a complete view of Mount Moriah, the hill nearest us, occupied by the Mahometan mosques.”

It was up this fine mountain that David retired from the city on the rebellion of his son Absalom, with the priests and the Levites, bearing the ark of God (2 Sam. xv. 30). This mountain was the favourite place of retirement to Christ and his disciples, to which they used to delight to come from the noise and bustle of the city (see John viii. 1, 2; Mark xiii. 3; Luke xxi 37; Matt. xxiv. 3). Across this mountain lay the road to Bethany, whither he often went to the house of Martha. On this mountain he stood and wept over the city as he got a view of it, and uttered the fearful prophecy of its destruction (Luke xix. 29-44; Matt. xxi 1; Mark xi. 1); and on this very spot, probably where that prophecy was uttered, Titus encamped with his army. In the Garden of Gethsemane, planted on the west side of the hill, Jesus agonized in prayer, and sweat great drops of blood: and from its summit he ascended gloriously to heaven (Luke xxiv. 50-53). The Mount of Olives is thus closely connected with the history of Christ and of redemption, and must ever be an interesting spot to all Christian minds.

The Little Child's Hymn.

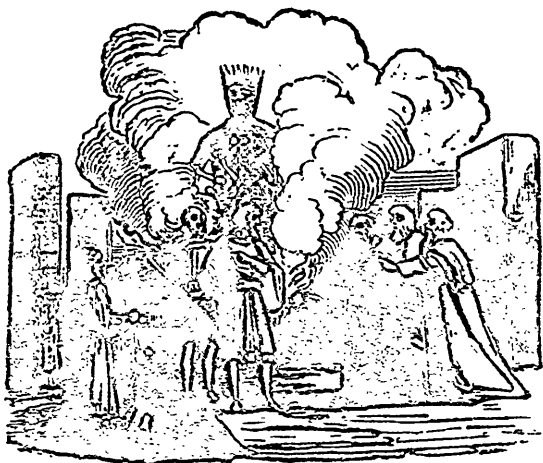
Jesus is my good Shepherd, Mamma,
And I am a Lamb of his fold;
He died on the Cross for me, Mamma,
And his Love it cannot be told.

He promised to take me to Heaven, Mamma,
Where he sits on a glorious Throne,
And to give me a golden Harp, Mamma,
To join in the Angels song.

And many dear children are there, Mamma,
All dressed in such beautiful White,
And the flowers in that Land never fade,
Mamma,
The sky is always bright.

O! Heaven is a beautiful place, Mamma,
No pain nor sorrow is there,
And Sin which God so hates, Mamma,
Cannot enter a world so fair.

But every heart is love, Mamma,
And every tone is song,
So I'm not afraid to die, Mamma,
To go to my Heavenly home.



Wicker Idol of Ancient Britain.

OUR PAGAN ANCESTORS.—NO. II.

I told you in my last Paper about our pagan ancestors, something of their barbarous condition in reference to their ways of living, fighting, and so on; and this time have to tell you something about their religion.

Their religion was called Druidism, from the name of their priests, who were called Druids. Learned men are not quite sure why they were called Druids; but some think it was because the word "*Druidh*" meant, in their language, a "*wise man*," and so was given to them from their supposed wisdom.

I shall tell you something about these priests, the doctrines they taught, the places where they worshipped, and the ceremonies they performed.

The priests were of three classes, Druids, Bards, and Faids. The Druids were properly the priests, who offered sacrifices, and performed all the rites of religion. The Bards were a sort of historians, and by composing poems, which they sung and taught to the people, handed down the accounts of battles, and other matters, belonging to the history of the country. The Faids of Vates were the prophets and sacred musicians. They attended at all the religious solemnities, and sung

and played on their harps the hymns they composed in honour of their gods.

