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*W. J. Wood*

**THE MISSIONARY  
AND  
THE SOUTHERN  
RECORD.**

VOL. XI.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER, 1854.

No. 11.

**Tride over the Appenines.**

It was a pleasant day in April that we spent in Trieste, the sea-port of Austria. But being bound northward, and over mountain ranges, we had just reason to expect colder weather ahead. Subsequent experience fully justified such expectations.— Three o'clock, P. M., was the hour appointed for the starting of the diligence. Every seat was occupied.

By express stipulation we were not to be placed among smokers. Accordingly, the writer and his traveling companion were assigned seats in the rondo, a small apartment at the rear of the diligence, resembling the inside of a two-wheeled cab. The two other seats of the rondo were occupied by females belonging to the country.

One of these females proved to be a character. She was the wife of an officer in the Austrian army. She spoke four languages fluently, and snatches of some others. Italian proved the most convenient medium of communication with her during the journey.

She was very talkative; and in narrating her personal history, gave a striking illustration of the power of religious prejudice. She said that

while stationed with his regiment in Italy, a few years before, her husband had by some means become a reader of the Bible, and had changed his religion. He had become a Protestant. Similar changes, she stated had occurred with several other officers during the same campaign. But this change she regarded as a worse calamity to her husband than death itself. Indeed, she would say, again and again, "He is dead to me," declaring that she and her children were separated from him on account of his protestantism, and expected to be forever.

These expressions seemed to be a sort of despairing utterance, made probably in obedience to the instructions of her priestly confessor, and yet insufficient to stifle her affections for the companion of her youth.

We could but hope that her own heart might one day be softened by that word of truth, which even alone, and among hostile troops, is quick and powerful to conquer the rebellious will, and bring it into subjection to Christ. What but such a conquest could have enabled that Austrian officer to take such a decided Christian course as would virtually separate him

from those he most dearly loved! And what an apparent accident brought this most interesting circumstance to the knowledge of Protestant Christians! It is probably a specimen of many similar ones occurring in Roman Catholic countries.

Two diligences full of passengers left Trieste in company, bound for Laibach, the present terminus of the Austrian railway, leading southward from Vienna.

No sooner did we leave the streets of the city than we began to ascend the slope of a steep mountain. The road was well made, and the grade rendered easy by a sharply zig-zag course.

As it went winding and turning upward, it gave us most beautiful views of the city below, and of the far-stretching Adriatic beyond. More than once we seemed to be leaving our last fine view, when another turn would open up one still brighter and broader than before. A massive granite monument crowns the summit of the mountain. Just as we were about to turn downward, on the other side a steamer, one of the celebrated Austrian Lloyds', pushed out of the harbor of Trieste, bound for Alexandria, in Egypt. The sight of its curling smoke caused some regret that we had not been able, for lack of time, to extend our travels further eastward. This regret, however, was soon lost in attention to the novel scenes surrounding us.

We had passed but a little way over the summit of the mountain before our diligences were stopped at Op-China, a government station for examining baggage. The search was extremely thorough, especially with the people of the country. Poor women, who had bought dresses and other trifles in town, were compelled to pay duties on them; two stages full of passengers being delayed while the tedious process was enacted. The officer's wife had a very narrow escape; but fortunately her tongue came

to her rescue, and she came off with flying colors.

Of the extent of her success she was quite free to boast after we had once more started on our road. She then exhibited the contents of her flowing sleeves, and specimens of goods which she had concealed about her person.

Soon after this scene a dark and stormy night closed in on our mountain journey. Rain, sleet, and snow formed the variety outside of the coach sleeping and waking were alternated within. About ten o'clock at night we paused at a miserable GAST HAUS for supper. After surveying its dreariness and rude apologies for accommodation, we had no disposition to eat, but sought refuge from the fumes of smoke and beer in our quiet rondo.

At Adelsburgh, after midnight, we were aroused by the police to exhibit passports, but, happily, were not obliged to get out of our places into the rain.

Our diligences were not idle, but kept plodding on through all the dreary night. About daylight the sensation of rapid motion down the mountain aroused us from sleep. The country was covered with snow in all directions. We soon came into a broad valley, where we met and passed numerous ox-teams, employed to convey merchandise over the mountains. One more post by daylight brought us to the railway, where we took leave of our diligence with no regrets, although it had served us fully equal to our expectations.

We may remark here that the term diligence is French, and that the style of coaches used in France prevails generally on post-roads throughout Italy and all the Germin countries of Europe.

### The Widow's Lamp.

Some years ago there dwelt a widow in a lonely cottage on the seashore. All around her, the coast was rugged and dangerous; and many a

time was her heart melted by the sight of wrecked fishing-boats and coasting-vessels, and the piteous cries of perishing human beings.

One stormy night, when the howling wind was making her loneliness more lonely, and her mind was conjuring up what the next morning's light might disclose, a happy thought occurred to her. Her cottage stood on an elevated spot, and her window looked out upon the sea: might she not place her lamp by that window, that it might be a beacon-light to warn some poor mariner off the coast? She did so. All her life after, during the winter nights, her lamp burned at the window: and many a poor fisherman had cause to bless God for the widow's lamp: many a crew were saved from perishing.

