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The Judgment-Seat of Christ.

What could be more appropriate than that He who formed the earth, and redeemed its inhabitants, should have been chosen of God to judge them? Hence the apostle speaks of the judgment-seat of Christ, before which *all* of us must appear. We have kneeled at his mercy-seat, we must stand at his judgment-seat. In that awful hour, not one of us shall be absent. How can justice be done, if only a part is to be judged? All of us lived on *one* globe, with one God, and under the same dispensation. It is in vain to speak of the execution of justice, until every man shall have received his deserts.

But an important end for which the judgment is to be instituted, will be to exhibit God in his glorious perfections. Not only his goodness, and wisdom, and power, but his justice will be manifested in all his dealings with men from the creation of the world. To establish his title to this glorious attribute, it will not be enough to bring forward a portion of mankind, and prove that God has dealt justly with them, but it will be necessary to show that he never has been guilty of injustice in a single instance, in his dealings with any one of his intelligent creatures. Then all the race must

be present, and the life of each one must testify the justice of God toward him, clearly to manifest the divine glory in the eyes of the universe.

If we need another argument to confirm us in our belief that all must be present at the judgment, we find it in considering that a part of mankind cannot be judged without the presence of the rest. Guilt can only be seen in the light of privileges and results. To know the extent of Adam's sin, all upon whom his act brought evil must be present, and inasmuch as every individual of the race has been injured by him, all must be present to testify against him. If such men as Voltaire or Paine are to be judged, all who have been corrupted or ruined by their infidel sentiments must be present, to witness against them. If Paul among inspired, and Baxter among uninspired men are to be tried, then all who in every age have benefited by their preaching or writings must be present, to exhibit the good they have received at their hands. Where all are woven together by their good and evil influences on each other, if a part should be brought up for trial, the rest would be needed as witnesses. At the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ but a small portion of our race

was present, but at the judgment not one shall be absent. All who ever lived shall be there, however vast their multitude—however remote the period of their existence—however unimportant they may have been as members of society—not one shall be absent.

All who now are alive shall be there, whether living in the Eastern or Western Hemisphere—near the poles or under the equator. The inhabitants of Europe, Asia, Africa or America, or of the islands of the ocean, of whatsoever tongue, color or age—every one of them shall be present.

All who are yet to live shall be there. If the world shall be spared for ages yet to come, and be far more densely peopled than now—though millions shall dwell where is now unbroken solitude—each of its inhabitants shall stand at the judgment-seat of Christ. You shall be there, and I shall be there. On that vast plain, before the great white throne—numerous as drops of rain—plenteous as autumnal leaves—by the power of Christ they shall be judged and divided into two and only two great companies. One portion welcomed into eternal life, and the other driven into eternal sorrow. "For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."—*New York Evangelist*.

The Maiden and the Rack.

At Lisbon, in the early days of the Inquisition, a young lady, Maria de Coceicao, was seized and brought before the judges of that blood-thirsty court.

Maria was charged with being faithless to the Church of Rome. Gifted with an enquiring mind, and availing herself of means to acquire a knowledge of the foundations on which true religion is based, she was not long learning that the Roman Catholic religion is a cheat and a lie, and her pure mind rejected it with disgust. But she

was a timid girl. Gentle as she was pure, and nursed in the arms of luxury, she was not fitted for the conflict of faith and patience through which she was called to pass. When brought into the presence of the cruel judges, she trembled from head to foot, the cold sweat stood on her pale brow, and she was ready to sink to the earth with fear. She had heard of this terrible Inquisition. In her hours of secret study and prayer, the thought of it had often come, and she had asked God to give her strength if the day of trial which had come to many, should at last reach her.—And now it had come, and she alone and undefended, (alas! who could defend against such accusers) was standing face to face before the monsters of the rack and fag-got and sword.

Again she prayed, and strength was given her. She made a good confession before the bloody witnesses, and refusing to yield to their arguments or their threats, she was stretched upon the rack. Her tender limbs were extended by the slow revolving wheel, and though the spirit was willing to bear even more, the flesh was weak, and the poor girl yielded in the hour of her agony, to confess the faith she abhorred.

Released from her torture, more dead than alive, she was taken to her cell and suffered there to lie, till she recovered the use of her limbs, when she was again brought before the tribunal to sign the confession she had made in the hour of her extremity. But while her torn limbs had been recovering strength, her heart had rejoiced again in the faith that forsook her; and now she stoutly refused to deny the truth. She would die a thousand deaths, before she would be false to Christ.

Brave girl now? And yet how little we know of our own weakness. Every one has said to himself, if I were to be called a martyr, I would show them how to die! Maria was now firm in her refusal to confess, and

again the gentle maiden was stretched on the cruel wheel: again the cords were fastened to her feet and hands, and her joints started from their sockets by the slow remorseless roll of that engine of despair. God help thee now, Maria; the men that have thee have no hearts, and thou must perish or confess. She bore it longer than before. Instead of being weakened, she seemed to have gained strength by the former suffering, and now was resolved to be faithful unto death, and wear the crown of life.—But who knows his own strength? The agony was inexpressible. When she had thought it had reached its climax, it was only just begun. New seats of pain were reached, in the wretchedness of her woe, she began once more to cry for mercy. But he cried for what those wretches never had.—They offered to relax the cords if she would confess, and again, poor thing, again the racked and shrieking victim groaned a miserable assent to their demand. They took her up, and once more left her in her solitary cell to come back to life. There in her aching misery she had time to think of what she had done, and why. She had been faithless to the cause she loved: and though it was sweet to lie on that cold stone floor, and feel that the wheel was no longer dragging her limbs and her life away, yet she was sorry, even then, that she had purchased her deliverance from torture, by a confession of what her soul abjured. Stand up to that, Maria, when they bring thee before the monster again.

