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Vol. II.]

[No. 7.

THE  
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY  
AND  
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

JULY 1, 1845.

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Terms 1s per Annum, in Advance, exclusive of Postage.

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Come over and Help us.

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*The profits of this Publication to go to the Funds  
of the Canada Sunday School Union.*

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MONTREAL:  
PRINTED BY J. C. BECKET, SAINT PAUL STREET.

1845.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We call the attention of our subscribers to the notification on the first page, of the terms of the *Record*--payable in advance, and we trust our friends will recollect this, and enable us to adhere to our rule in this matter.

We would also remind them, that by a little exertion they might materially increase our circulation--and that we trust they will endeavour to obtain new subscribers, now, before the year is further advanced, as it will be better for all parties to receive the numbers singly each month, than to delay subscribing, and running the risk of not being able afterwards to obtain the back numbers. The twelve numbers for the past year may be had bound in a very neat little volume price 1s 8d, by application to Mr. BECKET. This book is very suitable for Sabbath School libraries--and for presents to the young.

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## POSTAGE OF THE RECORD.

Recent complaints from different quarters, render it necessary for us again to refer to the postage payable on the *Record* by those of our subscribers who may not have sent us 1s 6d for each number in advance. In one place in the West, the cost of the parcel varies from its legitimate postage to about three times that charge; and in another place East, the parcel is actually undone, and the numbers served out singly to the subscribers and charged one penny each--whereas, if the parcel was preserved entire, and sent on to the party to whom it is addressed, each number would cost only one half-penny. Such conduct on the part of Post Masters, or Unwilling Agents, is a serious injury to the spread of the *Record*, and highly criminal. We have ascertained the opinion of the officials at head quarters relative to such conduct, and are assured that there will be no difficulty in dealing with the guilty, if we can but substantiate our charge. We advise therefore in future all those of our subscribers who have complaints to make similar to those above alluded to, that they do so to us without delay. And we would again inform our friends, that they themselves can determine the price of each parcel by weighing it, as the law regulating such periodicals, provides, "that they be charged one penny per ounce." And in connection with this, we would inform our subscribers, that we do not in any case, with two or three exceptions at most, (and that is when only one is sent to the same place) put up the *Records* singly: hence, if they receive them so put up, it must be done for the purpose of defrauding the subscribers at the post office from which they are issued.

We hope that it will not be necessary for us to advert to this matter again, as subscribers and individuals to whom parcels are addressed must now see that the law in a great measure is in their own hands, and that it is in their own power to determine the amount of postage on each parcel they may receive.



**NESTORIANS AND TENTS.**  
(See Page 109.)

THE  
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY  
AND  
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

VOL. II.]

JULY 1, 1845.

[No. 7.

**ANOTHER LILY GATHERED,**

BEING A NARRATIVE OF THE CONVERSION & DEATH OF JAMES LAING

*By the Rev. R. M'Cheyne, of Dundee.*

"My beloved is gone into his garden--to gather lilies."--Song vi. 2.

*(Continued from page 85.)*

One of the loveliest features in the character of this little boy, was his intense love to the souls of men. He often spoke with me on the folly of men living without Christ in the world. I shall never forget the compassionate glance of his clear blue eye, as he said, "What a pity it is that they do not a' come to Christ—they would be sic happy."\* He often reminded me of the verse, "Love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God."†

One Sabbath evening I spoke to the scholars in the Sabbath School about him. When the school was over they all came in to his cottage to see him. The little throng stood silent round his bed while he spoke to them with great solemnity. "You all know what I was. I was no better than you; but the Holy Spirit opened my eyes, and I saw that I was on the very brink

\* What a pity it is that they would not all come to Christ, they would be so happy.

† 1 John iv. 7.

of hell. Then I cried to Jesus to save me, and give me a new heart ; I put my finger on the promise, and would not come away without it ; and he gave me a new heart ; and he is as willing to give you all a new heart. I have sinned with you, now I would like you to come to Christ with me. You would be far happier in Christ than at your play. There are sweeter pleasures in Christ. Here are two awful verses to me :

“ There is a dreadful hell,  
And everlasting pains ;  
There sinners must with devils dwell  
In darkness, fire, and chains.

Can such a wretch as I  
Escape this cursed end ?  
And may I hope when'er I die,  
I shall to heaven ascend ?”

Then, pointing to the fire, he said, “ You could not keep your finger long there, but remember hell is *a lake of fire*. I would give you all a prayer to pray to-night. Go and tell Jesus that you are poor lost, hell-deserving sinners, and tell him to give you a new heart. Mind, He's willing, and oh, be earnest—ye'll no get it unless ye be earnest.”

These were nearly his very words. Strange scene ! a dying boy speaking to his fellows. They were impressed for a time, but it soon wore away. Several Sabbath evenings the same scene was renewed. The substance of all his warnings was, “ Come to Christ, and get a new heart.” He often told me afterwards that he had been inviting them to Christ, “ but, (he added,) *they'll no come.*”

One evening during the week, a number of the children came in. After speaking to them in a very solemn manner, he took from under his pillow a little book, called “ A Letter about Jesus Christ.” He turned up the part where it tells of six boys laying their finger on the promise, Ezek. xxxvi. 26, and pleading for its fulfilment. He was not able to read it to them, but he said he would give it to them ; and each boy should

keep it two days and read it, and *do the same*. The boys were much impressed, and agreed to the proposal.