That widow woman "did what she could;" and if all believers kept their light burning as brightly and steadily, might not many a soul be warned to flee from the wrath to come? Many Christians have not the power to do much active service for Christ; but if they would live as lights in the world, they would do much. If those who cannot preach to the old, or teach the young, would but walk worthy of Him who hath called them to his kingdom and glory, how much would the hands of ministers and teachers be strengthened!—*American Messenger*.

#### Secret Sins—God's Book of Character.

Secrecy is often essential to the production of evidence in regard to men's character. How many a villainy would have been stopped, how many a sin crushed in the bud, how many a fraud or murder arrested, if there had been a single eye known to be in the room, on the face, on the hand, on the paper. If the first conception of evil plans were seen in their commencement, in their originating steps, there are comparatively few that would be finished. Some persons indeed, in great power and boldness, sweep on in their career of evil, re-

gardless with what transparency the world may see their motives. But in general men cannot accomplish their schemes of selfishness, without concealment. And in this world many a crime goes unpunished for want of evidence. There will be evidence enough in the eternal world. Every murderer, who thinks he has removed every witness of his crime, has only sent the witnesses out of this world into the next, out of the porch or ante-room into the judgement hall itself. He has only sent forward the evidence, by which he is to be tried. Every man who has secretly injured or defrauded another, has had the fraud or the injury inscribed and catalogued for eternity. Every man who has neglected prayer, neglected the word of God, neglected his own soul, has had the neglect, every instance of it not only written down in the book of his own conscience and memory, but checked as it were, in the record of things to be manifested in eternity. Every man every day, is filling up his character. God keeps a book of character. Every thought, every act, goes into it: every attitude of the moral being. The book is filled up, in order that its great leaves may be unfolded and read for the knowledge of the universe; that all may see what man is, what God is; that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world plead guilty before God; that man may be seen in the greatness, wilfulness, and inexcusableness of his depravity, God in the holiness and justice of his punishment. The more secrecy, hypocrisy and successful wickedness there is here, the more clearly will the justice of the condemnation of the wicked appear hereafter.—*Chalmers Powers of the World to Come*.

MOTHERS, strive not so to educate your children that they may be considered prodigies of learning, at the expense of health, perhaps life. Let mental and physical education go hand in hand—let health and knowledge embrace each other.



### Sponges.

There are few subjects which have so long puzzled naturalists as the real nature of Sponges, whether they are vegetable or animal substances. Great names may be mentioned as maintaining each side of the question, and some indeed vacillating from one to the other, and back again. But, thanks to the aid of the microscope and the patient and accurate observations of Doctor Grant, the fact may be considered as now firmly and satisfactorily established that they are living creatures, of a low organisation indeed, but still of a most curious nature.

"Sponges," says Dr. Johnston, "appear to be true zoophytes; and it imparts additional interest to their study, to consider them, as they probably are, the first cradle of organic life, and exhibiting before us the lowest organisation compatible with its existence."

"Having put a small branch of the *Spongia coalita*, with some sea-water, into a watch-glass, under the microscope," Dr. Grant says, "on moving the watch-glass, so as to bring one of the apertures on the side of the sponge fully into view, I beheld, for the first time, the splendid spectacle of a living fountain vomiting forth from a

circular cavity an impetuous torrent of liquid matter and hurling along in rapid succession opaque masses, which it strewn everywhere around. The beauty and novelty of such a scene in the animal kingdom long arrested my attention, but after twenty-five minutes of constant observation, I was obliged to withdraw my eye from fatigue, without having seen the torrent for one instant change its direction, or diminish in the slightest degree the rapidity of its course. I continued to watch the same orifice at short intervals for five hours, sometimes observing it for a quarter of an hour at a time, but still the stream rolled on with a constant and equal velocity. About the end of this time, however, I observed the current become perceptibly languid the small opaque flakes which had been thrown out with so much impetuosity at the beginning were now propelled to a shorter distance from the orifice, and fell to the bottom of the fluid within the sphere of vision; and in one hour more the current had entirely ceased." From numerous experiments on many species, Dr. Grant infers that all Sponges in a living state exhibit this sort of circulation, imbibing the untainted wa-

ter by the pores, and propelling it in regular currents through the wide canals.

The Sponge *Halichondria oculata* may be found hanging from the under surface of rocks about the low-water mark of spring tides. A very curious specimen of this was found growing on the back of a small crab, a burden apparently as disproportionate as was that of Atlas, and yet the creature was seemingly little inconvenienced with its arboreal excrescence. Indeed, the protection and safety which the Crab would derive from the Sponge might more than compensate the hindrance opposed to its freedom and activity. When at rest its prey might seek without suspicion the shelter afforded amid the thick branches of the Sponge, and become easy captures; while when in motion scarce an enemy could recognise it under such a guise, and the boldest might be startled at the sight of such a monster.\*

Another species of *Halichondria*, the Funnel-shaped Sponge, is found occasionally on the shores of the northern islands, bearing an analogy to the Neptune's Cup of the Indian Ocean, vastly inferior indeed in size, but excelling it in neatness of texture and sponginess.

