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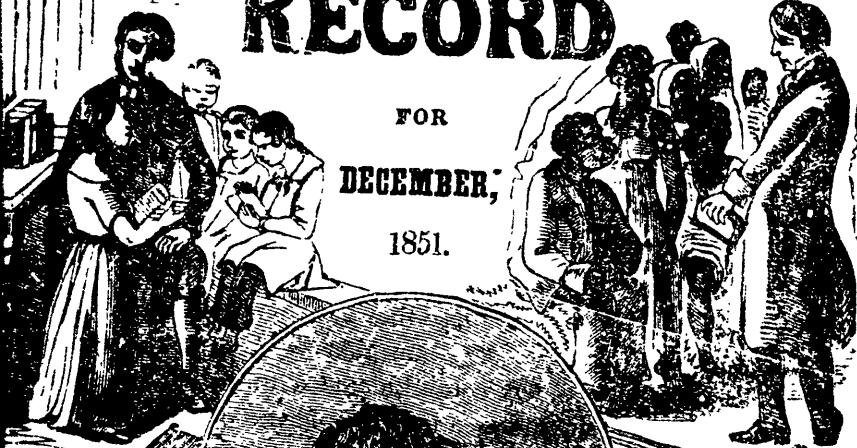


**THE  
MISSIONARY  
AND**

**SABBATH SCHOOL**

**RECORD**

FOR  
**DECEMBER,**  
1851.



THE  
MISSIONARY  
AND  
SABBATH  
SCHOOL  
RECORD

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# TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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We have omitted too long to intimate, that we are preparing a new PICTORIAL NUMBER, for the forthcoming volume of the *Record*, which we intend to present to all subscribers, that have paid up their subscriptions to end of 1851, and renewed their orders for 1852. This offer will remain open till the end of February, since we have been so late in making it known, and all who comply with the above conditions, between this and that time, will receive a PICTORIAL NUMBER.

We would also intimate to those that have not paid up for 1850, and thus owe two years' subscription, that we will not continue to send the *Record*, unless they communicate with us on the subject, taking this omission as evidence that they have no wish for its continuance beyond the present year. We hope, however, that we will have but few, if any, of this class, and would earnestly invite all to exert themselves to extend our circulation. We can do this without incurring the reproach of seeking our own interests, as we derive no pecuniary advantage from the publication; on the contrary, it is kept up at considerable expense, solely for the benefit of Sabbath-schools.

We direct attention to our list of Agents, on the two last pages of this number, so as to leave all without excuse, in forwarding to us either their names, or subscriptions.

THE MISSIONARY  
AND  
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

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No. 12.



The Nativity of Christ.

At that time, Augustus Cæsar, the Roman Emperor, issued a decree, that Judea, or perhaps the whole Roman Empire, should be taxed. This was first done, when Cyrenius was governor of Syria. It became necessary, therefore, that the inhabitants of Judea should repair to the places of their nativity, and enrol their names in the proper register of their particular families. Joseph and Mary at this time lived at Nazareth, but they undertook a journey to Bethlehem, or the city of David, (being both of the house and lineage of that monarch,) where their names were recorded. The distance was very considerable, being about eighty-two miles. When they arrived at Bethlehem, they found that it was so crowded with strangers who had come upon a similar errand, that there was no room for them in the inn; they were, therefore, under the necessity of being contented with such accommodation as they could obtain in the stable. The time was now fulfilled that Mary should be delivered;

and in this humble mansion the Saviour of the world was born, and laid in the manger; a remarkable proof that God's ways are not as man's ways, nor his thoughts as man's thoughts.

This was an event of too great importance to be long concealed, as not only the happiness of the Jews, but of all the nations of the earth, was involved in its consequences. Nay, what is more, the Cherubim, the Seraphim, and the whole host of heaven, were not unconcerned spectators of the birth of Him in whom the mercy promised to the fathers should be performed.

The annunciation of so glorious a messenger as the Prince of Peace was not long delayed. The country around Bethlehem was chiefly adapted for pasture, and, therefore, in a great measure, occupied by shepherds. In climates such as that of Judea, it is no uncommon thing, at certain seasons, to keep watch over the flocks by night, principally with the view of protecting them from the wild beasts that abound in

those regions. To persons engaged in this occupation, the incarnation of the Saviour of men was first announced by the angel, most probably the angel Gabriel, who came upon them unexpectedly, attended by what in Scripture is called *the glory of the Lord*. This was an effulgent appearance of the Divine Glory, which frequently accompanied the communication of a message from Heaven—was what descended upon Mount Sinai at the giving of the law—and entered the Holy of the Holies at the dedication of the temple of Solomon. Whenever such revelations were made under the Old Testament dispensation, those to whom they were given were much impressed with the event, and struck with awe and terror. There was no image of the Divine Glory in the second temple; so that nothing similar had been known to the Jews for about six hundred years.

It was no wonder, then, that the shepherds were sore afraid; but the angel, perceiving the agitation in which they were, desired them not to be afraid, and restored them to tranquility by imparting to them the cause of his thus appearing, and communicating the joyous intelligence, that “the Desire of all nations,” the Saviour, Christ the Lord, was this day born in the city of David.

While the shepherds stood astonished at the heavenly messenger, and at the wonderful things which proceeded out of his mouth, they were, if possible, more amazed by the sudden appearance of a multitude of the heavenly host, who joined the angel, and united with him in an anthem of praise to Jehovah, whose unbounded and immeasurable love to fallen man was so illustriously displayed in sending his son into the world.—What formed the subjects of the symphony of this angelic choir, and which they addressed to the throne of the Eternal, was “Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will towards men.”