That day of trial was at hand. She was longer in recovering from this second torture, but she was hurried into the presence of the judges there to sign the extorted confession. Calmly but decidedly she told them of her weakness under suffering, how she had hoped to bear all and die rather than deny the faith she loved, but the anguish was awful, and she, a poor, weak girl, had been tempted to confess. But now she would retract all she had said in the moments of her misery.

She abjured the Church of Rome, and defied its power. "Twice," she added, "I have given way to the frailty of the flesh, and perhaps, while I am on the rack, I shall deny what was extorted from me by pain."

And then the wretches racked the brave girl again. She was strong now. Her strength was made perfect in suffering. The more severe the agony, the braver was her heart, and womanlike she rose above the present, and was a heroine in her martyrdom. Her constancy triumphed. The judges ordered the punishment to be stayed. They would not give her the luxury of dying in her victory. They ordered her to be scourged through the streets of Lisbon and banished!

Let us not judge too harshly of those who deny the faith. We know not the strength of their temptation, nor the weakness of their powers of resistance. We might fall with less. They may be recovered, and gathering strength from suffering, may yet be mighty in faith, and victorious too.—*New York Observer.*

The Graveyard Everywhere.

BY REV. DR. HUMPHREY.

A few years ago, a stranger put up at a hotel, in one of our cities, (I believe it was Boston,) and in the dusk of the evening, walked out to see the town. He had not proceeded far, before he came to a wall, and looking over, saw he had come to a burying ground. Turning into another street, he pretty soon came to a wall again, and found that it was the same graveyard. He went on, and again, to his great surprise, the winding and crossing of the streets, brought him up the third time, against that same dead wall. Go where he would, he could not get away from the graveyard. It was a very solemn and profitable lesson to him. His object in walking out, was to see some of the fine public buildings, and to look at some of the costly mansions of the merchant princes; but nothing arrested his atten-

tion, like that old cemetery. It seemed to him, as it were, to fence up every street. He could not get the impression off from his mind, that whatever else he might meet with, he was sure to find the graveyard everywhere.

And so it is with us all. Most of the events of our lives are uncertain. Such of them as we anticipate, may, or may not happen. But death is sure to come. Go where we will, in the city, or in the country; travel East, West, North or South, by day or by night; on business or for pleasure, we can't get far from the graveyard. We are liable to come suddenly up to the wall and to open the gate, when we least expect it. There is no turning into some cross street, or by-way, so as to avoid it. There it is, right before us. It may take a little longer or a little shorter time to reach the wall, and when we seem to leave it, by taking another street, like the stranger in Boston, we are sure of being brought dead against it, and it may be more to our surprise than it was to his.

The merchant takes the cars for the city, to lay in his Summer stock of goods, but never returns. He is suddenly and fatally dashed against the wall of some graveyard.

The physician, whose profession it is to keep us clear as long as possible from the graveyard, goes abroad to increase his skill for prolonging our lives, and is himself in like manner dashed against the wall, without a moment's warning.

The gay and thoughtless youth goes abroad, whither he will, with leisure and money to take his fill of pleasure. The last thing he thinks of is the graveyard, except, perchance, with companions as thoughtless as himself, to visit Auburn, or Greenwood, or some other beautiful rural cemetery. He is too young and too happy to think of dying; but the next we hear of him he is laid there in his long last sleep.

The happy father embarks with his wife and family for an excursion of health and pleasure on one of the float-

ing palaces of the river, or lake. The waters are smooth, the heavens are serene. Surely there is no danger on that short trip, of coming near any graveyard. But, ah! the uncertainty of human life. A fire breaks out, shrieks rend the air, and they suddenly reach the place they least thought of, the walled home of the dead.

The long train of cars filled with intelligence, reputation, age, youth and joyous heart-leapings for happy homes, leaves the city, on a beautiful spring morning, never dreaming of any danger. Ah! that awful plunge! Where are the fifty fathers, mothers, children, who but a moment before, were apparently as far from the graveyard as any of us; but how many of these burying-places have been opened to receive their mutilated remains. I saw the doating widowed mother, and the beautiful accomplished daughter, laid together in the grave. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

And so it is, whether we go abroad or stay at home, we are never, any of us, far from the graveyard. There may, when we feel most secure, be "but a step between us and death." Some disease or accident may bring the most healthy person up to the wall to-morrow. And if he should recover and try ever so much to shun it in time to come, by sheering off to the right or left, or by taking some flowery path which seems to lead quit in the opposite direction, it may imperceptibly sweep round, and the first he knows bring him back for the last time.

What remains, then, but that we prepare for death, while we are in life and in health, that we "stand with our loins girded about and our lamps always trimmed and burning, so that whether the Son of Man shall come at evening, at midnight, at the cock crowing, or in the morning, we may be ready." "Go to, now, ye that say, to-day or to-morrow, we will go into such a city and continue there a year, and buy and sell and get gain; where ye know not

what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Are they Well Enough Off?

Sometimes people say, "What is the use of going to the expense of sending the gospel to the heathen? The heathen are well enough off as they are." Let us see if they are well enough off as they are. We will take one of the South Sea islands for example. The Tahitians worshipped more than a hundred idols. As they fancied their gods were as cruel and covetous as themselves, they tried to please them by keeping live hogs and chickens for them. They called these animals sacred, and the priests pretended to keep them for the gods. "Once a traveller wanted to buy some sacred fowls, as there were no others to be had. The priest at first did not like to sell them, but when he saw what nice looking-glasses and knives he could get for them, he went to the idol and said, 'O my god, here are some beautiful things, knives, scissors, looking-glasses; perhaps I may sell some of the fowl belonging to us two for them; they will be good property for us two.' He then waited a few minutes, and pretended to be listening; then he said the god was willing, and let the traveller have them. They never thought their gods would be angry with sin, but fancied they could be coaxed and made to like those who gave them presents. When they prayed, they used to kneel on one knee and repeat their prayers in a sort of singing tone, saying something of this kind: 'See, I have brought you pigs and fruit; so be kind to me and do not let me be drowned, and let me conquer my enemies.' How different is our God from their gods. He cannot bear sin, and he cares for nothing we can give him. He never could have listened to our prayers, if Jesus had not suffered for our sins. The apostle John says 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and he is

the propitiation,' or sacrifice, 'for our sins.'

