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THE MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

Vol. VII.]

FEBRUARY 1, 1850.

[No. 2,



The Old Box Maker; or, Never put off
Till To-Morrow.

"I am to take the stage coach on Wednesday morning, and I must have it by six o'clock," said I to the old box-maker one Monday; so he promised—I was going to say, faithfully, but faithlessly would be the proper word—that by six o'clock on Wednesday the box should be delivered.

Well-knowing that too often a promise is but a poor pledge of performance, and fearing lest it should prove so with the old box-maker, I called on him the following morning, to see how he was getting on. He was hard at work at a heavy hair trunk. Now, working hard at a heavy hair trunk is not the way to make a light wooden box. I inquired further, but obtained nothing more than another promise, that at the time appointed, the box should be with me.

Notwithstanding these promises, I yet had my misgivings, and failed not

to look in about five o'clock in the afternoon, to see if the box was about to be sent off. "Show it to me," said I, "that I may be satisfied. If you have not finished it, what have you done towards it?"

Alas! alas! the old box-maker wished to set about it at the time I gave him the order; he then intended to begin it towards evening; and after that resolved that nothing should prevent his beginning and finishing it in the morning—yet still the box was not even begun! I could indeed have been very angry, but the thought occurred to me, that in many things I was quite as culpable as the old box-maker.

How many good things are never done, just because they are not begun! We know that many things, when once put in motion, keep on of themselves. Wind up the clock, and it will go on of itself for eight days longer; sow seed in the garden, whether you look at it again or not, it will grow

up. When your object is a good one, set about it; it is an excellent thing to make a beginning.

My old box maker disappointed me; but then, have I never disappointed any one, either by promising hastily or unadvisedly, when a little consideration would have shown me that I could not perform my promise? Or did I never neglect a promise or a pressing duty, allowing hour after hour, and day after day to pass, without so much as even beginning what I promised to perform? I have! I have! And if you are in the same situation, let us both try once more, looking for heavenly aid, to avoid the error into which we have fallen.

The Hindu Widow.

THE widows of India are a peculiar class, well deserving our sympathy. The following extracts from "Arthur's Mission to the Mysore," are descriptive of their state:—

"At the door of some wealthy merchant you would occasionally see his wife or daughter in full dress of costly silk, her glossy black hair graced with a round ornament of gold on the crown; long pendants from the ears, the perforation of which had been artificially increased to the diameter of half an inch; the edges of the ears crowded with a succession of rings up to the very tip; a ring, large enough for a bunch of keys, inserted into the nose, resting on the cheek, and strung with pearls; a heart-shaped piece of gold suspended from the centre membrane of the nose, and resting on the upper lip; several chains of gold on the neck, sometimes a richly-gemmed collar; the arms thronged with bracelets from above the elbow; a ring, or more, on every finger; massive silver ankles loading the feet, and tinkling with every motion, while each toe rejoiced in a broad ring.

"I have seen a little girl not more than five or six years of age, with all the finery just described, standing in her father's door to display it. But I have also seen a little girl of not more

than that age, in one of those same houses, with every ornament gone, her hair shaved off, and other signs of widowhood. A girl of three, or five, or seven, may be given by her father to a husband of thirty, or fifty, or seventy. She may never have set her eyes on him except on the wedding day; she is still living at her father's house; but if the man who calls her wife die, she is his widow, and his widow for life. The *tahli* * is removed from her neck; then one by one, her articles of jewellery; her dress changed for a widow's robe, and her rich black hair shaved, to be allowed to grow no more. From that day she commences a life of shame. She is charged with her husband's death; he has been taken from her to punish her sin in a former birth; the younger she is, the greater sinner she must have been, to be overtaken so soon, and her accusations are proportionally malignant; her presence is a curse—it must never blight social festivity nor sacred ritual; the house is cursed for her sake; no accident or misfortune occurs but it is her fault; she is the drudge, the butt, the sorrow, the reproach of her family. If she has the honor to be a Brahman's widow, in addition to all other inflictions, she is permitted but one meal a day. She may not marry again: it would be more disgraceful than any immorality. With us the word 'widow' sounds tenderly, even on harsh tongues. In the families of India it is a term of execration. And spite can find no name so bitter as the son 'of a widow.' No human being is more to be pitied than a young Hindu widow. Then it is to be remembered, that this class is far more numerous in India than amongst us: for, first, every man, without ex-

* "A small golden ornament, with the image of a god engraved upon it, and having attached a cord composed of a hundred and eight extremely fine threads. To this ornament incense is offered, and each person of those present touches it, invoking blessings upon it. The bride then turns to the east, and the bridegroom, taking the ornaments thus consecrated, places it in front of her neck, and ties the cord behind. This is called the *tahli*: it is their wedding ring."

ception, marries and may re-marry as often as he likes; secondly, every bride is a young girl—a child; thirdly, every female once widowed continues a widow for life. From these three causes, widows in India must be at least twice as numerous as in England; and when it is remembered that the population of India is sevenfold that of the British Isles, it will be seen what a multitude of breasts are pierced by Hinduism with continual sorrows."