The shepherds were not disobedient to the heavenly vision. As soon as the angels had gone away from them into

heaven, they made haste to see the wonder which had come to pass, and were the highly favored individuals who were permitted first to hail the Redeemer of Israel, and to present their congratulations to her whom all generations should call blessed. They found everything exactly as described by the angel, and spread abroad the fame of the child, so that all that heard it wondered. The shepherds themselves were particularly affected with what they had seen and heard, and returned glorifying and praising God.—*Scripture Cabinet*.

### “Can Jesus’ Blood Rub it Out?”

One pleasant afternoon a lady was sitting with her little son, a white haired boy five years of age. The mother was sick, and the child had left his play to stay with her, and was amusing himself in printing his name with a pencil on paper.

Suddenly his busy fingers stopped. He had made a mistake, and wetting his finger, he tried again and again to rub out the mark, as he had been accustomed to do on his slate.

“My son,” said his mother, “do you know that God writes down all you do in a book?—He writes every naughty word, every disobedient act, every time you indulge in temper and shake your shoulders, or pout your lips; and, my boy, you *never can rub it out!*”

The little boy’s face grew very red, and in a moment tears ran down his cheeks. His mother’s eye was on him earnestly, but she said nothing more. In a moment he came softly to her side, threw his arms around her neck, and whispered, “Can Jesus’ blood rub it out?”

Dear children, Christ’s blood can rub out this dreadful account; but not without you pray to him to have it done. Go to him, then, and feel that he is near you like your father and mother, only more able to help you than they can be. Try to be good

and obey him, and he will help you, if you ask him.—*Well Spring.*

### Think for one Hour.

During a season of some religious interest in C——, there was a class of young persons who remained careless and unconcerned about their soul's salvation. At a prayer-meeting which many of them attended, they were exhorted solemnly to consider their ways and be wise. When about to leave the place of prayer, which was solemn as the house of death, those young persons were kindly asked to go home and think for *one hour* concerning their soul's salvation. One thoughtless and profane young man resolved there that he would go home and consider the subject for one hour. After reflecting for an hour, by himself alone, on God's mercy to him, and on his own lost condition, without Christ, he began to pray for pardon. As we might expect, he did not stop thinking and praying when his hour closed; but he continued for two or three hours, even until midnight, to think and pray earnestly for the forgiveness of God; nor did he give any sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eyelids, until he submitted his heart to God, and found joy and peace in believing in Jesus.

On the next day this young man, who had been so careless and thoughtless, came to my study, to tell the joyful news of his conversion. At first I thought it was too good news to be true, for it seemed like a resurrection from the dead; but on conversing with him, I found (as far as I could judge) that it was even so. He said to me, "I went home from the meeting last night, and thought as you requested, for one hour, about seeking the salvation of my soul; and I did not rest till I gave my heart to the Saviour, and became a new creature in Christ Jesus." The news of his conversion soon spread like wild fire through the village and town, and some of his

thoughtless associates were influenced by his example to seek and serve the Lord.

Then I was led to inquire, Why is it that so many of our youth live in impenitence in this Christian land? From the remarkable conversion of this ringleader in wickedness, I am forced to believe that it is because they do not consider. Our impenitent youth will not think for *one hour* of their depravity and ruined state, nor of what the Lord Jesus has done to save them from eternal misery. The sin of *inconsideration* is the great and crying sin of the youth of our land. In view of it, I cannot help exclaiming, "O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!" (O that they would *think for one hour!*—*Youth's Penny Gazette.*

### God the Father of the Young.

"My Father, thou art the guide of my youth."—The discovery of God as a father is the turning point in religion. Suppose we should ascertain that some individual whom we had conceived to be a mere stranger, was really a long-lost parent, how would the indifference of the heart melt into love! And when the soul makes a similar discovery in regard to God, the frost of indifference dissolves, and the heart surrenders itself at once, and altogether to his service.

One is your Father which is in heaven. To believe this truth, as explained and illustrated by the gospel; to value it, and act upon it, is genuine religion.

God, my reconciled father in Christ! Then I must love and trust, and cheerfully and constantly serve him.

God our father in heaven! Then I must mingle reverence with affection, and tremble at his displeasure, even when I repose upon his love!

Is God only my father? Then I must oppose no authority to his. I

must admit none to wield his sceptre, or to occupy his throne.

Come then, thou who art the father of our spirits, come and dwell in us, and rule over us. Wash us in the blood of atonement, justify us through Christ our righteousness, sanctify us by the spirit of truth, and give us at once the adoption and the dispositions of sons, the delightful portion of those who are admitted to be heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ.—*Youth's Penny Gazette*.

### The Right Foundation.

"How does your house get on?" I asked of a friend who was endeavoring to erect a comfortable residence for himself and family.

"Why, not quite so satisfactorily as I desired?" replied he; "the walls seem to have sunk in one part, and cracked in another, and the casements are a little out of place. In fact, I am greatly disappointed, for we shall not get into it by the winter."

"I am sorry to hear this. Is not your architect in fault?"

"I fear he is, but as I chose to be my own architect, I have not the comfort and satisfaction of blaming any one else, which is somewhat mortifying, you know."

"I should fear," I remarked, "that there is something wrong at the foundation. Were you careful in that particular?"