Some Crabs of the Caribbean Islands "have on their backs houses of Sponge excavated and fitted to their shapes, under which they lie concealed while their prey approaches. In one species the houses were inimitably cut, having loop-holes for the eyes, and ridges on which the dorsal legs were fixed. The sponge does not lose its vitality, though it is probably cut and modelled by the Crab, a circumstance which would assist it in deceiving the animal on which it feeds."†

A few species of the Sponge of the *Ulvæ* family are used at table. The Lacinated Purple Laver (*Porphyra laciniata*), belonging to a genus distinguished by the delicacy of color and

glossy hue of the frond, is very abundant on rocks and stones. This and the Common Purple Laver (*P. vulgaris*), if indeed they are not both the same plant distinguished only by size, is much eaten in many places, particularly in the south of England, pickled with salt, and preserved in jars, and, when brought to table, served up with lemon-juice and Cayenne pepper. It requires a little courage, perhaps, at first to taste it, but it is in general very much liked by those who once eat it. The collecting and preparing it affords occupation to many families on the north coast of Devonshire.

According to Lightfoot, the inhabitants of the Western Islands gather it in the month of March, and, after pounding and macerating it with a little water, eat it with pepper, vinegar, and butter. Others stew it with leeks and onions. In Scotland and Ireland it is called Sloke or Slokaun.

A green species, most abundant, called Green Laver, or Oyster-green (*Ulva latissima*), is also served at table in the same manner as the former. This diet is esteemed good, as almost all esculent vegetables are, for scrofulous habits. Lightfoot says that the islanders ascribe to it an anodyne virtue, and bind it about the forehead and temples to assuage head-ache in fevers and to procure sleep.

A singular species, named *Ulva thermalis*, from its place of growth, was found flourishing in the hot-springs of Gastein, where the water was of the temperature of 117° Fahrenheit.

This plant, also, which is attached to the stem of the Tangle, belongs to a genus of exceedingly delicate, rose-coloured plants, marked occasionally with faint veins towards the base; the surface of its frond is also very glossy: it derives its name, Dotted Nitophyllum (*Nitophyllum punctatam*), from the seed spots which are scattered about the frond. Another common species, the Lacerated Nitophyllum (*N. laceratum*), has the power of attaching itself by the edges, and creeping, as it

\* Zoological Journal.

† Johnston on British Sponges.

were, upon the rocks and plants in its way; so much so, that it can hardly be gathered without some resistance and laceration.

### Preaching in India.

India is a great and beautiful country. It is fifteen times as large as our own island home, and contains more than seven times as many people. How sad to think that, while we have several thousand ministers of the Gospel to preach to us, the hundred and fifty millions of ignorant, perishing Hindoos and Mohammedans have only about four hundred and forty Missionaries to tell them of a Saviour, and show them the path to heaven. Yet, though the preachers of the Gospel in that distant land are so few, their labours have been so blessed that many thousands of the natives have given up the worship of idols, and serve the living and true God, through Jesus Christ whom He has sent.

If our young friends were to visit one of the Mission stations in India on the Sabbath, they would be greatly delighted. It could not but pain them indeed to see the heathen crowding the streets, buying, selling, getting gain, and thinking nothing about God's holy day. But then their hearts must rejoice as they looked upon the Native Christians, all clean and neat, going to the house of the Lord in company. Especially would they be pleased with the groups of children from the Orphan and boarding school—the boys, with bright-coloured turbans and long white cotton jackets, and the girls with pretty figured native cloths wound around them, and hanging gracefully like a veil over their heads—all walking two and two, with the native master and mistress at their head. Enter with them the Mission Chapel, and there everything will appear to you new and strange. The doors and windows are very large, on account of the great heat of the climate; and in place of glass windows, there are venetian shutters, which keep out the sun and let in

the air. No galleries are to be seen, and instead of pews you will find long cane-bottomed seats. The floor is covered with Indian matting. Watch the people as they come in, and perhaps the men will go to one part of the chapel, and the women to another. Listen to the singing, and you will hear the same tunes which we have in England, sung to words which you cannot understand. At prayer all kneel down, and then, while the Missionary is preaching, you might see some of the young people with paper and pencil taking down the text and heads of the sermon, that they may be able to answer questions at the Bible-class in the afternoon. You would also see some of the heathen coming in to listen. Here there is a weaver with his child clinging to his side and resting on his hip; there is a shop-keeper with a bundle of cloth in his hand; and in another place a native woman with her market basket on her head. Sometimes Missionaries see even stranger sights than these when they are preaching. In many of the Indian towns there are great numbers of monkeys running over the tops of the houses, and now and then two or three of these may be seen peeping in at the chapel windows while the people are at worship.

Besides preaching in the chapels on the Sabbath, Missionaries go on other days in the week to teach the people by the way-side. As often as possible they visit the country towns and villages. When they go on these journeys they are obliged to take with them not only clothes to wear, and books to give to the natives, but also a chair to sit upon, a bed to sleep in, vessels for preparing food, and many other things which people would never think of taking when they travel in England. Sometimes the Missionary has a small conveyance drawn by two oxen. In this he travels very slowly,—not more than four or five miles an hour. Now and then he has to pass through thick forests, where there are elephants,

and tigers, and other wild animals. At other times he is obliged to cross over rivers where there are no bridges, and then the natives take the oxen out of the conveyance, put it into a large wicker boat covered with leather, and take it across, while they make the oxen swim after the boat. If a Missionary has no tent to sleep in, he stays in a place called a *choultry*, built by the natives in every town and village for the use of travellers. A choultry is about the size and height of an English room. It is built of clay dried in the sun, and is tiled on the top. It has an earthen floor, and is without doors and windows: indeed it has not even a wall in the front, but is quite open to the street. Here the Missionary takes up his abode while he remains in a town or village, and the people flock in crowds to see and hear him, and to get books. Sometimes he walks into the town and takes his station under the shade of a large tree, and perhaps near a heathen temple, where the natives gather around him, and listen to the words of eternal life.