A WALK WITH FATHER.

There is no happier company in the wide world than that which is made up of a kind Christian parent, surrounded by a group of dutiful and loving children. If a father can find time (and every wise father will try to find it) to walk abroad with his sons and daughters, and mingle his seasonable counsels and instructions with their cheerful chat and endless questions, he will grow young again in their company, and make impressions upon their gleeful minds which may prove as lasting as eternity. Happy the children that have such a father! How gladly do they embrace every opportunity to listen to his kind teachings! How cheerfully do they obey his instructions, and how earnestly do they strive to please him.

There are many children in the world who were once blest with such a father, but he was taken from them, and oh! how many joys of home fled when he was borne to the grave. What would they give to hear his voice again, and to be advised and counselled by his wisdom? How would they study to show him respect and confidence! How would they fear to offend him!

We have a Father in heaven who is kinder and wiser to us than any earthly parent is, or can be to his most dutiful children; and yet, how slow we are to seek Him! How deaf we are to his kind calls! How negligent we are to his wishes! How

often and with how little concern do we offend him!

If we give our earthly parents reverence, obedience and love, shall we not much more be in subjection to the Father of our spirits.

Who gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

PARENTS.—Parents must never put away their own youth. They must never cease to be young. Their sympathies and sensibilities should be always quick and fresh. They must be susceptible. They must love that which God made the child to love. Children need not only *government* firm and mild, but *sympathy* warm and tender. So long as parents are their best and most agreeable companions, children are comparatively safe, even in the society of others.

MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

'Twas when the seas, with hideous roar,
A little bark assail'd,
And pallid fear, with awful power,
O'er each on board prevailed—

Save one, the captain's darling child,
Who fearless view'd the storm,
And, playful with composure, smiled
At danger's threatening storm.

"Why sporting thus," a seaman cries,
"Whilst sorrows overwhelm?"
"Why yield to grief?" the boy replies,
"My Father's at the helm."

Poor doubting soul, from hence be taught,
How groundless is thy fear;
Think on the wonders Christ has wrought,
And he is always near.

Safe in His hands, whom seas obey,
When swelling surges rise;
Who turns the darkest night to day,
And brightens lowering skies.

Though thy corruptions rise abhorr'd
And outward foes increase,
'Tis but for Him to speak the word,
And all is hush'd to peace.

Then upward look, how'er distress'd,
Jesus will guide thee home
To that blest port of endless rest
Where storms shall never come.

—London Sailor's Magazine.

MISSIONARY LECTURES TO THE YOUNG.

We have been deeply interested in perusing the accounts that have reached us, of the lectures, recently delivered in London, by the Rev. C. H. Bateman, which must have proved exceedingly interesting to those who had the opportunity of hearing them, being illustrated with a large missionary map of the world, and many idols from heathen lands. We intend, as opportunity offers, to enrich our pages with some of the information and anecdotes which he has given. We copy from the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*, of the London Missionary Society, a valuable publication for the young, and would hope is widely circulated, as it is well calculated to awaken an interest in the missionary cause:

INDIAN IDOLS.

Among the idols which Mr. Bateman shewed to the children, there was a large one of Kalee, that dreadful goddess whom thieves and murderers worship. But, as we described this horrid idol in a recent number, we need not say any more about it now. There were two others, however, which were not so dreadful to look at as Kalee; but they were so ugly that, when Mr. Bateman held them up, the children could not help laughing aloud. One of these was Gunes, or Gunputti. He has the body of a babe, and the head of an elephant. But the foolish people call him "the God of Wisdom," and teach their children to pray to him to make them wise; and when they go to school in the morning, they bring him a little offering in their hands. Mr. Bateman, therefore, called Gunputti *the children's god*.

THE HINDOO MOTHER.

Amongst the stories which Mr. Bateman told, was one which greatly affected the little boys and girls. It was about a Hindoo woman who threw her little baby into the river Ganges. Some of you have very likely heard that there is a river in the north of India called the Ganges, and which the poor, ignorant people there foolishly worship.—They look upon its waters as very sacred, and fancy that if they drink them, they will get a great blessing from them; or if they wash in them, they will come out quite cleansed from their sin; or if they die in them will go, all bright and glorious, to Paradise. The great value they thus set upon the Ganges makes them offer to it very costly things; and sometimes they will throw into it all sorts of precious jewels, in the hope that the goddess who rules over it will do them good. Even little children are sometimes thrown thus into the river.