"Why, I confess I was a little possessed with a notion of my own, and determined to try an experiment, not quite according to the old rules for building. It seemed unnecessary to go to the expense and trouble of digging down to the rock, so I contented myself with laying the foundation on the clay, which seemed firm enough. I used too, a kind of stone cut from a quarry on my own land, and a peculiar cement for it which I had heard recommended. I now fear that this stone is not hard enough, and the largest blocks we

could hew were smaller than the usual ones for such extensive basement."

"Why, it must be an unsafe foundation," I exclaimed; "it is hardly possible for a durable building to rest upon it!"

"It is a most annoying affair," he continued. "What do you advise me to do?"

"Pull it down at once, my friend," I replied. "Waste no more time or money upon an experiment, as you call it, the result of which is already sufficiently manifest. Begin again with a foundation deep and firm; use a kind of stone that has been tried and found lasting, and put your own quarry and your new mortar to some other and less important use. The building of a house is not a thing on which to try doubtful experiments if you intend to take up your abode in it for life." Read Matt. vii. 24 to 29.

### "Think Again."

"O, MOTHER, I wish you would whip Edward: he struck me in the face with his hoop-stick!" cried little Emma, as she came running home from school, with the blood gushing from her lips.

"Why, Edward," exclaimed the mother, "how came you to hurt your sister so badly? You surely could not have done it intentionally?"

"No, mother: sister knows that it was an accident. She came running in my way, when I was driving my hoop, and the stick struck her; I did not."

"Come to me, Emma, and let me wash the blood from your face; then I will punish your brother. Shall I do so?"

"Yes, mother. He is a careless, bad boy."

"But think again, Emma. You may be sorry after it is done. You are satisfied that it was an accident, and that you were as much to blame as your brother. You were both careless, and that was the way the accident occurred."

If I punish him, I shall hurt him more than he did you. Would it do you any good to see him cry? Would it make your face feel any better, to know that he was suffering pain? Think again. I will do just as you wish. Shall I punish him?"

"No, no, mother," said Emma, quickly; and the tears fell faster than before. "I know he did not mean to hurt me."

"Then go and kiss him, and tell him you forgive him for his carelessness; and ask him to forgive you for your anger towards him."

It was a sweet sight to see the loving children in each other's arms, kissing away each other's tears.

Children, never do or say anything in anger; but *think again*, and you will always find the second thought is the better.—*Wesleyan Scholar's Guide*.

### Lions in South Africa.

Some years ago, lions were more numerous in South Africa, and much more bold than they are now. Travelling then was not so safe as Mr. Freeman found it. He *heard*, indeed, of the savage creatures, but none of them paid him a visit. In his Narrative he gives two or three anecdotes of this sort, which we shall furnish to our young readers.

One of the chief men at a missionary station called Mankasana, is called Alie Arends, and he was literally delivered out of the mouth of a lion; for the fierce monster had not only caught him, but had actually got his head within his great jaws. But how, you will ask, could he escape from such a situation? It was by prayer. He cried to the God of Daniel that he would be gracious to him, and save him from the power of the lion. And he says that if he never prayed before, he did pray then most earnestly. That prayer was heard; and in no other way could he explain the strange fact that the animal let go his terrible

hold and left him, full of wonder and thankfulness.

The next instance is not so pleasant. A short time since, three men and a boy were travelling through the country of Madoor. Night having come on, they laid down in the open air to sleep. Two of the men slept apart, but the other and the boy wrapped themselves up in one blanket, and were sleeping together. As they lay asleep, a lion came to the place, and immediately seized the blanket in which the man and boy were. But they made their escape, leaving their coverlid in the lion's mouth. They then ran to their companions to warn them of their danger; but while the man was telling them the tale, the lion returned, sprang upon him, seized him by the neck, and killed him. The poor fellow had just time to cry to his companions, "Shoot! shoot!" but though they did so, and destroyed the monster, it was too late to save their friend. Supposing that other lions were not far off, the two surviving men and boy made haste from that place; but the next morning, they went back to bury their companion, when they found that, during the night, his body had been eaten, together with that of the lion they had destroyed, by some of his fierce companions.

Perhaps you may have heard people talk about catching lions by the tail; and you may have thought that such a thing never had been done, or would be attempted. But Mr. Lemue, a very excellent missionary, assured Mr. Freeman that this was no fable. He said that this mode of capturing the king of the forest was not uncommon in the Kalliharri country, where he had labored. Lions, in that part of South Africa, sometimes became very dangerous; for when they had once tasted human flesh, they were not willing to eat anything else. Now the way in which the natives got rid of these dangerous visitors was as



follows:—A large number of them would go out in company, and, having come to the lion's haunt in the rocks or the forest, they would move close together up to the spot where he lay. As soon as they came near to him, he would make a spring at them, when they would all run hither and thither out of his way. But the moment he had made the spring, some of the party would rush in behind him, seize his tail up as close as possible to his body, and then with all their might lift off his hind legs from the ground. This not only frightened the monster, but for a moment took from him the power of doing them any mischief; but while he was thus thrown off his guard, the others rushed in upon him with their spears and clubs, and thus in a short time destroyed him. This was done, not for the pleasure of such dangerous sport, but only in self-defence.

A lion had paid a visit to the house of a native, where he had destroyed more than one victim. The native naturally enough began to fear that his turn would soon come. He therefore resolved, if possible, to destroy the beast. Supposing that the lion would have no objection to make his supper of a nice little kid, he tied one up at the door of his house, and watched with a gun, intending to shoot the creature while he was killing the kid. The lion came. He saw the bait which had been placed for him; but he wanted something better. Having tasted the flesh of men, he preferred making a meal of the kid's master. He therefore leaped over the bleating animal, and walked deliberately into the house. But the man was not there. Most wisely he had seated himself upon the roof of his dwelling. Here he watched the lion's movements, and waited until he had explored the house and was leaving it. Then he levelled his gun, and shot the creature dead on the spot, happy to save both his own life and that of his kid.