In one Indian town where the Missionary had been speaking against the worship of idols, the Brahmins were so angry that they would not let the shopkeepers sell him any food, and so he was obliged to leave, hungry and thirsty, and try to reach some other place where the people might be more friendly. But after going some distance, the heat of the sun was so great that he was compelled to wait in a shady spot till the cool of the day. While there, a native who had perhaps never seen the face of an European before came by, and ran off in terror at the sight. After a little while, however, curiosity brought him back, and then, on finding that the Missionary could speak his language, he became very friendly and went and fetched him some banana fruit and milk, to refresh him till he could proceed on his journey.

Sometimes the servants of God in India are much cheered by seeing the

earnestness with which the people listen to the word of God, and the great desire they manifest to get tracts and portions of the Scriptures. One day, after a Missionary had done preaching, the rush of natives for books was so great that his coat was torn, and he was almost trampled down by them. In order to escape the crowd he got into his conveyance for safety, but the people followed him for two miles, and some of them even walked through a river, up to their middle in water, crying out "A book! A book!" which when they had obtained they recrossed the river and returned home full of joy.

May all the natives of India soon become as anxious for Christian books as these people were, and may the reading of those books make them "wise to salvation through faith that is in Christ Jesus!"—*Juv. M. Magazine.*

### The Lord's Day.

Put the spade and wheel away,  
Do no weary work to-day;  
Let the way-worn horse go free,  
And the field uncultured be;  
Leave the flail beside the corn—  
'Tis the holy Sabbath morn.  
For the Lord, who died to save,  
Rose to-day and left the grave:  
Then we leave both work and play,  
To enjoy God's holy day.  
Hark—I hear the sweet church-bells,  
And their quiet music tells  
How to keep Christ's holy day  
In the happiest, fittest way:  
How his children here may meet,  
All in saintly service sweet,  
And in presence of their Lord,  
Sing his praise and hear his word.  
With our fathers and our mothers,  
With our sisters and our brothers,  
To the church of God we go—  
Gathering-place of high and low,  
Where the poor man, meanly dress'd,  
Is as welcome as the best,  
And the rich and poor together  
Kneel before their common Father:  
Yea, our risen Lord is there,  
Listening kindly to our prayer.  
Thus should Christian people all  
Hold this sacred festival:  
Thus with joyous rest and praise,  
His own children keep his days.

## The Missionary and S. S. Record.

MONTREAL, AUGUST, 1854.

### General Circular

RESPECTING THE MISSIONARY SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORD.

Coming near to the close of the Eleventh Volume of this periodical, it is deemed necessary to address a special circular to our Agents and Friends in relation to its continuance for another year. The *Record* was commenced with the view of furnishing, at a cheap rate, various and interesting matter for the instruction chiefly of children and young persons connected with the Sabbath Schools of Canada. We venture to say that a more valuable compendium of useful reading has not been given to the public at so low a price. At the suggestion and with the advice of a few individuals, deeply interested in the religious instruction of the youth of this their adopted country, members of the Canada Sunday School Union, the undersigned undertook all the risk of the publication, providing illustrations, keeping the accounts, &c., and whatever would tend to the furtherance of the work at the mere cost of printing, without any charge for publishing or editing the work, as his contributions to the same desirable object, for all profits over the mere cost of workmanship were to go to the funds of the Sunday School Union; but the publication never paid these expenses. Its circulation has never exceeded four or five thousand; whereas it should have reached not less than 30,000 or 40,000.

For some years past the competition of foreign periodicals, not so well adapted to Canada as the *Record*, has

seriously interfered with its circulation; and it has become a question whether this publication ought to be continued. If those connected with Canadian Sabbath Schools will not more effectually sustain a Magazine prepared expressly for their own benefit, we must regard it as an intimation that other publications are preferred; and the undersigned feels himself relieved from the obligation of continuing the *Record* beyond another year.

We would not be understood in what we have said above, as pleading for the continuance of the *Record* on pecuniary grounds; but we have thought the explanation necessary so as to show the friends of the cause, on whom lay the responsibility of keeping up the *Record*. Other reasons might be urged for a more general support to the *Mis. & S. S. Record*; it is a Magazine, prepared especially for Canadian Sunday Schools. This fact alone ought to induce a preference for the *Record*; but in addition, it is confidently asserted that its contents will compare favorably with any other periodical of a similar kind. Instead of five thousand subscribers the *Record* ought to have thirty thousand. In the hope that a vigorous effort will be made to accomplish this object, the publisher has resolved to continue the *Record* through 1855, providing the friends of Sabbath Schools will co-operate with him in the effort to do good by the dissemination of sound religious instruction, and missionary information. He proposes to issue the *Record* monthly at the same low price, one shilling a year, notwithstanding the increased price of paper, type, and all kinds of manual labour.