One day a young Hindoo mother was seen going down to the Ganges, carrying a sweet little baby in her arms, which she was loading with her kisses and bathing with her tears. The person that saw her thought, "Ah! poor Hindoo woman, she is going to throw that child to the Ganges;" so he watched her. When she got down to the river, he saw her lay her lovely babe upon the grass, and then going to the edge of the stream, gather some of the long reeds or flags that grew there: these she plaited together so as to make a sort of little raft. She then gathered a number of the beautiful flowers of the lotus—a sort of waterlily—and with these she made a wreath all round the raft. Then lighting a little lamp, and placing it in one corner, she lifted up her babe, again loaded it with kisses, placed it in the midst of the flowers, and then pushed all off upon the surface of the stream, a beautiful offering to the goddess. She thought that the stream would bear away her gift quite out of sight; that by and by her darling babe might, perhaps, fall off the raft and be drowned in the sacred river, and that then, as its blest spirit rose to paradise, the goddess would pardon her sins and bless her soul. But it so happened that she did not push it far enough, and the eddies of the river brought back the little raft underneath the overhanging branches of some bushes at the side. The little babe held out its hands to its mother, and cried for her to take it up; but no, she had given it up to the Ganges, and she dare not take it back.—At last, as it passed under a branch, the little thing caught fast hold of it, and lifted itself up a little from the raft. The moment the mother saw that, she was seized with fear, that, perhaps, after all, it might escape, and then a curse and not a blessing would fall upon her spirit. So she rushed down to the spot, and scrambling out to the end of the branch where her little child hung, she seized hold of it, wrung its little neck round and round, and then threw it out into the river, where it sunk to rise no more!

"Oh, cruel Hindoo mother!" you all of you cry out; but I would rather say, "Oh, ignorant Hindoo mother!" Poor woman! she did not know that God had given his Son to die for her, so she gave her babe an offering to the Ganges. Had she known what you know of God giving his Son for her sins, she would not have acted as she did. Oh! let us send her word of the glorious Gospel of God, and tell her, she need not throw her child to the Ganges, for God has given up his Son, and "His blood cleanseth from all sin."

THE MANIAC BOY.

Another of Mr. Bateman's stories was about a dear little boy, whose mother took away his senses to prevent his becoming a Christian.

Perhaps some of you know that we ha above 50,000 young people in our differ

schools in India. Some of these young people are from time to time converted to God. The Holy Ghost blesses the labors of the teachers, and they reject their foolish idolatries and take Christ as their only God. Well, some few years ago a little boy in one of these schools was thus brought to Christ, and asked the Missionary to let him be baptized. The Missionary gave him leave; but before he was baptized, he asked if he might go home to bid his father and mother goodbye, as they would never speak to him again, nor let him come into their house after he had thus come forth as a Christian. The Missionaries let him, but he did not come back again, and they wondered why he did not come back again. At last, one of them went to search for him, and, as he entered the broad street of the city, where the little boy lived, he thought he saw him. But oh, how changed! There he was all covered with rags and dirt, and, as he came walking down the road, the Missionary saw that he was raving mad, for he was throwing his arms about in the air, and crying out in a wild and mad-like way. In a little time he had come very near the place where the Missionary stood, and there fell down in a fit, foamed at the mouth, and beat the ground with his head. The good Missionary was very sorry to see him in such distress, and, coming up to him, got water and other things, with which he at last brought him out of the fit. The little fellow now opened his eyes, and fixing them on the Missionary, who was bending over him, he at once knew him, and cried out, "They gave me sweatmeats! They gave me sweatmeats!" and then went off into another fit, and again beat the ground with his head.

You will say, "What did he mean?"—Why, his own mother had given him poisoned sweatmeats to take away his senses to prevent his becoming a Christian!

WESTERN AFRICA.

In the February number of the *Missionary Herald*, published by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, we find in a Letter from Mr. Wilson, dated September 13, 1849, the following items of intelligence:—

Opposition Subsiding—Additions to the Church.

The opposition to religion which manifested itself here at the beginning of the year, does not continue with so much outward violence, but is perhaps not less bitter or fixed, especially with the female part of the community. At one time it broke up our female school entirely, but at present we are recollecting the girls, and hope it may not again experience a similar reverse. Nine native converts have

been received into the church during the year, and at our next communion, it is probable, two or three more will be added; and there are some five or six others who are feeling more or less interest in the subject of religion. Our meetings of late, however, have not been as well attended as formerly, and we have to lament what we fear is an increase of intemperance among the people at large.

Movements of the French.