The Druids were by far the most numerous class. Each temple required a great many of them, and these lived near the temple where they had to serve. But some lived like hermits, others like monks, and some at courts, and in the houses of great men, as private priests. There was one chief Druid, called the Archdruid of Britian, who resided, it is believed, in the island of Anglesey, and lived in great splendour for those times. In the western islands of Scotland there are the remains of several small round houses, just large enough to hold one person, and which are called "*Druids' houses*," and supposed to have been the residences of their hermits; and in Anglesey, the remains of the Archdruid's palace is belived to exist. These priests seem to have been supported by the presents brought to the temples at the time of sacrifices; by portions of the spoil taken from enemies; by gifts from the people; and by a regular tax; besides the produce of several islands on the western coast of England and Scotland, such as Anglesey, Man, Harris, &c., and which belonged to them.

Besides these priests, the ancient Britons had also Druidesses, who were divided into three classes. The first were never married, lived very retired lives, and pretended to great powers of prophecy and working wonders,—as rising storms at sea, and curing all sorts of diseases. The second class were married; but spent most of their time in performing religious ceremonies at the temples. And the third class were a sort of servants to the Druids. When a famous Roman, general, called Suetonius, invaded Anglesey, his soldiers were much alarmed by great numbers of these Druidesses, who ran up and down among the British army with flaming torches in their hands, like enraged furies, and calling down all sorts of dreadful curses on the Romans.

The religious doctrines of these priests are not very well understood now, but I may tell you something about them. They believed in one God, the creator of all things; but in a great many other deities besides, of whom they told the most absurd stories, and practised many foolish ceremonies to gain their favour. Their stories, rites, and doctrines about these gods were so numerous, that it took twenty years study to get acquainted with them all.

They believed also in the immortality of the soul; but taught the people that it went into other bodies after it had left theirs.

Amongst the objects of their worship was the sun, in honour of whom they kept the sacred fire burning. They worshipped also the moon, some of the planets, several great warriors who had once lived, and such a number of lesser gods, that there was scarcely a river, lake, mountain, or wood, that had not its separate god.

Their places of worship were very rude erections, but some of them very large. They had an idea that it was unlawful to worship any of the gods under a roof, so their temples were

merely walls, or circles of large stones, without any roofing, and generally placed in the centre of large groves of oaks. We have some of these temples still remaining, though the groves of oak have long since gone. The largest is at Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain, and consists of the remains of several circles, made of large stones of prodigious weight, lying on the tops of standing pillars of great size.

Near these temples, they erected alters, called Cromlechs, or stone tables, on which to offer sacrifices; and raised sacred mounds of earth, on the tops of which sometimes these alters stood. Many of both these mounds and cromlechs remain to this day. All their groves of oak, too, were places of worship, as they thought the oak was a sacred tree. They had no images of their gods; but at certain times made a great wicker idol, which they filled with men, and women, and children, who had been condemned to be burned, and offered them in sacrifice to their gods.

Their religious ceremonies were many and various. They sang praises and offered prayers in their groves and temples to their gods. Their prayers, however, were generally offered in connection with sacrifices, and were put up by the Druid with his hands on the head of the victim to be killed. These victims consisted of oxen, sheep, goats, and other animals,—all the most beautiful of the kind they could procure. They were either burnt whole upon the altar, or divided into three parts, one which was burnt on the altar; the second given to the priest; and the third to the person who brought the sacrifice. Besides these sacrifices, they offered up human beings, as I have just mentioned; but these dreadful sacrifices were generally only presented before dangerous wars, or under great calamities, or to remove disease from some prince or person of rank, or as a punishment

for some crime against the gods.

They had three great annual festivals; one on the first of May, another at Midsummer, and a third on the first of November. The first was to secure the favour of the gods on the growing crops; the second, to get a good harvest; and the third, to return thanks for the same. On the evening before the last, all the people put out their fires, and the next day re-kindled them by consecrated fire from the altar, provided by the Druids.

We keep up some remains of these old festivals still, very foolishly, in the merry-makings on May-day, Midsummer-day, and All-Hallow-e'en.