"Death was very terrible to those heathens, for they had no bright hopes beyond the grave. They thought at death their spirits went to their cruel gods, who ate them three times over, and afterwards they went into the body of a bird or beast, or man, and lived upon the earth again. Sometimes the poor creatures in dying have looked towards the end of the mat on which they lay, and cried out, 'Oh, there are the spirits waiting for my spirit; guard my spirit when it leaves the body: O keep it from them.' How different were these cries from those of some dying Christian children, who have exclaimed with sweet smiles, 'I see the angels coming to take me. O Lord Jesus, I come, I come!'"

Are the heathen well enough off as they are? If we love our Saviour and prize his gracious gospel of mercy and peace, shall we not be *in earnest* to bring others to a knowledge of him?—*Child's Paper.*

The Gospel in India.

In India the onward march of Christianity is creating great alarm among the advocates of *Hindooism*, and leading them to make violent efforts to check its progress, and to prop up the idolatrous institutions of the country, which are daily losing their influence over the minds of the people. A number of educated Hindoos have commenced a monthly periodical, containing extracts from infidel writers, intended as an antidote to the teaching of missionaries. They preface their publication with admissions which bear a most satisfactory testimony regarding the results of missionary operations among their countrymen. They say:—

"The vigorous exertions of the preachers of the gospel have tended to spread widely the knowledge of the Christian religion among the natives of India; there can hardly be found an educated Hindoo that knows not some-

thing about it. They leave nothing untried that can efficiently contribute to its propagation. By the means of schools, sermons, lectures, offering handsome prizes to successful essayists, and other indirect measures, they insidiously cause the youths of this country to be initiated in the doctrines of Christianity. The labors of the missionaries, it must be confessed have been in this respect, to a certain extent, crowned with success, though in producing conviction on the mind of the Hindoo population in regard to the soundness of the claims of their religion, they have not met with equally happy results. But when it is found that the acquaintance of the people with the subject of Christianity has grown so general, and that they have got it with some enlightened exceptions, of course, through no other medium than that of its advocates, it is exceedingly desirable that they should be made aware of what is said against it by eminent men born and educated in countries where the religion of Jesus is found to form the national faith."

An attempt is also being made to relax the stringent regulations of the Shasters, with the view of inducing those who have embraced Christianity to return to the religion of their ancestors. These proceedings on the part of the votaries of Hindoo idolatry afford conclusive evidence as to the extensive progress of the gospel in India.

Twilight in the Village.

How softly falls twilight in the village! The woods are crowned with red, and the hills fade from crimson to purple. A holy radiance shines in the blue transparency of the skies. The birds twitter bits of song, as they fold their plumage for rest. One star, out betimes to light evening through its cloud-path, trembles at its own beauty, mirrored in the placid river. In peace the sun is sinking behind the hills. Peace is written on field, flower, and leaf. Peace seems falling from heaven like the dew that sinks in the heart

of earth. The low hum of human voices is rather the melody of silence than its disturber.

Down the hilly, winding road, comes the loaded wain. High-perched in the midst of the fragrant hay-mound, sits a yellow-haired child—tricksy as a sprite, an oat-plume in his brimless hat, a bunch of gaudy hurs in his hand. Ah! life will weave thee some crown of thorns, my boy, even more rapidly, more surely than thou thy field treasures; thou canst not throw it by like those.

Black Pomp frisks by his master's side as he guides the lumbering oxen. The old man is tired. And who shall say what unwritten poetry swells his bosom, as he sees wife and babes in the mellow distance. Sure of welcome—happy rustic he! No city splendor for him—but large shares of heart and home.

In a hundred kitchens the snowy cloth is spread. On a hundred hearths the boiling kettle babbles its merry music. Out go mothers to gather in the straggling children from garden and hill-side. How the berries have stained them—lip, cheek, frock and fingers. And what boots chiding? they will do the same to-morrow. From hill-side streams come the elder boys, their hands full of tiny fish, and little girls haste from their mimic gardens, leaving their broken twigs to shoot into trees as they fondly hope.

Neighbor hails neighbor as he shakes the dust from his shoes, and lifts the latchet of his gate, driving before him to their shelter a cloud of hens and chickens. Here and there a white-headed patriarch puts lingeringly from his sight his favorite newspaper, folds the old horn-rimmed spectacles away in a case, worn like himself, and hobbles in to the call of supper. Yonder, where a spectre hand, white as death, 'ds back the muslin curtain, the poor consumptive woos the cool, sweet breath of evening, as it comes with stars in its crown of rejoicing.

Now on the stillness floats the sacred song. Childish ringlets are crushed between dimpled hand and cheek;

grew locks soften with their silvery outlines, hard and horny palms. Heads are bent reverently, and through the solemn hush, up to the angels who minister in the good homes, are wafted simple prayers, and they bear them to the Father. Now curtains are ungathered and shutters locked, but between crack and crevice gleam out their yellow rays—from the sick room—from the student's chamber—from the kitchen, rich only in cleanliness—come those little ministers of light. And they stream out—out over the white fences, over the brown hedges, clear through to the water's brink. And there clustering about the silver wake of the moon, they dance and glitter till the rustic bridge frightens them away with its shadow—till departing day's drowsy glance melts into sleep and twilight is ended.

The Word and the Works of God.