The French Admiral has been here lately, and as his kindly feelings towards the people were somewhat doubtful, many of them betook themselves to the woods, with their flocks, during his stay. As he treated those with kindness who remained at home, it has had the effect to inspire them with more confidence, and most of them have returned. Some months ago it was confidently expected that the French would break up their settlement here altogether; but more recently they have resumed their works, and at present there are no symptoms of discontinuance. Four "sisters of charity" arrived here about the same time with the Admiral, and have located themselves within a few miles of us. We do not anticipate much good or evil, however, from their presence. A bishop is also expected here soon; but unless they adopt a very different line of conduct from what they have heretofore done, I do not see that we have occasion for much solicitude. We experience more real injury from the rum brought here by English and American vessels, than we shall be likely to do from all the Roman Catholicism that the French will import.

SOUTH AFRICA.

LETTER FROM MR. TYLER, UMLAZI, JULY, 27 1849.

The Country and People.

In many places, the scenery strongly resembles some parts of New England. It is said that the soil is not naturally fertile; but if suitable labor is expended, almost any vegetable or fruit can be raised. Emigrants from England, who have come here expecting to find the earth yielding luxuries spontaneously, or with scarcely any labor, have in some instances returned home disappointed. It is very doubtful whether the cotton crop succeeds in this country, though a thorough trial has not yet been made.

Thus far I have been more agreeably impressed with the natives than I anticipated. They are, personally, a fine, active, well formed race, capable of enduring great hardships,—and of different shades of color, from a light brown to black. Their carriage is erect and noble, and their countenances generally wear a smile. The language is very pleasing to the ear, and I think easy of acquisition.

Opposition and Encouragement.

There is, at present, great opposition to the truth, at all the stations; which is particularly manifested by a very perceptible diminution of the number of worshippers on the Sabbath. This opposition probably arises from the war our missionary brethren have been waging against the baneful system of polygamy, which prevails here to a great extent. It may be regarded as a favorable indication rather than otherwise; for it is evidence that the spirit of God is at work in the hearts of the people.

Prayer for Missionaries by the Natives.

There is one interesting fact which I forgot to mention. We are told that after the pious natives heard that we were coming to Africa, they always remembered us in their prayers at the weekly prayer-meetings. They would pray, first for the missionaries at their own station, then for those in other parts of the field, then for their children and all their friends in America, and lastly for the new missionaries who were on their way to Africa; that God would keep them in safety on the ocean, and not suffer the winds and waves to destroy them. The first morning after our arrival, many of them came to see us. One of them, Umbaluzi, [the first convert here,] kissed our hands, as an expression of joy, and called us her children.

A M O Y .

LETTER FROM MR. DUTY, SEPT. 15, 1849.

Additions to the Church.

I wrote briefly in July, and now I write again, to record the continued favor of our God; especially in the realization of the anticipated privilege of welcoming an increase in the number of professed disciples in our little church. On Sabbath afternoon, July 29th, the ordinance of baptism was administered to Hong-sin-si, the aged mother, and to her two sons, Ong-chieng-choan, and Ong-chieng-hong, of whose interesting cases you have been at various times informed. The occasion was one of deep interest to every one here, who takes pleasure in the prosperity of the Lord's work among this people. It was also the first celebration of any Christian ordinance in our new church. The brethren of the London Society kindly suspended their own services and united with us. The introductory exercises were conducted by brother Young, and the sermon was preached by brother Strenach. Afterwards I presented the design of the ordinance of baptism, with the duties and obligations of those receiving it, and asked various questions, calculated to elicit the motives of the candidates in asking baptism, their belief in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, and their faith in Christ. These were answered by each individual, in an audible, unhesitating, and fearless manner; evi-

dently with the design, that as the assembled congregation had heard the questions, so they should hear their answer, and know, and witness to, their firm purpose to cleave to one God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and to love, serve and obey him, with their positive and unalterable determination to have no more fellowship and connection with their former idolatry and superstitions. The church was filled with an attentive and apparently interested congregation. All the services passed off in a most pleasant and orderly manner; scarcely less so than in any well instructed and Christian congregation.

OLD CALABAR MISSION BOAT.

This little vessel, presented by the Juvenile Missionary Association of the Wellington Street United Presbyterian congregation to the Calabar Mission in connection with that church, is now lying in the harbour, above Glasgow Bridge, and must prove an object of interest to all whose attention has been directed to this mission. It is intended for exploring the rivers in the neighbourhood of the mission stations, and is admirably adapted for this purpose, as it only draws eighteen inches of water when fully loaded, and is fitted up with every convenience for the passengers. It is thirty feet long and eighteen feet broad; and is to be propelled, in the absence of wind, by eight or ten oars, which will give it a speed of six miles an hour. The rowers are protected from the heat of the sun, by an awning, which, supported by a framework of galvanised iron, extends to the stern and forms there a little cabin—large enough for the accommodation of six individuals, and neatly fitted up with sofas, and other necessary articles of furniture, so that missionaries will be able to live in it, for a short time, almost as comfortably as in one of our Liverpool steamers. The boat, we believe costs altogether about £100, and such a munificent and appropriate gift reflects much credit on the youthful donors. It has been named by them the "John Robson," in honor of Dr. Robson, their respected minister.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