Dangerous, however, as it is to be exposed to these furious creatures, there are in Africa men more fierce and more terrible than they. This is seen in the Kaffir war, which now rages in that country; and that war which is costing so much money and sacrificing so many lives, is another reason why everything should be done by us that lies in our power, in order to turn these lion-like men into meek and loving disciples of Him, who came to preach and to give peace on the earth.—*Juvenile Mis. Mag.*

#### The Rich Child.

A great man can say, "My houses, my lands, my horses and chariots, my numerous and valuable estate." A great merchant can say, "My ships laden with treasures, my silver, my gold." A great king can say, "My kingdom, my throne, my diadem, my palaces, my navy and my army." A pious child, though poor and mean, has more than the great man, the great merchant or the great king. And a pious child, though very poor, can say more than the great man, the great merchant, and the great king, if they have no grace. He can say, "The Lord is my God; God the Father is my father; God the Son is my Saviour; God the Holy Ghost is my Sanctifier; God is my God forever, and He will be my guide even unto death. He is the FAITHFUL GOD, who has made with me an everlasting covenant, well ordered in all things and sure. He is all my salvation, and all my desire." Pray fervently, my young friends, for that piety and that grace, by which you shall say, what no graceless king on earth can ever say, "Jehovah is my God, he is my strength, he is my song, and he also is become my salvation." Amen and Amen!



### The Widow and her Son.

One day Jesus went on foot towards Judea. It is called a city by the evangelist; but it was usual in those times to apply the term *city* to very small places. Jesus always travelled on foot. Do you ask why he did not ride? Because he had not the means of riding to call his own. He had no property. He had no horses and carriages. He had not where to lay his head. He was poor. Do you ask why he was poor? It was that we might be rich. Though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor. No one of his followers should ever complain of being poor. No one should ever complain of being obliged to go on foot, while others ride in their carriages. If any one is disposed to complain, let him remember Jesus.

As Jesus drew near the village, he saw a great number of people coming slowly towards him. It was a funeral. They were bearing the body of a dead man upon a bier. He was a young man, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. She was a desolate and broken-hearted mourner. Jesus saw her weeping as she followed the remains of her son to the grave. He pitied her. He said unto her, "Weep not." He touched the bier, and the bearers stood still. He commanded the dead to arise; "and he that was dead sat up and began to speak." Jesus delivered him to his mother. How happy must

she have been. How thankful must she have felt.

A little boy was once reading this narrative, and he said he thought that this widow must have been a very good woman. What made him think so? He thought Christ would not have restored her son to life if she had not been a good woman. But I wish to know if Christ never pities any but good people. It would be a sad thing for all of us if this were the case. But it is not. Jesus pities sinners. The widow may have been a pious woman; but the fact that Jesus pitied her, and restored her son to life, does not prove that she was. It proves that Christ was very tender-hearted: and we ought to pity all those who are in suffering. Our pity ought to lead us to relieve them, so far as it is in our power. Some persons when they witness suffering, are only concerned to turn away from the sight of it. They do not try to relieve it. That is not what Christ did. He said unto the woman, "Weep not;"—and then he did something adapted to dry up her tears. He raised her son to life. We must express our love in deeds as well as words.

Christ has done more for a great many mothers, than he did for this widow. He has converted a great many mothers' sons. It is a greater blessing to deliver the soul from spiritual death, than to deliver the body from

temporal death. I know it does not seem so at first; but, if you will think of it, you will see that it must be so.— Suppose the young man who was restored to life lived forty or fifty years longer. That is nothing compared with eternity. When a soul is restored to life, it is restored to life for eternity.— And then the death of the soul, how much more dreadful is it than the death of the body! The mother who has a son converted, has far greater cause to rejoice than the widow of Nain had.

I wonder what became of that young man who was restored to life. Did he repent and follow Christ? One would think so. And yet it is by no means certain. It would, indeed, be strange if he did not; but almost as strange things happen every day. Sinners are often brought down to the borders of the grave by sickness, and then unexpectedly recover. Do they always repent and break off from their sins? Oh, no; indeed I never knew of an instance of that kind. It may be that after all that Christ did for that young man, when death came it found him an impenitent sinner. It may be that after all that Christ has done for YOU, when death comes it may find you an impenitent sinner.

How powerful Jesus must have been to raise a man from the dead by a word. Has any one power to raise the dead? Elisha raised the child of the Shunammite by the power of God. Christ raised this man by his own power. He said, "Young man, I say unto thee arise." It belongs unto God to give life. Christ, therefore, was God. He was Divine as well as human. He was "God manifest in the flesh."—*Child's Companion.*

### Happy Death of a Hindoo Boy.

Obhoy Tschurn Mukidschi was the child of a native teacher. He died in September, 1849, aged six years and eight months; but left behind him a testimony that he was prepared, by the grace of God, for eternal glory.

When he was very young, his father tells us that he gave his earliest attention to heavenly things, and delighted in the sound of the Saviour's name. At three years of age, he could repeat the Lord's Prayer in English, and had learnt a short prayer, to repeat before his meals. Soon after, he had learned to read the Bengal Bible. At this time he sought the Lord earnestly, and showed a desire to do everything that God had commanded. His hatred of a lie was very great, and he never liked any one whom he found out in telling an untruth. One day, when he heard a person say what he knew to be false, he ran home and said, "O father! thou knowest not how frightened I was at so great a sin. I trembled all over!" He loved the worship of God, and never took his breakfast on Sunday till he had been to the house of prayer.