A large assortment of new engravings have been procured from Scotland, expressly for the embellishment of the *Record*. The matter will be selected with great care, and with special reference to usefulness among all classes. The subscribers have the advantage of free-postage; but they will bear in mind that the expenses of mailing are greater than heretofore. It has, therefore, been rendered necessary to adopt the practice, in the future of sending not less than *five copies to one address*. All packages over that number, to any extent, must be mailed to one address. Country Postmasters do a great deal of work for nothing; and it is but reasonable that they should, as far as practicable, be relieved from the responsibility of distributing single copies of a post-free paper, unless they consent (as many of them will cheerfully) to allow the package to be addressed to themselves. All orders must be accompanied with the cash, post paid. These are the terms and conditions of publication for 1855, and, as they are agreeable to established usage in similar benevolent undertakings, the undersigned is persuaded that they will be concurred in by those who take an interest in the enterprise.

The publisher regrets to state that there is quite a large sum of outstanding debts for the *Record*—these he must now endeavour to collect. Accordingly, accounts are sent in this present number, up to the end of the vol., and those who do not remit the amount, or communicate with him on the subject, will be regarded as wishing to discontinue receiving the publication, and he will act accordingly. The paper will

be continued to all those paid up for the present vol., unless advised to the contrary.

JOHN C. BECKET,  
Publisher.

38 Great St. James Street,  
Montreal.

#### Series of Lessons.

With our next number we shall commence three different series of lessons for the use of Sabbath Schools, two of them will be in continuation of those of the past year. We hope this will be regarded by our supporters as an inducement to keep up the circulation of the *Record*, as well as a reason for the scholars to preserve it for reading and reference.

#### Blessing of Sunday School.

Some time ago, while attending an eminent surgeon, for the purpose of having an operation performed on one of my eyes, I met with the following case:—One morning, a friend of mine led into the same room a fine looking young woman, who was completely blind, and completely deaf. This sad condition had been brought on suddenly, by a violent pain in the head. Her case was examined by a number of surgeons, then present, all of whom pronounced it incurable. She was led back to the house of my friend, when she eagerly inquired what the Doctor said about her case, and whether he could afford her any relief. The only method by which her inquiries could be answered was by tapping her hand, which signified, No; and by squeezing it, which signified, Yes; for she could not hear the loudest noise, nor distinguish day from night. She had

to receive for her answer on this occasion, the unwelcome tap, No. She burst into tears, and wept aloud in all the bitterness of despair. "What," said she, "shall I never see the light of day, nor hear a human voice? Must I remain incapable of all social intercourse—shut up in silence and darkness whilst I live?" Again she wept. The scene was truly affecting. Had she been able to see, she might have been pointed to the Bible as a source of comfort. Had she been able to hear, words of consolation might have been spoken; but alas! those channels to the mind were closed to be opened no more in this world. Her friends could pity, but they could not relieve: and what made her case still more deplorable, she was an orphan, and was entirely dependent upon a few pious friends for support. This she felt—and continued to weep, till my friend, with great presence of mind, took up the Bible and placed it to her breast, she felt it, and said,— "Is this the Bible?" She was answered that it was. She held it to her bosom and said, "This is the only comfort I have left, though I shall never be able to read it any more," and began to repeat some of its promises, such as, "Cast thy burthen on the Lord, and he will sustain thee." "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." "My grace is sufficient for thee," &c. In a moment she dried her tears and became one of the happiest persons I ever saw. She never seemed to deplore her condition afterward. I have many times heard her tell of the

strong consolations she felt. Happily for this young woman she had been taken, when a very little girl, to a Sunday School, where she enjoyed the only opportunity she ever had of learning to read, and where she committed to memory those passages of Scripture which now became her comfort and the food of her spirit. With what gratitude she used to speak of her teachers, who, she said, not only taught her to read, but took pains to instruct her in the things that belonged to her eternal peace. "What would become of me had I not then been taught the way of salvation, for now I am deprived of all outward means," was her constant language.

I never look into a Sunday School, and notice the children repeating portions of God's word, but I think of the above case. How precious was that handful of seed, cast in by some pious teacher, who little thought, perhaps, at the time, that she was furnishing the only means of salvation to an immortal spirit! What multitudes will have to bless God through eternity for like instruction! Let not, then, our Sunday School teachers ever grow weary in well-doing, for in due season they shall reap their reward.

#### Evangelical Religion in Turkey.

A correspondent of the London Christian Times writes as follows from Constantinople respecting the progress of Christianity in Turkey. The labours of American Missionaries have been largely instrumental in leading to most cheering results. It should be the prayer of all Christians that the God of Nations, and the God of all grace, may overrule the events which are now transpiring, and which are foreshadowed in the future, for the