We have watched with deep interest the progress of the gospel in these Islands, and have been grieved to notice, from time to time, for a number of years, the unreasonable demands of Louis Philippe's Government on Queen Pomare. They even went the

length to send out ships of war loaded with men and weapons of destruction. For the purpose of compelling the unprotected Tahitians to comply with their unreasonable demands—these demands have been noticed in former numbers of the *Record*. This was a great trial to Queen Pomare, for she loved her subjects, and she not only had to witness much suffering and distress amongst them, but was obliged, for her own safety, to flee to the mountains. Pomare, however, though much cast down, did not despair. She had learned to put her trust in God, and she knew that

though, for His own wise purposes, He often gives His enemies and the enemies of his people temporary triumph, yet sooner or later the day of retribution comes. In the case of Louis Philippe, it came sooner than was expected, for in a short time while Queen Pomare was reinstated into her throne and held in high esteem amongst her people, the King of France was driven from his throne and compelled to flee to a foreign land to avoid the violence of an exasperated populace.

VIEW OF TAHITI FROM THE SEA.



Tahiti, the residence of Queen Pomare, is the principal of the group of islands, known as the Society Islands. It is 108 miles in circumference, and has a population of about 7000.

The French Government has again at their old work with the authorities of the Sandwich Islands—a group of ten islands, eight of which are inhabited many hundred miles distant from all the rest, and

of which Honolulu is the capital, containing a population of 6,500. "The history of these Islands is so intimately connected with the history of Missionary labors there, that all events which have an important bearing upon the interests and prospects of the Islands, are looked upon with interest by every friend of the missionary enterprise. The recent proceedings of the French Admiral and French Consul at the Islands have such a bearing, and cannot be regarded with indifference, either by the Christian or philanthropist."

On that account, we think it important to make our readers as thoroughly acquainted with the nature of the quarrel, as our limited space will permit. And in order to show the wrong that the French Government is about to inflict upon the Hawaiian Government, we give the

Treaty Stipulations.

In 1843 the following engagement was entered into between the Governments of France and Great Britain, and duly ratified.

Her Majesty, the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and His Majesty, the King of the French, taking into consideration the existence in the Sandwich Islands of a Government capable of providing for the regularity of its relations with foreign nations, have thought it right to engage, reciprocally, to consider the Sandwich Islands as an independent State, and never to take possession, neither directly or under the title of protectorate, or under any other form, of the territory of which they are composed.

On the 26th of March, 1846, a treaty was entered into between the French and Hawaiian Governments, the sixth article of which is as follows:—

French merchandise, or goods recognized as coming from the French dominions, shall not be prohibited, nor shall they be subject to an import duty higher than five per cent. *ad valorem*. Wines, brandies, and other spirituous liquors are, however, excepted from this stipulation, and shall be liable to such reasonable duty as the Hawaiian Government may think fit to lay upon them; provided always that the amount of duty shall not be so high as absolutely to prohibit the importation of the said articles.

The Hawaiian Government was desirous of prohibiting entirely the introduction of spirituous liquors into the Islands; but this the Governments of two great Christian nations would not suffer to be done. Spirits, and all the con-

sequent evils of intemperance, the Government was compelled to admit; but it imposed a duty of five dollars a gallon. It would thus appear that the high duty on spirits is the pretended cause of the trouble, but a letter from the Islands remarks, "The true state of the case is, the Romish priests and the French Consul, who seem to go hand in hand, have been charged that Romanism, the honored religion of France, should gain so little respect and influence at the Sandwich Islands. After all the efforts of the priests, backed up repeatedly by the civil arm of France, their cause is not yet held in honor; proselytes are few, and from among the lower class of people. Instead of using the only legitimate means to raise their drooping cause, they resort, in the true spirit of popery, to the civil arm.

The Consul being unable, by threats and annoyances to bring the Hawaiian Government to accede to all his wishes, and adjust difficulties on his own terms, the French Admiral came to his assistance, with two vessels of war. In the meantime, as long ago as April last, a Special Commissioner had been appointed by the King of the Islands, as his Envoy to the United States, Great Britain and France, with a view, specially, to the adjustment of these very difficulties. But for the action of the French Government at home, the Admiral and Consul had no disposition to wait. On the 22d of August they insisted upon an immediate answer to certain questions which they put in writing, to which the Hawaiian Government made a respectful but firm reply, refusing to comply with the demands made, but offering to submit the matter in dispute to the friendly mediation and adjustment of some neutral power, to whose decision they were willing to abide, and thus concludes:—

With this answer and proposition, solemnly conveyed to you in the King's name, it will be for the Admiral and Consul of France to answer to their own Government, to their consciences, and to the world, for the use they may make of the large force at their disposal. The King has ordered that no resistance whatever shall be made to such force.