No man can claim to be a devout believer in the word of God, who cannot habitually see the hand of his Father in all his works, who cannot behold him in the opening day or closing night, in the revolution of the planets and the seasons, in the bursting buds of spring, and the ripening harvests of autumn—aye, in every passing cloud and every beam of light. Nay, I carry the test of genuine piety and religious attainments still further. We must not only contemplate God in the shining heavens, and mark his path in the rolling deep—not only see his fatherly presence in the glow of night, in the mist upon the valley—in all the scenes of nature, fair, glorious, and grand, but we must also learn to behold him in the world of events; that world in which we are participators and recipients. He intended that, to a considerate mind, everything in life should possess a solemn meaning and a high instruction. No circumstances to be accidental; there were to be no good and evil chances; and all was to be good, though for different ends and by different means. The lake, covered

with the daffodils glancing in the wind and sunshine, was not only intended to flash on the outward, but also upon the inward eye; the forests bending beneath the breeze, and the harvests waving like the undulations of the sea; and the evergreens relieving the grimness of winter, and the little daisy that starts up along every path, were each and all to have alike a kind ministration to the various aptitudes and moods of our minds, and to the anxieties and aspirations of our souls. All was to be reviewed, studied, and remembered as pictures of Divine goodness, by which we gain

“That blessed mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lighted; that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on—
Until the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of all things.”

Aye! a blessed mood, sent for to bring peace with every spirit of holiness,

“And teach us how to find
A shelter under every wind,
And hope, for tunes that are unkind
And every season.”

No, it was not intended that we should walk over God's fair earth and beneath his spreading skies with our faces prone to earth, beast-like, and like merely animate machines, breathe his air and partake of his unbounded and countless gifts, and never recognise the hand that sustains them and us by them. This is to live without a God in the world. This is a practical Atheism, whether existing out of the church or in it. And it is also to live without hope: doomed to bear the burdens, perform the tasks, and share the miseries of life, without the cheering sense of a paternal presence ever over us, and a glorious reward ever before us.



MOLECH, OR MOLOCH.

MOLECH (Lev. xviii. 21), or **MILCOLM** (1 Kings xi. 5), or **MOLOCH** (Acts vii. 43). The name of an idol god, worshipped by the Ammonites with human sacrifices.

The Rabbins tell us that it was made of brass, and placed on a brazen throne, and that the head was that of a calf, with a crown upon it. The throne and image were made hollow, and a furious fire was kindled within it. The flames penetrated into the body and limbs of the idol; and when the arms were red-hot, the victim was thrown into them, and was almost immediately burned to death. Its cries were drowned by drums, &c. Some have doubted whether there was an actual sacrifice of life on these occasions; and they refer to customs still prevalent in China, and among some of the Indian nations, where the devotees walk barefoot over burning coals, and often carry their children in their arms for the purpose of consecrating them. This they call *passing through the fire*. (2 Kings xvi. 3.) No objection can be made to the credibility of the Rabbins' account, from the barbarity of it: for the burning of widows, and the drowning of children, in India, are certainly no less

revolting instances of cruelty than the throwing of infants into the heated arms of an idol god.

The *tabernacle of Moloch* was the tent or small house in which the image of the idol was placed. It was of a size and shape to be portable, and was taken up like other baggage, and carried from place to place.

The Mother's Smile.

"There are scenes and sunny places
On which feeling loves to dwell,
There are many happy faces
Who have known and loved us well;
But 'mid joy or 'mid dejection,
There is nothing can beguile,
That can show the fond affection,
Of a mother's welcome smile."

An approving smile from any person is pleasant—but when that smile "plays upon the lips" of a loving and beloved mother, what ineffable joy thrills through the heart! Surely, no greater reward need be solicited by the ardent youth; no higher meed of praise may the adventurous young man seek; no brighter or more heart-cheering boon can the middle-aged individual crave,—than the bestowal of a mother's benignant smile. It matters not how many cares may weigh upon the mind, or how many

sorrows may burden the soul—the moment a mother's countenance is perceived, irradiated with such affectionate smiles as mothers alone can give, our sorrows disappear—the burden is removed, and Hope diffuses its sunny rays throughout our hearts.

Believe me, mothers! Though you may never have thought a smile of much intrinsic value, still it may be productive of great benefit to the children whom God in his wisdom has placed under your care. Even when the heart has become callous, and almost entirely insensible to good influences, but few can resist the winning power of a mother's smile.

And O, how those who are blessed with pious parents, should strive to render themselves worthy of this invaluable gift, which can be given by none except by her who bears the endearing name of "Mother."

A mother's smile cheers in youth, and imparts pleasant thoughts in manhood; the remembrance of it sheds a blissful halo around us, in our declining years, lighting, with fresh vigour, our pathway to the "bourne whence the weary traveller ne'er returns."

LILLY LEE.

The Missionary and S. S. Record.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER, 1853.

In those days of turmoil, and "rumours of wars," it affords us pleasure, as philanthropists and as Christians, to have it in our power to give a wide circulation to the following address, from the teachers of St. George's Church Sunday School, to their beloved superintendent, the Rev. Wm. Bond, under whose care, it appears, the Sunday School has most wonderfully progressed:—

To the Rev. Wm. Bond.

We the undersigned—the Sunday School Teachers of St. George's Church Sunday School—desire to testify our regard and ap-

preciation of your unvarying kindness to us, and your Pastoral care over us, since our connection with the School. In the good providence of God, you have been the means, not only of enlisting us in the good work, but by your friendly and timely aid and counsel, strengthened and encouraged us to continue when our own spirits flagged. Your untiring exertions, both in the Sunday School and at our Teachers' meetings, will, we trust, never be effaced from our memories, nor fail to induce in ourselves the desire to follow so good an example.

While we thus feel it our duty, it affords us real pleasure, to strengthen your hands in any way that in our power lies, and at the same time to give expression to our heartfelt prayer, that our covenant God may strengthen you more and more, and grant you to see much of the Lord's work prospering in your hands.