Besides these festivals, they had another on their New Year's day, which is our 10th of March, for the purpose of gathering and consecrating the mistletoe. The mistletoe is a curious plant, with green berries, which grows on oak trees, and was looked on by the Druids as a sacred plant, and believed to work many wonders.

I might have told you of more of their superstitions, such as pretending to foretell future events, by examining the entrails of animals and so on, but have no more room. I cannot close, however, without asking you to think over all these dreadful cruelties and superstitions, and compare them with our present religious privileges. On the very spots where human sacrifices bled, and heathen temples stood, "the church-going bell," and the hymn of holy praise, and the sweet message of the precious gospel, now sound upon the ear.

Christ Shining on the Mountain.

Did you ever try to think how the Lord Jesus looked when he was walking about this world? There is no picture of him to be seen, but we find in the Bible that he appeared like other men. He was not bright as angels are, neither did he wear fine clothes, as princes do. If you had seen him, you would have taken him for a poor man;

you could not have told by his look that he was the Son of God, that he was the King of kings, the Creator of the world and of the sun, and of the moon, and of all the stars. We are quite sure that there was a meek, kind, gentle look in his face, because his heart was full of love. We know, also, that he was sorrowful, and that he often shed tears, and groaned, and prayed. There must have been a look of sorrow in his face.

But one day he let his friends see a wonderful change in him. He took three of his disciples to the top of a mountain; their names were Peter, James, and John. I am not sure what was the name of the mountain, but I believe it was called Tabor. When Jesus wished to be in a quiet place, he often went to a mountain, because it is not easy to climb up high places, so that it is very seldom that people come there. Why did Jesus wish to find a quiet place? Because he was going to pray to his Father in heaven. While he was praying, the disciples saw a great change in him. His face shone like the sun, and his clothes became as white as snow, and as bright as the light. There were never any clothes seen on earth so white and shining.

Two men were with Jesus. Where had they come from? From heaven. They were two men who had lived upon the earth a long while ago, and who had been taken to heaven; and now they were come down to talk with the Lord Jesus. One of these men was named Moses; he had once died, and God had buried him. The other man was Elijah; he had never died, but had gone to heaven in a chariot of fire; he had been carried by bright angels into heaven. And what were these men talking about? They were speaking about a very sad and sorrowful thing that would soon happen—about Jesus being nailed to the cross for our sins. How sweet it must be to listen to heavenly men, and to hear them talk with the Son of God!

I do not wonder that the disciples were pleased. At last it seemed as if these men, all bright and glorious, were going back to heaven. Then Peter said, "Lord, it is good for us to be here: let us make three tents; one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elijah."

Peter wanted to have these heavenly men always with him, but they could not stay down here. Peter did not know what he said, for he was very much afraid. While he was speaking, a bright cloud came over them. What could this cloud be? The disciples were frightened when they saw it round them. Then a voice came out of the cloud, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well-pleased; hear ye him." Whose voice was that? It was the voice of God the Father. The disciples were afraid when they heard it, and they fell upon their faces. They could not look at the brightness of that cloud, for God was there; but the great God did not punish them for their sins, nor say he would send them to hell. No; he only commanded them to hear his beloved Son. He sent his Son into the world to save us, and if we believe in Jesus we shall be saved.

I do not know how long the disciples remained with their faces on the ground, but they did not dare to look up, till they felt some one touch them, and heard a gentle voice say, "Arise, and be not afraid." Whose touch was that? Whose gentle voice? When the disciples looked up they saw Jesus; the bright cloud shone there no longer. The disciples looked round about, but they could not see the two heavenly men; there was no one but Jesus. They were not afraid to be alone with him, for they knew him well, and loved him too. They walked down the mountain with him.

Could they ever forget the glorious sight they had seen at the top? They could not but Jesus said to them as they walked, "Tell no man what you have seen, till the Son of man be risen

again from the dead." Jesus called himself the Son of man. The disciples did not know he would soon be buried in a grave, and that he would rise again in three days. But they minded what Jesus said, and told no one about the brightness on the mountain, till after Jesus had been crucified and had come to life again. They told people all that you have now heard. Is it not a very wonderful history?