Force resorted to.

To this communication the Admiral replied, almost immediately, that the answer to the "ultimatum" not appearing to him sufficient, he must give course to coercive measures; and on the same afternoon, August 25th, the

armed forces of France took possession of the fort, the Government offices, and the custom-house, and seized the King's yacht and other vessels sailing under the Hawaiian flag. The streets were almost entirely deserted, and no disturbance or confusion occurred. Whatever meed of glory the French forces deserve for their achievement, history will award them; but there was a triumph of the gospel witnessed here, in the unresisting quiet of a people who, a few years since, under like circumstances, would have given loose to the most impetuous passion, which is well worthy of notice, to the honor of the missionary work, and the praise of God's rich grace.

THE VALUE OF A PENNY.

Thirty years ago there was seen to enter the city of London, a lad about fourteen years of age. He was dressed in a dark smock frock, that hid all his under apparel, and which appeared to have been made for a person evidently taller than the wearer. His boots were smothered with dust from the high road. He had on an old hat with a black band, which contrasted strangely with the color of the covering of his head. A small bundle, fastened to the end of a stick and thrown over the shoulder, was the whole of his equipment. As he approached the Mansion House, he paused to look at the buildings, and seating himself on the steps of one of the doors, he was about to rest awhile; but the coming in and going out of half a dozen persons, before he had time to finish untying his bundle, made him leave that spot for the next open space, where the doors were in part closed.

Having taken from his bundle a large quantity of bread and cheese, which he seemed to eat with a ravenous appetite, he amused himself by looking at the building before him, with all the eager curiosity of one unaccustomed to see similar objects.

The appearance of the youth soon attracted my curiosity, and gently opening the door, I stood behind him without his being in the least conscious of my presence. He now began rummag-

ing his pockets, and after a great deal of trouble brought out a roll of paper, which he carefully opened.—After satisfying himself that a large copper coin was safe, he carefully put it back again, saying to himself in a low voice.

“Mother, I will remember your last words: ‘A penny saved is two-pence earned.’ It shall go hard with me before I part with you, old friend.”

Pleased with this remark, I gently touched the lad on the shoulder. He started, and was about to move away, when I said:

“My good lad, you seem tired, and likewise a stranger in the city.”

“Yes, sir,” he answered, putting his hand to his hat. He was again about to move forward.

“You need not hurry away, my boy,” I observed. “Indeed, if you are a stranger and willing to work, I can, perhaps, help to find what you require.”

The boy stood mute with astonishment; and coloring to such an extent as to shew all the freckles of a sun-burnt face, stammered out,

“Yes, sir.”

“I wish to know,” I added, with all the kindness of manner I could assume, “whether you are anxious to find work, for I am in want of a youth to assist my coachman.”

The poor lad twisted and twirled his bundle about, and after having duly placed his hand to his head, managed to utter an awkward kind of an answer, that he would be very thankful.

I mentioned not a word about what I had overheard with regard to his penny, but inviting him into the house, I sent for the coachman, to whose care I entrusted the new comer.

Nearly a month had passed after this meeting and conversation occurred, when I resolved to make some enquiries of the coachman, regarding the conduct of the lad.

“A better boy never came into the house, sir; and as for wasting anything, bless me, sir, I know not where he has

been brought up, but I really believe he would consider it a sin if he did not give the crumbs of bread to the poor birds every morning."

"I am glad to hear so good an account," I replied.

"And as for his good nature, sir, there is not a servant among us who does not speak well of Joseph. He reads to us while we sup, and he writes all our letters for us. Oh, sir, he has got more *learning* than all of us put together; and what's more, he doesn't mind work, and never talks about our secrets after he writes our letters."

Determined to see Joseph myself, I requested the coachman to send him to the parlor.

"I understand, Joseph, that you can read and write."

"Yes, sir; thanks to my poor, dear mother."

"You have lately lost your mother, then?"

"A month that very day when you were kind enough to take me into your house, as an unprotected orphan," answered Joseph.

"Where did you go to school?"

"Sir, my mother had been a widow ever since I can remember. She was the daughter of the village schoolmaster, and having to maintain me and herself with her needle, she took the opportunity of her leisure moments to teach me not only how to read and write, but to cast up accounts."

"And did she give you that penny, which was in the paper that I saw you unroll carefully at the door?"

Joseph stood amazed, but at length replied with emotion and a tear starting from his eye,

"Yes, sir, it was the very last penny she gave me."

"Well, Joseph, so satisfied am I with your conduct, that not only do I pay you a month's wages willingly for the time you have been here, but I must beg of you, to fulfill the duties of collecting clerk to our firm, which situation has become vacant by the death of a very old and faithful assistant."

Joseph thanked me in the most unassuming manner, and I was asked to take care of his money, since I had promised to provide him with suitable clothing for his new occupation.