In the belief and hope, that it would be grateful to your feelings, we beg to tender you herewith a sum sufficient to make you a life member of that society you are agent for in Canada, one in which we, with you, take a deep interest, and with earnest prayers that the blessing from on high may attend you and yours, we subscribe ourselves

Your affectionate Servants

In the Lord's Vineyard.

Signed by Sixty persons, Ladies and Gentlemen Teachers and others, connected with the management of the Sunday School.

The Rev. Mr. Bond's reply was in substance as follows:—

My Dear Friends,

I will not attempt to disguise the great pleasure I feel in receiving this mark of your affection and regard, and I am indeed thankful for the many and continued kindnesses I have received from each and all of you since our connection in this School.

You speak of my having enlisted you "in the good work." Yea, it is a good work, and rest assured that we shall thank God, I trust through Eternity, for having put it into our hearts to feed His lambs; and I thank God that you feel it is a good work, because it is a guarantee that you will not lightly relinquish this labor of love.

Blessed be God, my dear friends, if I have

been enabled to strengthen and encourage you hitherto; and let me again say—be not discouraged, persevere in faith and prayer, diligently prepare yourselves by reading *the word* and supplicating the teaching of the Holy Spirit—and assuredly you shall reap if you faint not.

As to my exertions in this School, and at our Teachers' meetings they have ever been a pleasure to me—my heart has been with you, my affections drawn towards you by many causes—some of the dearest of my spiritual attachments have been formed within the circle of my Sunday School, and when other duties have called me away from it, even for one Sunday, I have felt more than I wish to acknowledge, that the happiness of that day was diminished. O, if you knew the pleasure and happiness that are mine, derived from this Sunday School, you would perceive that it is in itself an exceeding great reward. Yea, what pleasure it is to behold so many of you doing the work of priests unto God, as the Apostle saith—what pleasure to behold our scholars gradually mingling in the duties of life, yet maintaining a good profession—what pleasure to welcome them at the Lord's table, and what pleasure to anticipate our meeting at last in heaven. May God grant it, and if I have been enabled to be useful to you, to God's name be all the honor and the glory.

And now let me thank you for your very kind and well chosen gift. You could not have found one more grateful to my feelings. It is not only expressive of your regard for myself but it is also a mark of the deep interest you take in the Colonial Church and School Society with which I have been so long and so closely connected, and which is so well deserving of your support; and it will remain upon the Society's records a lasting testimony of your regard for me.

I thank you most warmly, and will by God's help, still more earnestly endeavour by all the means in my power to advance your spiritual welfare; and I pray that God may pour upon you his richest blessings, that grace, mercy and peace may be yours, and again most warmly do I thank you.

The address was accompanied by a bill of exchange for the amount required to constitute him a life member

of the Colonial Church and School Society of London, England.

It may be well for the information of friends at a distance to state something of what we know concerning this Sunday School. Those connected with its management, Teachers and others, number about sixty, and the numbers present on Sundays is generally over 400.

It is pleasing to see among both its Teachers and Scholars, some of the most respectable, as well as those from whom an all-wise Providence has been pleased to withhold temporal blessings. These things surely call upon us to believe that the time is drawing near when all shall know the Lord, from the least to the greatest, and they with loud voice command us all to aid in the work of the Lord.

As an evidence of what may be done by small means, when perseverance is practised, we learn, that by a missionary collection taken up in the School every Sunday, a city Missionary is supported conjointly with the C. C. S. Society; and the children have the pleasure of being thus able to give their feeble aid in obeying the command of the Saviour of endeavouring to evangelize those around them.

In this missionary work we fancy we see one great cause of the prosperity of the School, and also, the fulfilment of the promise of the Lord Jesus himself, who said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The Martyr Mackail.

One of these sufferers is worthy of special remark, in himself, and as the prototype of Mac Briar in Old Mortality—a character disfigured in some traits, but on the whole of surpassing

power, beauty and pathos. This was Hugh Mackail. He was a young minister of twenty-six—had traveled on the continent—possessed a liking for letters—amused himself in prison composing Latin verses, but was withal a zealous and fiery Covenanter. He was put to a species of torture equally cruel and clumsy, called the Boots. This instrument was composed of four pieces of narrow boards nailed together, into which when the leg was laid, wedges were driven down with a hammer, mangling the limb, forcing out the marrow, and producing exquisite pain. Mackail bore it with great firmness, denied all knowledge of the existence of a conspiracy, and asserted that the rising of Pentland was altogether accidental. His appearance on the scaffold excited floods of tears from the spectators. There was not, says an eyewitness, “a dry eye in the whole street.” He was so young,—had been so popular, and was possessed of a hectic beauty which now seemed, from the composure of his mind and the magnanimity of his resolve, to be tintured with the hues of heaven. The pale white-cloud assumed a golden tinge as it approached the west.—He went up the ladder, telling his fellow sufferers that he felt every step of it a degree nearer heaven. And when he reached the summit he burst out into the words, “Farewell, father and mother, friends and relatives! farewell, the world and all delights! farewell, meat and drink! farewell sun, moon and stars! Welcome God and Father! welcome sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the New Covenant! welcome blessed Spirit of grace, the God of all consolation! welcome glory! welcome eternal life, and welcome death!” It was worth a hundred poems. An apostle could not have left the stage of time with firmer assurance, or with loftier language on his lips. With what true, unconscious taste, he makes the climax, not in glory, but in “death!”—*Gillilan.*

One Sin too Many.

A FACT FOR HALF-AWAKENED SINNERS.