furtherance of the Gospel and the triumph of its principles;—

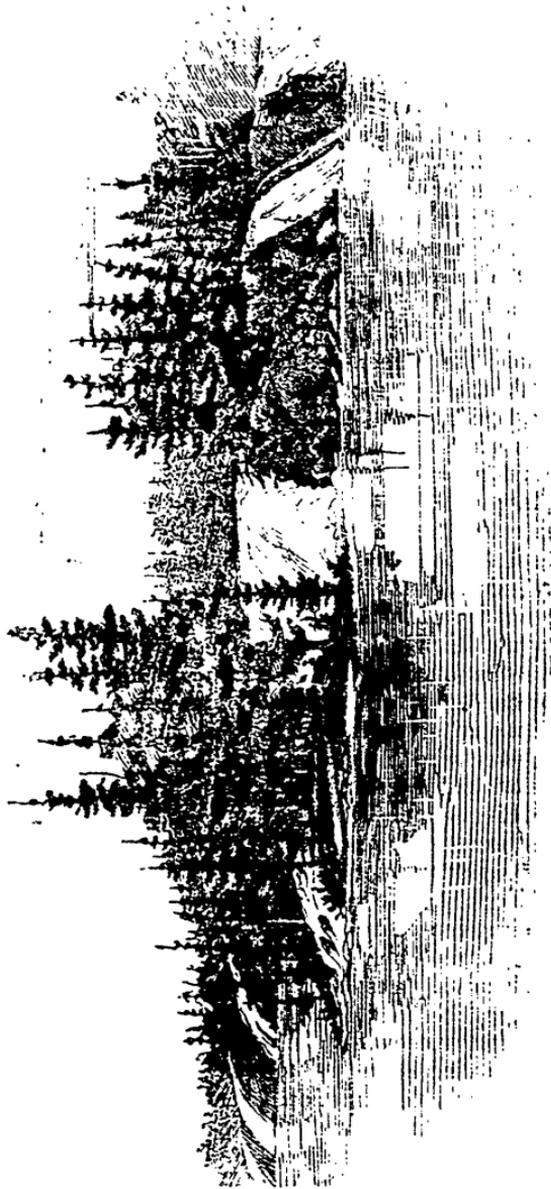
‘The spread of the Bible truth has been such in Turkey for the last twenty years, that it is impossible for me to believe that God is now about to give his work up to the destroyer. A distinguished Christian traveller from England, recently put the question to the American missionaries here, whether the statement made by Mr. Layard in Parliament, that there are more than forty towns and villages in Turkey in which there are Protestant congregations, is strictly true? This led to the writing down a list of names of places, and the cheering fact was established, that in more than fifty towns and village in the empire, there are protestant assemblies for divine worship on every Lord’s day! The largest of these congregations is that at Aintab, about three days N. E. from Aleppo, where there are more than 700 Protestants, and the smallest may not number more than three or four souls. But yet, in all these different places, the Word of God has entered, and some souls are found who we hope, are His spiritual worshippers. And besides these, who have openly avowed themselves as Protestants, risking all the consequences, there are known to be thousands among the Arerians, in the capital and throughout the interior of Turkey, who are really protestant in sentiment, though not yet sufficiently moved by religious truth to impel them to take an open stand for the Gospel before the world. Now, may we not reasonably hope that all this preparation is to be followed by a glorious completion? Twenty-five years ago, not a single Protestant could be found among all the natives of this land, and Protestantism was either wholly unknown, or, where known at all, it was considered as synonymous with infidelity and Atheism. And alas! the careless and worldly lives of most of the few Protestants resident here at that time, gave too strong a confirmation to this orig-

inal Jesuit calumny. In this respect, also, there has been a very pleasing change, and we have now serious-minded Christians living here, from England and America, and from various parts of the continent, letting their light shine on all around. Just look, for a moment, at the following comparative statistics:—

Number of Protestant clergymen laboring in Constantinople and its suburbs in	-	-	-	1830—0
Ditto ditto	-	-	-	1854—19
Number of Protestant sermons preached on every Sabbath in different languages, in ditto	-	-	-	1830—0
Ditto ditto	-	-	-	1854—26
Number of Protestant schools in ditto	-	-	-	1820—0
Ditto ditto	-	-	-	1854—14

‘You will understand that these statistics refer to Constantinople and its immediate environs alone. In the whole Turkish empire (including Constantinople) there are at the present time not fewer than sixty-five Protestant preachers! And I have another pleasing and most encouraging fact to state which is, that although among these, there are representatives of several different branches of the Protestant Church yet so far as I know, without, at present, a single exception, they are all laboring harmoniously for one and the same great object. For example, at the metropolis from which I now write, among the nineteen clergymen mentioned, there are Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Lutherans, and one Waldensian, and yet but one spirit seems to pervade them all; and they often come together for prayer and conference in regard to the great work in which they are engaged.’

HOW TO TREAT BAD COMPANY.—My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. My son, walk not thou in the way of them; refrain thy foot from their paths. Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not into the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it; turn from it, and pass away.—Solomon.



RAPIDS DES CHATS.

### Rapides Des Chats.

The *Rapides des Chats* are situated at the Eastern extremity of a magnificent lake, of the same name, which is in fact an extension of the river Ottawa. The shores of the lake Des Chats are woody and generally flat to the northward, with a pebbly or rocky beach; to the southward they are higher, sometimes attaining an elevation of 80 or 100 feet. In extreme length it is fifteen miles, and in mean breadth about one; but its northern shore is deeply indented by several sweeping bays, by which extensive points are formed, sometimes contracting the lake to a width of scarcely a mile, while in others it is three. The surface of the waters is prettily studded with occasional islands, richly wooded, and so situated as to diversify most agreeably the natural beauties of the soft, sweet scenery of the lake.—The calms of the Ottawa are peculiarly glassy and beautiful, and its waters are much esteemed for their softness. Between Government Island and the north shore dash, in swift and violent eddies, the *Rapides des Chats*. These rapids are three miles long, and pass amidst a labyrinth of varied islands, until the waters are suddenly precipitated over the falls of the Chats, which are from 16 to 20 feet in height. There are 15 or 16 falls on a curved line across the river, regularly divided by woody islands, over one of which is effected a portage, in passing from the top to the bottom of the falls.