His death, which was quite unexpected, was caused by a fever, which ended in consumption; yet no dangerous symptoms appeared until three days before he died. While ill, he wished his mother to be always with him, and whenever she came, he would ask his father to pray, and to sing a Hindoo hymn to an English tune.

"It was a heavy affliction to us," writes the good man, "to see his pain, when his sufferings were most severe. Instead, however, of murmuring, he would repeat the words:

"O Lord, have mercy upon me,

And let not sin destroy my trust;

Preserve my soul thy face to see,

When death shall turn my flesh to dust."

When asked to take some medicine, to see if it would do him good, he said, 'There is no medicine in this world that will do me any good; but death will cure all diseases of the body, and in heaven there is medicine that will keep me alive for ever.' One night he often called out in anguish, 'O God, let me come! O let me come to thee!' Seeing me and his mother weeping, he said, 'Dearest parents

have no sorrow for me. The Lord has given, the Lord will take away; blessed be the name of the Lord! The Lord be gracious to you both.

"Next morning, he often asked the question, whether it was yet day; and whether the bell had rung for chapel, adding, 'Am I not now well? Can I not now go to worship? But we told him he was too weak to walk, or even to be carried. 'Then we will have service here,' he replied. A hymn was sung, and a prayer offered; and, at the conclusion, he repeated the words, 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, &c., be with you.' On the following day he became weaker; and at length, without a struggle or a sigh, he closed his eyes, and entered into the joy of his Lord."

Flowers always look beautiful, but never more so than when they bloom in a desert. So is it with early piety; it is lovely in a Christian land, and in an English child; but lovelier still when seen surrounded by heathens and idols. But such instances, in such situations, are—through missionary exertion, and by the grace of God—becoming more and more frequent. Let each child at home seek to live and die like this Hindoo boy; and to do what he can to make others in distant lands, holy and happy too!—*Juvenile Mis. Mag.*

#### What can we do for the Missions?

EVERY LITTLE HELPS.—The falling flakes of snow soon cover the ground with a thick white carpet. The blades of grass, so small and tender by themselves, make the beautiful green sward of the summer time. The little rills hasten to the streams; the streams to the rivers; the rivers to the sea. Every star in the sky gives light; every flower makes the garden more pleasant with its lovely tints and its refreshing smell; every boy and girl in the world may help to make the world more full of honest laborers. There is not anything in the world but may lend its aid in

making the world either better or worse.

A LITTLE AT A TIME, AND GO ON, is the true secret of success. Wise men once were ignorant; they had to learn the alphabet, and toil, and toil, and toil, until they gained the wisdom which makes their names as "household words."

EVERYBODY CAN DO SOMETHING.—Everybody can promote the cause of God. Even children can help to send to distant lands the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ. Farthings make pennies; pennies shillings; shillings pounds; and pounds will buy Bibles, and pay Missionaries, and purchase ships, and hire sailors, and waft the story of love to the poor guilty heathen far away.

But children can do something more than give money. If all the children in our Sabbath-schools were praying children, and all were praying that idolatry might be overthrown, and gospel light be shed on all, what then? Why, then the blessing of God would come down; then the sermons of the Missionaries would be like seed sown on good ground; then a glorious harvest would spring up, fit for the garner house of God.

The Red Indian still believes, as he sees the sun go down that it has gone to enlighten the better world; and the fireworshipper, as that sun rises, falls down and calls it God and as its glittering light falls on the pinnacles and minarets of Mecca the Mahomedan worships God and the *Prophet*. Hindooism is still the religion of millions. It is the eighteenth century, and heathenism still in the world!

Help! children, help! The young are the hope of the church, and the hope of the world. We obey Jesus Christ, when we aid the Missions, for he has said: "GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD, AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE."—*Juvenile Mis. Mag.*

### The Massacre at Auckland, Caffraria.

At that massacre the following incident occurred. The superintendent, a Scotchman named *Monro*, from *Inverness*, was a truly pious man; and, differing widely in character from most of those with whom he was associated, he differed not less in conduct towards the *Caffres*, whom he treated with kindness, and with whom he was in good favor, notwithstanding of being a military settler. On the sudden eruption of the barbarians on Christmas afternoon, he strove to prevent violence, and proposed a friendly conversation. The *Caffres* feigned assent. But while he was endeavoring to make arrangements for them to sit down, some of them rushed upon him with their assegais. He offered no resistance, he uttered no murmur; he lifted up his voice and eyes to heaven. They desisted while he prayed, and when he stopped, finished their bloody deed, by piercing him to death. It is said that the man who was foremost in that murder, a stranger to *Monro*, has been in wretchedness of mind ever since; and that many of the *Caffres* feel compunction for that act, "Because," they say, "he was a good man."—*United Presbyterian Miss. Record.*

### Missionary News.—India.

**CALCUTTA.**—The business of the Mission there is proceeding as usual. The main matter of interest at present is the earnestness with which some of the *Hindoos* are discussing the question of re-admitting those who have been baptised to the privileges and standing of caste. Is there not much meaning in this? Does it not look as if the "strong man armed" were beginning to be alarmed, and anxious to find out some way in which his "goods" might still be kept in peace?