There is an old Grecian legend, which teaches that there was once a diver who boasted of his skill to bring up treasures from the sea. To test his powers, the people threw many a silver cup and many a golden-coin into water nine fathoms deep. And the bold diver brought them to the surface with triumph. But one day a disguised fiend threw a tinsel crown into a whirlpool, and challenged the confident diver to bring it up; promising him, if he succeeded, the power to wear it and to transmit it to his children. Down he sprang after the bauble; but the Nereids of the sea, hearing the clangor of the crown when it fell upon their grottoes, closed around him as he was grasping the prize, and held him fast until he perished.

Thus reads the legend. Its moral teaches that the most daring may dare once too often—that folly, though long successful will plunge its victim into ruin at last. A lesson worthy of the careful study of partially awakened sinners, as may be seen by the following fact:

A young man of fine talents was present one evening at the house of God in ——— during an interesting revival. Several of his companions had already given their hearts to Christ, and he had been deeply moved by their experience. He was therefore prepared to receive strong impressions, and he did. The truth went home to his conscience. He wept to see himself so vile, as he now beheld himself mirrored in the word of God. He felt a motion, almost irrepressible, to submit to Christ, and to join the band of penitents who bowed before the altar. But the pride of his heart revolted at so public and humiliating an avowal of his sinfulness. He dreaded the scorn of the worldly! He kept his seat, therefore, soothing his conscience by a resolve—firm and irrevocable, as he persuaded himself—to return home at

the close of the service and seek the pardon of his sins alone in the solitude of his chamber. With this purpose he left his pew at the close of the services, and passed with the thronging but grave multitude out of the church.

On the doorsteps he found some gay friends awaiting him. They had planned a scheme of pleasure for an hour or two that night; and they begged him to join them.

"No," said he, faintly, "I think not to-night."

They gazed in his face earnestly, and one of them, detecting an unusual seriousness in his aspect, which was discernable even in the pale moonlight of that beautiful evening, exclaimed in a taunting tone of voice, "What! are you going to be religious too?"

That speaker was his fiend in disguise. In that speech he threw the bauble of human approbation into the whirlpool, and the half-awakened youth plunged in desperately to seize it. Throwing off his gravity he burst into a loud laugh, assured them he was not serious, accepted their invitation, and lost his convictions. Henceforth his sins held him in bondage and in chains. In a few months he died an impenitent sinner!

How fatal was his ONE act of resistance of the Holy Spirit. Had he yielded and taken his place at the altar, the invitation of his sinful friends at the door would have been powerless to attract him. But he resisted once too often. The tinsel crown of human approval led him, like the diver, to a fatal leap, and he perished. Awakened sinners beware! You too may sin once too often!—*Zion's Herald*.

The Better Land.

A father and mother were living with their two children on a desert island in the midst of the ocean, on which they had been shipwrecked. Roots and vegetables served them for food; a spring supplied them with water, and a cavern in the rock with a dwelling. Storm and

tempest often raged fearfully on the island.

The children could not remember how they had reached the island; they knew nothing of the vast continent; bread, milk, fruit, and whatever other luxury is yielded there, were things unknown to them.

There landed one day upon the island four Moors in a small boat. The parents felt great joy, and hoped now to be rescued from their troubles; but the boat was too small to take them all over together to the adjoining land, so the father determined to risk the passage first.

Mother and children wept when he embarked in the boat with its frail planks, and the four black men were about to take him away. But he said, "Weep not! It is better yonder; and you will all soon follow."

When the little boat returned and took away the mother, the children wept still more. But she also said, "Weep not! In the better land we shall all meet again."

At last came the boat to take away the two children. They were frightened at the black men, and shuddered at the fearful sea over which they had to pass. With fear and trembling they drew near the land. But how rejoiced they were when their parents appeared upon the shore, offered them their hands, led them into the shade of lofty palm-trees, and regaled themselves on the flowery turf with milk, honey, and delicious fruits. "O! how groundless was our fear!" said the children, "we ought not to have feared, but to have rejoiced, when the black men came to take us away to the better land."

"Dear children," said their father, "our voyage from the desert island to this beautiful country conveys to us a still higher meaning. There is appointed for us a still longer voyage to a much more beautiful country. The whole earth, on which we dwell, is like an island. The land here is indeed a noble one in our eyes, although only a faint shadow of heaven. The passage hither over the stormy sea is—death;

that little boat resembles the bier, upon which men in black apparel shall at some time carry us forth. But when that hour strikes, then we, myself, your mother, or you, must leave this world. So fear not. Death is for pious men who have loved God, and have done his will, nothing else but a voyage to the better land."

"Expectant of eternal peace,
The Christian feels Death's terrors cease;
And, led by God's paternal hand,
Mounts upward to the better land."

A Decisive Moment.

A few years since while traveling in an adjacent state, along the banks of a majestic river, a friend pointed to the flashing current, and related the following incident:

Not long before, when the spring rains filled the broad channel with a surging flood, a lumberman ventured out in a boat on the bay, to save timber which was breaking from its fastenings, and would soon be swept down the stream unless secured. In his absorbing interest to prevent the loss, he went too far in the rushing tide. His little bark was caught by the current, and amid wild shrieks for help he was borne away—arrow-like before the tumultuous waters.

The alarm spread and a neighbor recollecting there was a bridge several miles below, mounted a horse and hastened to that only place of rescue. Onward in helpless calmness, the imperiled boatman sped; and on the shore his deliverer rode with the fleetness of a courier towards the bridge. Reaching the structure which trembled to the violence of the flood, he called for a rope, and throwing it over the arch, waited the approach of the pale and anxious man. He saw the swaying cord, and as he swept beneath it, grasped it with the energy of a last hope—the thread of life. In another moment he was in the embrace of his friends. And I have thought when I have seen men unconcerned for their souls' salvation, and on the current of depravity, sweeping them away, there must come

a decisive crisis—a last offer of mercy; and who will say when the friendly hand of a Redeemer will be withdrawn forever, "I might have been saved," will be the keenest pang in the agonies of the second death, while the vision rests on the moment, which decided the entrance upon the infinite deep of retributive waste.—*New York Observer.*

A Candid Mind.