It will be unnecessary to relate how, step by step, this poor country lad proceeded to win the confidence of myself and partner. The accounts were always correct to a penny; and whenever his salary became due, he drew out of my hands no more than he absolutely wanted, even to a penny. At length he had saved a sufficient sum of money to be deposited in the bank.

It so happened, that one of our chief customers who carried on a successful business, required an active partner. This person was of eccentric habits, and considerably advanced in years.—Scrupulously just, he looked to every penny, and invariably discharged his workmen if they were not equally scrupulous in their dealings, with him.

Aware of this peculiarity of temper, there was no person I could recommend but Joseph; and after overcoming the repugnance of my partner, who was unwilling to be deprived of so valuable an assistant, Joseph was duly received into the firm of Richard Fairbrothers & Co. Prosperity attended Joseph in this new undertaking, and never suffering a penny difference to appear in their transactions, he so soon completely won the confidence of his senior partner, that he left him the whole of his business, as he expressed it in his will, "even to the very last penny."—*London Tiny Library.*

ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS.

The usual annual meeting of Sabbath Schools, comprising the American Presbyterian, the United Presbyterian, St. Gabriel-street, Zion Church, Baptist, Coté street, and 2d Congregational, took place in the American Presbyterian Church, at 10 o'clock, a. m., on Tuesday, the 1st of January last. The meeting was better attended than formerly. Not less than 1000 scholars and teachers

were present, and the attendance of parents also was better; as a consequence the meeting was more interesting.

Rev. J. H. Marling in addressing the children spoke somewhat to the following effect: We give the children's answers in parenthesis:—Dear children, it is common to think of Je-sus Christ as a man and as a mediator in heaven; but now we will think of him as a child, and you will see that he was a very wonderful child. Did he live before he was born? (Yes.) Where? (In heaven.) Do other children live in heaven before they are born? (No.) In this respect then he was different from all children. How long had he lived before he was born? (For ever.) Was he a good man that had gone to heaven? (No.) Or an angel? (No.) What did he do that was remarkable before he was born? (The children hesitated, but at last one said, He created all things.) Was he obliged to come into this world? (No.) Why did he leave heaven with all its happiness and glory and come to earth as a little child? (That we might be saved.) All this is wonderful. There were also wonderful things about his birth. Angels announced his coming with songs. Repeat their song? (Some children repeated it.) Wise men came from the East and worshipped him. He was wonderful also in his conduct as a child. He was more religious and pious than any other child. Did he read the Bible? (Yes.) What proof can you give? (His meeting with the Doctors in the Temple.) Yes when he was only twelve years old, he by the extent of his knowledge of the Scriptures astonished the learned Doctors, or teachers, for that is the meaning of the word Doctor, who had been studying the Bible all their lives. He was also wonderful in his character as a child. Do you think he got angry or cross, or used bad words? (No.) Did he ever disobey his parents. (No.) What proof have we of this? (He was subject to them.) If any child ever had an excuse for disobeying his parents, it was Christ, for he was in reality infinitely greater, wiser, more learned, and more powerful than they—yet he set a perfect example of obedience as a son; and, after that, no other child can ever have the slightest excuse for disobedience. The child Jesus did no wrong towards God or men. In this, he was unlike all other children. Do you think he was a happy child? (Yes.) How could he be happy, when he knew all the misery he was to suffer? (He was happy in obeying God.) Yes; that is the way to be happy, even though poor, despised, and sick. Now I hope you will all try to imitate the wonderful child Jesus, in being subject to your parents, in studying the Scriptures, and in obeying God—and then you will be happy. You will find many difficulties, but the Lord Jesus knows all your weakness and troubles, and will help you if you ask him.

The address of Mr. Burns we defer till our next.

On the same day, and about the same hour, the scholars in connection with the Wesleyan Methodist body, assembled in St. James' street Church, to spend the morning of that day in a similar manner, on which occasion nearly as large a congregation assembled. We understand the services were of an interesting kind. In the evening a large company assembled in the Lecture room, to hear the report of the past year, at which we had the pleasure of being present, and were much pleased with the proceedings. Our limited space forbids us entering into details.

CONVICTION OF SIN.

[FOR THE S. S. RECORD.]

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—For some time past, I have been in search of a subject on which to address you. I have now found one, viz., "Conviction of Sin." Perhaps you may think this a very dry subject, not suited to your youthful mind, affording you no entertainment, or amusement. I hope you will find in it solid entertainment and good instruction: but as to amusement I promise you none. There is an eternal kingdom in the world beyond the grave, with its never-fading crown, promised to every boy and girl who are favoured with the Gospel; but there is a certain change called the new birth to be experienced, and a certain process to be passed through, before these are attained. Conviction of sin is one of the effects produced in the mind of the sinner who is born again, and declared to be a child of God, an heir of glory. When the Holy Spirit lays hold of a sinner on the broad way to destruction, the first effect which the sinner feels produced in his soul, by the operations of the Spirit, is conviction of his sin in the sight of God. He is then made to see that God is a holy God—that his law is holy, just, and good, like himself,—that he has often offended God, by breaking his law, and sees or is convinced that God is very angry with him for this—that he deserves to be turned into hell with the workers of iniquity. He is much alarmed and afraid, and, under this great excitement, inclined to exclaim like those converted of their sins on the day of Pentecost.