**MADRAS.**—From *Madras* the intelligence sent home by *Dr. Drummond* is very satisfactory. His voyage was a very long one, and "perils by water" were not unknown in its course. But, by the good hand of God upon him, he arrived in safety, and is now busy in his Master's work.

**BOHABAY.**—*Dr. Wilson* writes about the state of this Mission; altogether, we have reason to rejoice over the intelligence conveyed. It is true that as yet all the fruit which has appeared seems like the small dust in the balance. But who hath despised the day of small things? The promise is sure, and the fulfilment draweth nigh.

### "It is My Mother."

As the children belonging to a class in the *Wesleyan Sabbath school*, *Bury*, *England*, were reading one afternoon, the teacher had occasion to speak to them of the depravity of human nature, and afterward asked them if they could remember the name of one person, that lived on earth, who was always good?

A sweet little girl, about eight years of age, immediately said, in the full simplicity of her heart, 'I know whom you mean—it is my mother.'

The teacher told the child that *Jesus Christ* was the adorable Person meant; but she was happy to hear that the dear child had so good a mother, and that she valued her so highly.

The little one replied again, 'O, she is good! I think she was always good.' And when the teacher observed that it was *Jesus* that had made her mother so good, and that he was willing to make her so too, she could see, by the child's earnest and prayerful look, that it was the desire of her heart.

'My dear children, are you willing also that *Jesus* should make you good?' added the teacher. 'If so, be assured he is waiting to do so,—he is waiting for you to ask him. How long must he wait? I think I can even now hear you say,—

"*Jesus*, fix my soul on thee,  
Every evil let me flee;  
Take my heart and make it good,  
Wash me in thy precious blood!"

—*Well Spring.*

### Good Resolutions.

Which of our young friends will form the following resolutions? Will one? Will many? Will all?

1. I resolve to be interested in Missions; and, for this purpose, to get all the information I can about the heathen world, and the spread of the gospel.
2. I will read, and try to understand

the prophecies about the state of this world, when it shall be full of light and love, and all shall know the Lord, from the least unto the greatest.

3. I resolve to do what I can to hasten the time when this happy state shall be enjoyed.

4. I will, therefore, work for Christian Missions:—*First*, by prayer; *secondly*, by spreading knowledge; *thirdly*, by collecting money; and, *fourthly*, by trying to get others to join in this pleasant and useful labor.

If every girl and boy would form these resolutions, and act upon them, how much help might they give to missionary effort!—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine*.

### Jubilee Missionary Hymn.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

Arise and shine, your light is come,  
Fair islands of the west!  
Awake, and sing, once deaf and dumb,  
Now islands of the blest.

Shine, for the glory of the Lord  
Your coral reefs surrounds:  
Sing, for the trumpet of his word  
O'er all your ocean sounds.

Poor Africa! through thy waste sands,  
Where Calvary's fountain flows,  
Deserts become Immanuel's lands,  
And blossom like the rose.

India, beneath the chariot wheels  
Of Juggernaut o'erthrown,  
Thy heart a quickening Spirit feels,  
A pulse beats through the stone.

China! behold thy quaking wall,  
Foredoomed by Heaven's decree:  
A hand is writing on it—"Fall!"  
A voice goes forth—"Be Free!"

Ye Pagan Tribes! of every race,  
Clime, country, language, hue,  
Believe, obey, be saved by grace,  
The gospel speaks to you.

Father of lights! thy will be done,  
Here, as by saints above;  
Give earth's whole empire to thy Son,  
For He must reign in love.

Reign, till beneath his feet, all foes,  
Vanquished, for ever lie;  
And the last judgment's sentence close  
The Book of Prophecy.

### How to Teach Children.

The following suggestions of Rev Chas. Brooks, of Boston, accord with our notions of what constitutes the true mode of teaching the young:—

"If you find an error in the child's mind, follow it up till he is rid of it. If a word is spelled wrong, be sure that the class is right before it is dismissed. Repeat, and fix attention on the exact error, till it never can be committed again. \* \* \* One clear and distinct idea is worth a world of misty ones. Time is of no consequence in comparison with the object. Give the child possession of one clear, distinct truth, and it becomes to him a centre of light. In all your teaching—no matter what time it takes—never leave your pupil till you know he has in his mind your exact thought."

### Fine, Fine, Superfine!

Many years ago, the writer was at the Canal, on business, and heard "fine," "fine," "superfine," called out repeatedly by a person on the wharf, who was inspecting flour. Now, this is, during the season of open navigation, an almost "every day occurrence;" and has often been witnessed by many who will read these lines.

Notwithstanding its frequency, I was amused and interested, and, without being able to assign any reason for it, was induced particularly to notice the proceedings. A very large quantity of flour—many hundred barrels—were on end, ready for inspection. A great portion of it was in clean barrels, with flat, well dressed hoops, and stamped in red on the head with the name of the mill where it was ground, and the quality of the contents—"fine" or "superfine." But the result of the inspection did not always tally with the "brand" or *pretension* of the Miller. I observed that *often* the best looking barrels (although ostentatiously marked "superfine,") contained "middling," "sour," and, sometimes "rejected" flour, while a small lot of about fifty barrels, in short ill-looking casks with round hickory or birch hoops with the bark on, and a little oval burnt brand—"fine" on one end of the barrel, in

every case stood the test—the whole lot being pronounced to be what it was called. I have observed the same thing often since, and have been led to think of it, whenever I saw a well dressed child—especially if attending a Sabbath School—looking with contempt or disdain on a boy or girl, who, however clean they may be, had on a poor coat or frock, and came to the conclusion that in reality it matters little what like the barrel was, if the flour was sound; what the casket was like, if it contained the jewel; for it was not the package (although appearances are of some importance,) but the contents that decided the character. Reader, what is your profession? Will you stand inspection? and remember that we “must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ,” and that while “man looketh upon the outward appearance, the Lord looketh upon the heart.” Learn from the foregoing simple fact that, however clean and sound the outside may be, it will avail nothing unless there is within a “clean heart and a right spirit,” and that however much we may deceive ourselves or our fellow men, by a name, we cannot deceive God.—*Montreal—D.*