Jesus is now shining as bright in heaven, as he shone on that mountain. When you see him coming in the clouds, he will look very glorious. Good men who lived a long while ago will come with him. Abel, who was killed by his wicked brother; Noah, who was saved when the world was drowned; Moses who was hidden in a basket when he was a babe; David, who sang sweet psalms and played upon his harp; Elijah, who was fed by ravens; Daniel who was not eaten by the lions in the den—all of them will be there; and if you love Jesus, you shall stay with him for ever, and you shall be with those holy men, and with the holy angels. Oh, how happy you will be! But those who do not love the Lord, will be shut up with the devil in a dark place for ever.

You may read the history of Christ on the mountain in Matt. 17: 1-9; Mark 9: 2-10; Luke 9: 28-36.

Lo, He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumphs of his train:
Hallelujah! God appears on earth to reign.

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah! See the day of God appear!

The Prayerless Mother.

I met a few days since a dear little girl of twelve years, who hoped she had recently given her heart to the Saviour.

In talking with her I urged her to be very prayerful, and not fail to secure time for secret prayer, and

added, if you do not love secret prayer, you have reason to fear that you are not a Christian, for no true Christian will live without it.

As I said this, she looked up eagerly and asked, "Do you think so?" "Yes," I replied, "the Bible plainly teaches this; but why do you ask?" For a moment she hesitated, and then said, as if half afraid of doing wrong, "My mother is a Christian, but I don't think she prays in secret." "I think you must be mistaken, dear Anna," I said; "your mother no doubt has a time for secret prayer that you do not know of."

"I don't think so; for when I have been at home from school I have been with her sometimes all day, and I am sure she did not go away alone. It has troubled me a great many times, for I have read about mothers praying with their children in their closets, and I have wished my mother would pray with me. I thought, if I saw her going away alone, I should not be afraid to ask her to let me go with her; but I never saw her going, and I don't think she ever does: but I think my mother is a Christian, don't you?"

What could I say? I could not tell her her mother was not a Christian, nor could I tell her it was safe to follow her example. She was just beginning her Christian life, and I dared not do otherwise than urge her to be faithful in closet duties.

Christian mother, how is it with you? Have you a closet and a time for secret prayer? Say not, it is enough to pray while about my work, and I have not time to spend alone. Duties many and heavy no doubt press upon you, but the burden will be made lighter by going with it to the throne of grace. It is far better to ask Jesus to share it with you, than to bear it all the weary day alone. No time is lost that is spent at the foot of the cross.

Immortal minds are committed to your care, and insensibly but hourly

you are making an impress upon them that will last through the ages of eternity. Do you not need help from one on high? Dare you meet all your responsibilities as a mother, a Christian mother, without going to God for help and strength?

Be sure to have a time and a place for secret prayer, and sometimes take your children with you to your closet. Let them feel that it is a sacred, hallowed place,

"The place of all on earth most sweet." They will remember it when far removed from you; yes, perhaps when your voice is hushed in death, those prayers will be heard and answered in heaven. Let not your children rise up in judgment and say of you, "My mother had no closet, and she never prayed with me."—*American Mes.*

—Lessons No. 2 and 3, continued from our May number will appear in next number in good season for those who may have adopted them.

—The following sums have been received from Mr. Shaw, of Toronto, for the *Record*, and to be sent as follows:—Knox's Church Sabbath School, Toronto, £1 5s; 25 copies. Highland Creek Presbyterian Church Sabbath School, Dunbarton, £1 10s; 30 copies. United Presbyterian Church Sabbath School, Dunbarton, £1 5s; 25 copies.

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THE MISSIONARY

And Sabbath School Record

Is published on the first of every month at 1s each copy per year, and sent in parcels of not less than five copies to one address.

All communications to be addressed to
J. C. BECKET,
 38 Great St. James Street, Montreal.