### Good News from China.

Our latest accounts from China are very cheering. God is working in that vast empire, both by his Providence and by his Spirit, for the spread of his Gospel. While the great army of the insurgents, who have renounced their idols and professed Christianity, are making progress in the north, the Missionaries on the coast are greatly rejoiced and encouraged by the proofs which God is giving to them that their labours are not in vain.

This is the case at Hong Kong. A short time since Dr. Legge and Mr. Chalmers sent home the good news that five Chinese had been added to the church in that place; and, in another letter just received from them they state that five more have followed this example. Two of these are young people from the Missionary School, and a third was a Taouist priest. This man had come from a very great distance to see Hong Kong, and was one evening drawn from curiosity into the chapel by the ringing of the bell. The words of truth to which he listened came home, to his understanding and heart. He saw that he had been deceived himself, and deceiving others. After a time he went back to his monastery, and brought his sons to hear the same Gospel. He grew in knowledge and in grace. One of his children also received the truth, and both father and son were admitted together into the church of Jesus Christ.

At Amoy God has also greatly blessed the labours of his servants. A short time since seventeen Chinese were admitted into the church at that place. But now the pleasant information has just arrived that eighteen more have been added to that number; so that, in a very short time, no less than thirty-five have professed the religion of Jesus in that city.

From Shanghai also we learn that the people are giving much more attention than ever to the Gospel. Sixteen Chinese have expressed a desire to profess themselves disciples of Jesus Christ, and with that view, are under the instructions of the Missionaries. But besides this, there is another thing which greatly encourages our brethren. Our readers perhaps know that, while a large army has been marching through China, a number of the people living in Shanghai rose up against the governors of that city, conquered them, and took it. Those rebels as they are called, still keep possession of the place; and, in May last, the chiefs of them resolved to abandon

idolatry. They therefore published a proclamation against Buddhism, and in favour of the worship of one God. They also gave up their idols. Four of these idols were handed by one of the chiefs to Dr. Medhurst, and they are now on their way to this country. Having gone so far, these chiefs expressed a willingness to attend the Mission Chapels. One of them, Dr. Medhurst states, comes regularly every Sabbath to his place, marching there at the head of a number of his soldiers, with muskets shouldered and flying banners. On reaching the chapel, they pile up their arms in the courtyard, then enter, take their seats with much apparent thoughtfulness, listen to what is said with attention, rise up during the prayers, and altogether behave in a very proper way. Besides these, more than a hundred men have given in their names as persons who wish to be instructed, and they show their sincerity by attending service at the chapel every day.

Surely such good news as this should strengthen our belief in the power of the Gospel, and should make us more earnest than ever in spreading it through the world.—*Juv. M. Magazine.*

### A Word About Sunday Schools.

(From the *S. S. Advocate.*)

The importance and usefulness of Sunday schools are almost universally admitted. That they are essentially necessary to the perpetuity of the Church, and a means of great importance to further the great work of the world's salvation, few Christians doubt. Were a doubt expressed as to their utility, and the question asked, Can the little gatherings of children and teachers, that are connected with the different Churches, and are found in almost every school-house throughout the land, be regarded as of so much importance? what an overwhelming answer would be returned, swelling up, from every city, town, and hamlet, like the roar of many wa-

ters. Multitudes of voices, of those who are now pillars in the Churches, would testify, "My first and strongest religious impressions were received in the Sunday school. I was converted while yet a Sunday school scholar, through the efforts of a pious and faithful teacher."

Some who are now missionaries, and many who stand as watchmen on Zion's walls, would swell the sound, saying, "I too was trained in this college of the Church; it proved to me a salvation seminary." Very many now rejoicing in the liberty of God's children would add, "I never read the Bible, or attended the means of grace, until induced to do so by my child, who attended the Sunday school and repeated to me truths there learned." And yet with all this, the half would not be told. It is a Heaven-devised plan; the hope of the Church. Ought not the Church to cherish this institution with peculiar care? Ought schools to be permitted to languish for want of suitable books, and enough of them? Ought those who are competent to instruct the children in the things pertaining to the kingdom, to leave the important work, the work that tells on time and eternity, to the care of unwise, unstable, or unconverted teachers? Ought not the members of the Church generally to be often found in the Sunday school, encouraging those engaged in the good work? Ought not the cause and its interest to be more frequently and fervently remembered at the throne of grace, in our public, social, and private devotions? As a Church, are we doing all that we can do and ought to do to sustain and promote the usefulness of the schools in our midst, and to extend the helping hand to those who are striving to establish them in many destitute and neglected parts of the country?

Though much has been done, there remaineth very much yet to do. Let us sustain our character as a people that are all at it, and always at it.

And if we do with our might the work our hands find to do, we shall soon see that our labors are not in vain in the Lord.