### Sabbath School the Nursery of the Church.

A few evenings ago, we attended an interesting Soiree in the Lecture-room of the Baptist Church, in this city. The meeting was intended to celebrate the opening of the room after its enlargement and other improvements, on which occasion the Superintendent of the Sabbath School, who had been appointed to take an active part in the improvements, read a Report of the proceedings of the Committee, setting forth the expense incurred, and the need that existed, &c., for the work. It is not our intention to speak of these. One fact, and one reason for the enlargement of the room was very gratifying, and that was, the increase of the school,—it had nearly doubled its number during the past year; and, better than all, during a recent revival, 26 of the scholars had been added to the Church. We felt much cheered at this statement, and saw in it additional unmistakable evidence in confirmation of the important fact that the Sabbath School is the nursery of the Church.

(To the Editor of the Sabbath School Record.)

Sir:—It is cause of much regret and sorrow to both Teachers and Parents, the want of attention on the part of a great portion of the children attending a Sabbath School, and of the open violation of the Sabbath and the duties which it brings with it, by many, very many, in this city. I have been induced to make these prefatory remarks, and to solicit a corner of your interesting publication, with a view of bringing out, in the words of a child, how the fourth commandment is binding upon ALL! The following little anecdote is, in my mind, big with instruction to your readers, and more especially to the young, an although it is very simple, it has the adorning of Truth to recommend it, and may be a means, under the Divine blessing, of causing Teachers and Scholars to urge the personal inquiry:—do I “Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.”

Last Sabbath, on leaving Church in the middle of the day, I lifted a little boy, about five or six years of age, across the street, on to a wooden pavement that was covered with clean soft snow. On setting him down I asked whether he had made any snow balls to day? to which he promptly answered, with apparent surprise, no! Will you make any to-morrow? Oh yes! But why not make snow balls to-day, as it may be all melted before to-morrow? The answer was remarkable, and should never, never be forgotten. “It is the Sabbath day, and it would be a sin to do it.” Reader, are you afraid of breaking the Sabbath and sinning against God?

It is not sufficient to avoid sin, but practice holiness; when in the path of duty we may expect to meet with God, when out of the path of duty to meet with Satan, who “continually goeth about, like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.” It was when “in the way” that God met Jacob; and it was in the temple that children were brought to the Saviour, and there where they sang Hosannas to Him, which caused Him to utter these memorable words, “out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.” Who then will not try to follow the injunction of the Apostle, which is a copy text for all scholars in the school of Christ—“Cease to do evil—learn to do well.” D.

Montreal, November, 1851.

# LIST OF AGENTS FOR THE "RECORD."

Amherstburgh	Rev Robert Peden	Dunham	Rev J Gear
Ayr	Robert Wylie	Durham	Weber Cross
Amiens	Rev A Kennedy	Dunnville	J R Brown
Argenteuil	James Draper	Easton's Corners	Horace Brown
Alexandria	John McPherson	Eaton	W Sawver
Barnston	Rev J Green	Edwardsburgh	Dr W F Gates
Barrie	James Edwards	Ekfrid	Charles M Fie
Bath	E. Wright	Elora	Jos Carder
Bathurst	John Playfair	Esquesing	Rev John Clark
Beachville	E Burdoch	Etobicoke	Alex M Furlans
Beamsville	J Tufford, jr	Embro	Dr Paterson
Beaverton	Alexander Calder	Embro (Nissourie)	Murdoch M Kenzie
Bedford	S W Stone	Farnham East	Henry Tabor
Bell's Corners, (North East Hope)	Walter Milne	Fergus	J Watt
Belleville	Joseph Harrison	Fingal	E Willson
" (Thurlow)	W Campbell	Fitzroy Harbour	Mr McLaren
Bromley	Mr Banning	Flos (Medonte)	G Turner
Berlin	W Fischer	Franktown	Neil Stewart
Bondhead	Mr Daley	Frelighsburgh	L B Hibbard
Bradford	James M Kay, teacher	Gananoque	J L M Donald
Brantford	Thomas Pilsworth	Georgetown, C.W.	P W Dayfoot
Brighton	Joseph Lockwood	Galt	Mr Mouat
Bristol	W King	Galt, Doon Mills	John Craig
Brockville	{ Mr Freeland, Rev	Georgeville	J E Bursall
Brome	{ J M Murray	Glanford	G Smith
Brooklin	H N Jackson	Goderich	J Shaw, Mr Campbell
Buckingham	W Mathewson	Granby	James Kay
Burrill's Rapids	O Larwell, sen.	Grimshy	Mr Palmer
Bytown	Mr Mills	Guelph	Rev R J Williams
Caledon	Thos M Kay, jr., & T Playter	Grand River, Indiana	Mills
Carleton Place	Thomas Russell	Hamilton	A Mitchell
Cavan	G Dunnet	Hay	{ Jas Walker
Chateauguay	Rev Mr Bell	Hawkesbury	{ D M Lellan
Chatham, C.W.	Mr Burrell	Huntingdon	Alex Smith
Chinguacousy	H Verrall	Ingersoll	Z S Hersey
Clarence	J Wilkinson, sen.	Innisfil	J Knox
Clarke's Mills	W Edwards	Inverness	G Stimpson
Chippewa	S Clarke	Kenyon	W Climie
C.....	J W Fell	Kilmarnock	A M Killop, jr
Colborne	John Wain and B J Stewart	Kingston	D Cattanaoh
Coaticook	G Inglis	Lachute	John Telford
Cooksville	Rev J Chandler	Lacolle	{ J J Haynes
Cornwall	F B Morley	Lanark	{ S Chown
Cowansville	R Craig	Lancaster	M M Phail
Cumberland	J N Humphrey	Leeds	E Scrier
Cumminsville	A Petrie	Lennoxville	W Smyth
Dalhousie by Perth	John Dowler	Lindsay	T Scott
Danville	P McCulloch	Lloydtown	J R Lambly
Darlington	T C Allis	Lochaber	J P Cushing
Dawn Mills	{ W Williams	London	J Bigelow
Dereham	{ Rev J Climie	L'Original	Isa Tyson
Dickenson's Landing	John Lillie	Lower Ireland	G W Cameron
Dundas	B Brown	M Killop	W Begg, T Howay & R J Jeanneret
	J N M Nairn	McNab	C P Treadwell
	John Ware		R Cobban
			James Scott
			Robt McRae