"Men and brethren, what shall we do?" or, like the Philippian jailor, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" But some of my young friends may not understand this; they may not see the need of being alarmed respecting their sin; still, I shall try and make it as plain as possible. There was a very wicked woman, who was often drunk, (and there are many such persons in the world,) and she had a son, a little boy, whom she sent to bring her the intoxicating drink. One day she sent her son with a fine bottle to the gin-shop, with a quarter dollar, to procure for her some brandy, when the little fellow was returning home, he fell on the street and smashed his mother's fine bottle into a thousand pieces. He got up to his feet, as quickly as possible, with only the neck of the bottle in his hand, weeping bitterly, and exclaiming—"I have broken the bottle and spilt the brandy! Oh, what will I do? I dare not go home; my mother will beat me to death for breaking her bottle!" Now, my young friends, is there nothing in this like conviction of sin? Was not the boy convinced that he had offended his mother? that he had exposed himself to a terrible punishment, which he knew he would get, and he was convinced he deserved it. Poor boy; the son of a miserable woman! Attend to the feelings of the boy's mind at that moment, when he looked at the neck of the bottle in his hand, and the brandy mingling with the contents of the gutter, the anguish that wrung his soul, the fear of punishment that filled his mind. He was convinced of his sin, such as it was, it was a great sin as he viewed it, and a very great sin in the eye of his mother; but she was, without doubt, the cause of it. Now, my young friends, have you been convinced of your sins committed against God, as the little boy was convinced of his, committed against the will of his mother, you are all more guilty in the sight of God, than the boy was in the sight of his mother; to tell a lie, to swear, to profane the Sabbath, to steal, to disobey your parents and teachers, are all greater sins in the sight of God, than the sin the boy was guilty of in breaking his mother's bottle. Have you seen your sins, and been convinced that you deserve to be punished for them, not only in time but also in eternity? Have you wept and been grieved on account of them, and seen yourselves to be vile? When the boy went home to his mother, and told her what had happened, and asked her pardon, it is not likely she showed him any mercy: but, however guilty you may be, of sins committed

against God, if you go to him in prayer, and confess your sins, and plead for pardon for Christ's sake, who is the great "propitiation for our sins—who bore our sins in his own body on the cross," he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and the blood of Christ, when applied by the Holy Spirit, cleanseth from all sin.

R. L.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the *Mis. and S. S. Record.*

Sir,—Your valuable *Record* has been to the public, since its commencement, a source of religious and useful information, both to the old and to the young; it sets forth many happy accounts of conversion from heathenism, also the preservation of many innocent children from cruel deaths by being offered up in sacrifice to idols. These pleasing stories of the children being saved, through the light and knowledge of the gospel, have so far touched the heart of my little daughter, not yet seven years of age, that she has resolved, with God's help, to deny herself of sugar cakes and other useless sweetmeats, that she may contribute her little all, 1s 3d, to assist in carrying on the good work; and may He who accepted the widow's mite bless this feeble effort of infancy to his own glory in the salvation of those benighted souls.

Lachine, Jan. 4, 18th O.

G. W. R.

We think it right to inform our readers, that in consequence of having a volume of Sacred Music in the press, which, for the present, absorbs all our music type, we must omit the piece intended for the present number. We will, however, make up for this lack in future numbers of the *Record*.

We are a few days later with the *Record* this number than our usual, owing principally from our engagements in connection with the Anniversary Meeting of the Union, which, we hope, will be sufficient apology to our readers.

Irish Relief Fund—Mrs Coates' School, Toronto, 5s; Mrs. Esson, Toronto, 2s 6d; St. Andrew's Sabbath School, London, C. W., £1 5s.

Monies received on account of *Record*:—

Per R D Wadsworth—Waterford, Rev Mr Slaght, 5s; C Merrill, Rev H Wilkinson, 1s each; Vittoria, D Shearer, 1s; Seneca, W T Cameron, 1s; Hamilton, Chas Howard, 3s; Grimsby, Dennis Palmer, 1s; Dunnville, J R Brown, 6s; Wellington Square, D McEwan, 1s; Nelson, A Carr, 1s; Brockville, Mrs McLean, 1s; Dundas, Miss Dickie, 10s; Fergus, Rev G Smellic, 20s

Remainder of Monies will be acknowledged in our next.