A. H. HARRIS.

### The Universe.

We look abroad with interest, in childhood upon fields and floods, and woods and flowers; all is new, all is strange. Our knowledge first extends from one dwelling to another, then from one town to another; and we come to be acquainted with the fact, that instead of going on in one direction interminably, a journey continued in one straight line, would bring us to the place from which we started. We get the idea of distance. It is one mile to such a neighbor's house, or to such a point on the high road. That is two miles to such a town. We travel the road and get an idea of that distance. We learn that it is about 25000 miles around the earth. If we could walk five miles in one hour, or fifty miles in ten hours; if there were no seas to hinder, to walk ten hours per day, in five hundred days, we would be able to walk around the world. We find ourselves inhabitants of a globe nearly 25000 miles in circumference, and are able in this manner to form some idea of its dimensions. We see moving around this globe, the vast panorama of the heavens, the sun and moon, and stars—the sun by day,—and the moon and stars by night. We as years increase and the stores of knowledge are opened to us, learn that the sun which appears at most but a few feet in circumference, is one and a half million times larger than our earth; that the planets, making up, with our earth, the solar system, though appearing but specks of light, are some of them many times larger than our earth. So our earth in fact, makes but a very insignificant part of the solar system. We see the countless number of fixed stars, with which the heavens are bespangled, and we learn that each is a

sun to a system, probably depending upon, and revolving around it. We learn the fact, that animals, birds, fishes, and insects of thousands and thousands of varieties, inhabit our globe, and reasoning from analogy, suppose that the countless millions of worlds, have their countless millions of inhabitants too. These systems of worlds, with all their countless millions of inhabitants, of the millions of varieties, we call the universe.

Our voyage of discovery commences in the nursery in the infancy of our days; and extends until the mind is overwhelmed with the astonishing facts, with which we are surrounded. When we learn the arrangement of the heavenly bodies, the order and the regularity, and harmony of their movements, we are constrained to admit, that they must owe their origin and their arrangement, to intelligence and power, infinite and Almighty.

It is not credulity which draws this conclusion, but wisdom and discretion. There can be no possible room for doubt in the matter. It is so written upon the very face of nature, stands out in such legible and shining characters, that he is an insane man who would call the fact in question, or even say "in his heart, there is no God." But his insanity is the insanity of passion. He desires no God; therefore says it in his heart. He who believes that the fruits of infinite intelligence and Almighty power, exist without the existence, or exercise of that intelligence and power, is the credulous man. Not he who believes *in*, and ascribes the existence of these objects to an adequate cause. It is certainly true, "The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil, that is understanding."

### Phenomena of Sound.

In the Artic regions persons can converse at more than a mile distant when the thermometer is below zero. In air, sound travels from 1130 to 1142 feet per second. Sound travels

in air about 500 feet for every pulsation of a healthy person at 75 in a minute. A bell sounded under water may be heard under water at 1200 feet distant. Sounds are distinct at twice the distance on water that they are on land.—In a balloon, the barking of dogs on the ground may be heard at the elevation of three or four miles. On table mountain, a mile above Cape Town, every noise on it, and even words, may be heard distinctly. The firing of the English on landing in Egypt was plainly heard at 100 miles on the sea. Dr Jameson says, in calm weather he heard every word of a sermon at a distance of two miles. Water is a better conductor of sound than air, and so is flannel or riband. {Sound affects particles of dust in a sunbeam, cobwebs, and water in musical glasses; it shakes small peices of paper of a string in concord.—Deaf persons may converse through deal rods held between the teeth, or held to the throat or breast. Echoes are formed by elliptical surfaces combined with surrounding surfaces, or by such of them as fall into respective distances of the surface of an ellipse, and are therefore directed to the other focus of the eclipse: for all the distance from both foci to such surface are equal, and hence there is a concentration of sounds at those points direct from one focus, and reflected back again from the other focus. An echo returns a monosyllable at 70 feet distance, and another syllable at every 40 feet additional. The echo of artillery is increased or created by a cloud, or clouds. Miners distinguish the substance bored by the sound; and physicians distinguish the action of the heart and lungs by a listening tube. Gamblers can distinguish in tossing money, which side is undermost, though covered by the hand.

**A NEW KIND OF LIGHT-HOUSE.**—A drunkard's nose is said to be a light-house, warning us of the little water that passes underneath.

### "Let it Live."

*From the Sunday School Advocate.*

"Let it live," said a kind-hearted lady, a short time since, as she picked up a flying bug from the floor, and helped it out of the window. She probably thought there was plenty of room in the wide world for it, and there was no good reason for killing it.

We can see nothing wrong in killing a poisonous serpent, or a dangerous beast of the forest, as they are hurtful, and are evidently our enemies. God has also shown us that it is perfectly right to kill such animals as are good for our food; but to kill anything that has life and feeling merely for sport, or through wantonness, is wrong and the habit indulged in begets and cultivates cruelty in one's heart.

The fishes that swim in the waters, the beasts that roam through the forests, the birds that fly in the air, and the insects that crawl among the leaves, were all made to live, and they *love* to live; and when we through recklessness, destroy them, it does no good, but brings death to them, and the act injures us, as it endangers a cruel feeling.

More than half the music in the world is made by birds and insects; and yet there is cruelty enough among men and boys to hush all this melody made by recklessly killing the creatures which God has made to live, to sing, and be happy.

Let us not be thus cruel, but let these creatures live and enjoy life as best they can; let them skip over the hills, or glide through the waters, or fly in the air, or sing among the trees as God has given them ability. Let them live and add beauty to the world; for some of them are very beautiful. Let them live, and by their example teach us lessons of activity and industry; for they are usually industrious and active according to their several necessities. Be kind toward insects, birds and beasts, and you will be more likely to be kind to your fellow beings, and to secure kindness in return.