There is nothing sheds so fine a light upon the human character as candour. It was called *whiteness* by the ancients, for its purity and beauty; and it has always won the esteem due to the most admirable of the virtues. However little sought for or practised, all do it the homage of their praise, and all feel the power and charm of its influence. This man whose opinions make the deepest mark upon his fellows; whose influence is the most lasting and efficient; whose friendship is instinctively sought, where all others have proved faithless, is not the man of brilliant parts, or flattering tongue, or splendid genius, or commanding power; but he whose lucid candour and ingenuous truth transmit the heart's real feelings pure and without refraction. There are other qualities which are more showy, and other traits that have a higher place in the world's code of honour; but none wear better, or gather less tarnish by use, or claim a deeper homage in that silent reverence which the mind must pay to virtue.

As it is the most beautiful, so it is the safest of moral qualities. None fall into so few mistakes—none darken and deform themselves with so little falsehood and wrong—none so free from the pain of doing wrong, as those who walk amidst the pitfalls and miasmas, passions and errors, of our tainted life, clothed habitually with candour. The rare and comely union of prudence and of principle, of firmness and forbearance, of truth and zeal, of earnestness of feeling and discrimination of views, is to be found only in minds pervaded and enlarged by candour. To love and to

seek, in all things, the truth—to choose and adhere to, before all the solicitations of passion, or the power of prejudice, or the force of public opinion, or the claims of interest or power, whatever is right and true—to believe, at every juncture of experience or thought, that nothing is so good, or desirable, or trustworthy, as truth—to scent the truth amidst all the unpopular disguises which too often disfigure it in this world—this must be safest and best, whatever we may think of it, if God really reigns, and there be an eternal distinction between truth and falsehood, right and wrong. In nothing have men so vital an interest as in truth. Nothing should we so earnestly strive to get at, or hold fast when obtained. “Buy the truth, and sell it not.”—*Green Leaves.*

The Rose and Thistle.—A Fable.

“Please tell me a story, mother dear,” whispered a blue-eyed boy, drawing his little cricket to his parent’s side.

“I have almost exhausted my stock of stories,” was the reply, “and do not now think of any which I have not told you.”

“I have been reading some fables this afternoon,” resumed the child, “and like them very much. Cannot you make one for me, and let me try to find out its meaning?”

A thoughtful expression passed over the mother’s countenance, and she thus began. “There was a beautiful garden in which a profusion of flowers were blooming all the season. Almost as soon as the snow-wreath faded away in the spring, bright-hued blossoms looked up lovingly to the sky, seeming to woo the sunbeams.—There was the crocus and hyacinth, the pansy and snowdrop, each beautiful, and each alike speaking of its Maker. These were succeeded by daffodils and tulips, and growing in proximity were many thriving plants, which gave promise of a still richer treasure of blossoms by and by.

A flourishing rosebush, trained to a

fanciful trellis, was regarded with much interest by the owner of the garden. He loosened the soil around its roots, and when the rain came but seldom, he plentifully watered the thirsty plant. Near the rose was a thistle, with its bristly leaves and prickly stalk. No one watched its growth, or gave it a passing thought, except to wish it away. The children shunned it when they came near, and drew their garments closer around them.

‘Why does not the gardener give me some water?’ asked the thistle, one morning when it was thirsty, and drooping for the want of rain. I saw him showering the rosebush with his watering-pot without coming near me.’

‘You are a useless intruder in our beautiful garden,’ answered the rosebush. ‘You send your strong roots deep into the soil, taking away nourishment from blossoming plants and creeping vines, without doing any good in return.’

The rosebush grew, and when the long summer days came, its fragrant buds began to open. Soon the trellis which supported it was covered with clustering roses, whose blushing lips were redolent with sweet perfume. Then delighted children gathered the fair flowers, and beauty wreathed them in her curls, or their bright forms lent new attractions to the sumptuous parlor, and their fragrant breath floated like a cloud of incense on the air.

The thistle saw the favor which was bestowed upon its neighbour with a throb of envy. ‘I will bloom too,’ it thought, ‘and perhaps they will like me better.’ So its prickly stalk ascended higher, and a large purple blossom began to expand. It was a gaudy flower surrounded by a calyx of spear-like points. Then the thistle glanced in triumph at the rose, whose beauty was beginning to wane. ‘They will neglect you for me,’ it said sharply, ‘for my bloom is more enduring than yours.’ But the only answer the rose gave was its sweet odor, with which the air was laden.

The thistle was doomed to disap-

pointment. The rose was still looked upon with admiring eyes, and even its faded leaves were carefully preserved, while the thistle was hastily passed by. At length the gardener came near. 'This ugly thistle must not be allowed to scatter its seeds,' said he, pausing before it. 'A nice crop of young thistles should we have another year. Then with his sharp spade he cut off its roots, and when he had finished, he tossed the drooping plant into the barn-yard. 'It will do no more harm, he said, with a tone of exultation.'

"I know what your fable means," exclaimed the child, when the mother had ceased speaking. "The thistle was disliked because it was so prickly, while the rose was admired on account of its beauty and fragrance."

"And what does it teach you?" inquired the mother. "I design to teach rather than to amuse you."

"That we must be good, kind and loving, if we wish people to like us," answered the child in his simple way.

"Yes," was the reply, "God placed us in the world to be a blessing to it—to gladden other hearts by deeds of love and kindness. The rose not only adorned the garden by its graceful form and rich coloring, but was still more prized for its fragrance, which remained when its bloom was faded. Let us imitate it, striving to fulfil the design of our Creator in benefiting all who come within the sphere of our influence. Let us be like the rose, shedding the sweet breath of love and kindness all around, rather than like the thistle, repelling all hearts by sharp words and tones of bitterness.—
Well Spring.