Manningville	W Cantwell	Raleigh	Rev W King and H Verrall
Markham	Mark M Braithwaite	Rawdon	Rev H Cox
Martintown	J J Kellie	Richmond	P McElroy
Marshville	A Chapman	Russell	W Hamilton
Milton	H E Wilmot	St Andrews	C Wales
Melrose	J Forester	St Brigide	George Pearson
Melbourne	Q M Gill, Rev W Scott	St Catharines	Rev Mr Price
Merrickville	W S Snowdon	St Eustache	W Stark
Metis	W Turiff	St George CW	Mr Turnbull
Middleton	D C Swazy	St George CE	J S Hall, teacher
Mill Creek	B Clark	St Johns, CE	W Coote
Mohawk	A Eadie	St Louis deGonzague	Jno Somerville
Morven	J Stachan	St Scholastique	Rev F Doudiet
Mosa	John Walker	St Sylvester	Thomas Mackie
Moulinette	P Tait	St Vincent	R Burchill
Napanee	John Gibbard	St Thomas	W Webb, sen, H Black
Nassagaweya	Rev W Martin	Seneca	A C Buck
New Carlisle	J Wilkie	Seymour East	Rev Mr Neill
Newcastle	John Short	Seymour West	Mrs Rolls
New Glasgow	Rev A. Lowden	Shannonville	R F Pegan
Newmarket	R H Smith	Sherbrooke	W Brooks
Niagara	A R Christie	Smith's Falls	R Bartlett
North Augusta	A B Pardee	So' Hinchinbrooke	Thomas Helm
North Sherbrooke	J M'Dougall, teacher	Simcoe	C B Davis
Norton Creek	A Ross	Stanstead	B F Hubbard
Norwood	John Wildman	Stanbridge East	Moses Gage
Norval	W Early	Stoney Creek	Rev G Cheyne
Oakland	Rev W Hay	Stouffville	G Mortimer
Oakville	J W Williams	Sorel	R Hunt
Oakwood	John Dix	Stratford	Dr Hyde
Ormstown	P Shanks	Sutton	A E Dyer
Orangeville	W P Sacey	Streetsville	W Blain
Oro	D Cameron	Three Rivers	W Ginnis
Orillia	Thos Dallas	Toronto	A Christie
Osgoode	D M'Laurio	Uxbridge	A T Corson
Oshawa	Rev R H Thornton	Uxbridge (Scott)	Richard Hill
Osnabruck	H Braden	Vankleek Hill	T H Higginson
Owen Sound	G Newcombe	Vittoria	Rev A Duncan
Oxford	Rev R Wallis	Walpole	B Haines
Packenham	Jas Dunnet	Wardsville, Mosa	F Munroe
Paris	Charles Fisher	Waisaw	T Choat
Penetanguishene	P Schonten	Warwick	W Logue
Peterboro'	J Edwards, T Robinson	Waterdown	C Merrill, PM
" Dummer	Alexander Kidd	Waterford	J Robinson
Perth	James Allan	Waterloo, CE	C S Bellows, PM
Petite Nation	Mr Dickson	Waterloo, CW	Rev A M'Lean
Phillipsburgh	Rev E S Ingalls	Westmeath	John Pirritie
Pigeon Hill	Jos Rhicard	Wellington Square	John Sanderson
Pictou	C Pier, C S Paterson	Weston	Rev J T Byrne
Point Fortune	A Gray	West Flamboro'	Rev L M'Pherson
Port Credit	W Montgomery	Whitby	Jas Cumming
Port Dover	John J Bradley	Williams	E Shibley
Port Hope	Morrice Hay	Williamston	Rev W E Beard
Port Sarnia	A Young	Wilton	A Craike
Port Stanley	Rev W H All-worth	Woodstock	Rev. T Wightman
Prescott	W D Dickenson	West Woolwich	W Webster.
Preston	W Tilt	Yanachiche	
Princeton	George Beamer	York Mills	
Pelham		Zone Mills	
Quebec	Mr Stanley		
Rainham	Isaac Root		