Nothing is Lost.

BY JOHN GRITCHLEY PRINCE.

Nothing is lost; the drop of dew
Which trembles on the leaf or flower
Is but exhaled, to fall anew
In summer's thunder shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

Nought lost, for even the tiniest seed
By wild birds borne, or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need
Wherein 'tis sown and grown;
Perchance finds sustenance and soil
In some remote and desert place,
Or mid the crowded homes of toil
Finds usefulness and grace.

The little drift of common dust
By the March winds disturbed and tossed,
Though scattered by the fitful gust,
Is changed; but never lost;
It yet may bear some sturdy stem,
Some proud oak battling with the blast,
Or grown with verdurous diadem
Some ruin of the past.

The furnace quenched, the flame put out,
Still cling to earth, or soar in air,
Transformed, diffused, and blown about,
To burn again elsewhere;
Haply, to make the beacon blaze,
Which gleams athwart the briny waste,
Or light the social lamp, whose rays
Illumine the home of taste.

The touching tone of minstrel art,
The breathings of the mournful flute,
Which we have heard with listening heart
Are not extinct when mute.
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To memories after hour.

So with our words, of harsh, or kind,
Uttered, they are not all forgot,
They leave their influence on the mind,
Pass on, but perish not;
As they are spoken, so they fall
Upon the spirit spoken to,
Search it like drops of burning gall,
Or soothe like honey-dew.

So with our deeds, for good or ill,
They have their power scarce understood
Then let us use our better will,
To make them rise with good;
Like circles on a lake they go,
Ring within ring, and never stay;
O, that our deeds were fashioned so
That they might bless away!

Then since these lesser things ne'er die,
But work beyond our poor control,
Say, shall that suppliant for the sky,
The greatest human soul?
Ah, no! it still will spurn the past,
And search the future for its rest,—
O, joy! if it be found at last
Among the poor and blest!

COURSE OF SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR 1853.

FIRST SERIES.

- Nov. 13.**—*Scripture to be read*—Acts xvii, 16-34. *To be committed*—1 Cor. i. 22-24. *Subject*—Paul at Athens. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Given to idolatry—Paul's spirit stirred—began to preach—philosophers disputed—what kind of audience at Mars hill—worship they know not what—Paul's manner of addressing Gentiles—not appeal to Moses, as in the case of Jews, 1 Cor. ix. 22—introduces his own subject, Jesus and resurrection—they mocked—yet some given to him.
- Nov. 20.**—*Scripture to be read*—1 Cor. xv. 1-20. *To be committed*—2 Cor. v. 1. *Subject*—Apostolic Epistles—Resurrection of the Body. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Death and resurrection of Christ the foundation of their hope—proofs of resurrection—(apostles frequently appeal to these)—Paul, in himself least; but by grace laboured much—resurrection of the body—the hope of it consoling—Christ the first fruits.
- Nov. 27.**—*Scripture to be read*—Eph. vi. 1-9. *To be committed*—1 Pet. i. 22, 23. *Subject*—Apostolic Epistles—Relative Duties. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Relative duties—how they may be performed, chap. iv. 22-24—children, parents, servants, masters—motives mingled; as unto Christ, &c.—though the Bible makes children and servants subject, it requires tenderness from parents and masters.
- Dec. 4.**—*Scripture to be read*—Heb. xii. 1-15. *To be committed*—Jer. ii. 30. *Subject*—Apostolic Epistles—The Race and the Witnesses. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Examples of faith in chapter xi.—allusion to race explaining and enforcing command, "Lay aside," &c.—appeal to examples of saints as witnesses, and to Jesus the author of faith—chastening, from whom, and from what it comes—our Father in heaven—many despise the chastening, and perish, Jer. ii. 30.
- Dec. 11.**—*Scripture to be read*—James i. 16-27. *To be committed*—Mat. vii. 16, 17. *Subject*—Apostolic Epistles—The New Heart and its Fruits of Righteousness. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Author of all good, Rom. vii. 18—born again—of his own will—whereby? the word—why? that we should be first-fruits, Eph. i. 4—*wherefore* let every man, &c.—streams of righteousness in the life flow from the fountain of a renewed nature—v. 27, the *actings* of religion are towards men, Ps. cxvi. 2, 3—and these under two heads, active benevolence, and personal purity.

SECOND SERIES.

- Nov. 13.**—*Scripture to be read*—Col. iii. 1-10. *To be committed*—Rom. vi. 1, 2. *Subject*—The Gospel enforcing the law. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—In him (by him as their substitute) believers have suffered death for sin, and risen justified—if so, set your affections, &c.—Life of believer, where—He shall appear, therefore mortify, &c.—commands to righteousness urged by evangelical motives.
- Nov. 20.**—*Scripture to be read*—Col. iii. 17-25, iv. 1, 2. *To be committed*—1 Tim. iv. 4, 5. *Subject*—Relative duties. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—All in Jesus name—thanks to God by him—relative duties, conjugal—children and parents—servants and masters—prayer and thanks continually.
- Nov. 27.**—*Scripture to be read*—Heb. ix. 1-14. *To be committed*—Ch. x. 19-22. *Subject*—Christ the end of the ceremonial law. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—The description of the first seven verses briefly, referring to the Mosaic history—v. 8. whose voice the Scriptures are—the explanation of the ceremonies, Christ the end of the law—He is the high priest—and the sacrifice—expound v. 14.
- Dec. 4.**—*Scripture to be read*—Heb. xi. 1-20. *To be committed*—Js. v. 10, 11. *Subject*—The cloud of witnesses. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Sketch of the history with practical lessons.
- Dec. 11.**—*Scripture to be read*—Heb. xi. 21-32. *To be committed*—Ch. xii. 1, 2. *Subject*—The cloud of witnesses. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Sketch of the history with practical lessons.

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