One day during his illness his sister found him crying very bitterly. She asked him what ailed him. He said, "Do you remember when I was at the day-school at the time of the Revival? One day when we were writing our copies, one of the boys had been *some anxious* (somewhat anxious) about his soul; he wrote a line to me on a slip of paper, '*Ezek. xxxvi. 26 To James Laing. Pray over it.*' I took the paper, read it, and tore it, and threw it on the floor, and laughed at the boy. O Margaret, if I hadna laughed at him, maybe he would have sought Christ until he had found him. Maybe I have been the means of ruining his soul to all eternity." In how tender a manner this shews the tenderness of his care for the souls of others; and also how a rash word or deed, little thought of at the time, may plant a sting in the dying pillow.

One night I went with my little cousin to see James. I said, "I have brought my Jamie to see ye." He took him kindly by the hand, and said, "We're twa Jamies thegither (we are two Jamies together.) May we both meet in heaven. Be earnest to get Christ. You'll no get Christ unless you are earnest." When we were gone, he said to his sister, "Although Jamie bides (lives) with the minister, unless the Spirit open his eyes, he canna get Christ."

His knowledge of the peculiar doctrines of the gospel was very wonderful. It was not mere *head knowledge*—it came fresh and clear from the heart, like spring water welling up from a great depth. He felt the *sovereignty* of God very deeply. Once I quoted to him the hymn,

"Chosen not for good in me."

He said, "I am sure it was for naething (nothing) in me. I am a hell-deserving sinner." Often, when speaking of the great things God had done for their family, he would say, "Ah, Margaret, I wonder that Christ

would look in here and take us." Once he said, "I wonder how Jesus died for such a sinner as me. Why me, Lord, why me?"

The greatest want in the religion of children, is generally *sense of sin*. Artless simplicity and confidence in what is told, are in some respects natural to children; and this is the reason why we are so often deceived by promising appearances in childhood. The reality of grace in a child is best known by his sense of sin. Little James often wondered "how God sent his servants sic(-o) often to him, such a hell-deserving sinner." This was a common expression of his. On one occasion he said, "I have a wicked wicked heart, and a tempting devil. He'll not let me alone, but this is all the hell that I'll get. Jesus bore my hell already. O Margaret, this wicked heart of mine would be hell enough for me though there was no other. But there are no wicked hearts in heaven." Often he prayed, "Come, Holy Spirit, and make me holy—make me like Jesus."

The way of salvation through *the righteousness of Christ*, was always sweet to him. He had an uncommon grasp of it; Christ crucified was all his salvation and all his desire. One day his sister said to him, "You must meet death in Jesus, and go to the judgment-seat in Jesus, and spend eternity in Jesus. You will be as hell-deserving in yourself when you stand before the throne as now." He smiled sweetly, and said, "O Margaret, I see it must be all Jesus from beginning to end."

Another time a little boy who was in concern for his soul, came to see James, and told him how many chapters he had read, and how often he had prayed. James did not answer at the time, but a little after he said to his sister, "David was here, and told me how many chapters he had read, &c. I see he's upon the working plan; but I must tell him that it's no his reading, nor yet his praying, but Jesus alone, that must save him."

Another day he said, "The devil is letting me see that this word and another word in my prayer is sin,

but I just tell him it is *all* sin. I bid him go to Jesus, there is no sin in Him; and I have taken him to be my Saviour."

He had a very clear discovery of the dead and helpless condition of the carnal mind, and of the *need of the Holy Spirit* to convert the soul. Telling me once of the boy under concern, and of what he had been saying to him, he added, "But it is nonsense to speak of these things without the Holy Spirit." At another time I was speaking on John xiv. 1. He seemed to be thinking about something else, and suddenly said, "When we lose our first love, it's no easy getting our second love: only the Spirit of God can give it."

Often when he saw the family preparing to go to Church, he would pray that I might be filled with the Holy Spirit in speaking, so that some sinners might be caught. "I mind often sitting on the pulpit stairs careless; I would-like if I had that place again. If I had but one sermon I would not be so careless now." He often wished to be carried to the Church, but was never able to bear the exertion.

He was no stranger to *temptations* from the wicked one. I scarcely ever visited him but he spoke to me of these. Once he said, "The devil often tempts me to think upon good people, but I tell him it is Christ I want." Another time, "What do you think? The devil now tempts me to believe that I'll never be saved because I have repented on my death-bed." Often when tempted, he would cry, "If I perish, I'll perish at Christ's feet." A few days before he died he said, "I am afraid I will not be saved yet, for the devil will catch my soul as it leaves my body. But Jesus says, 'Ye shall never perish.' If I am in the hand of Jesus, the devil cannot pluck me out there."

Once I found him kneeling on a pillow by the fire; he complained of great darkness, and doubted his interest in Christ. I told him that we must not close with Christ because we feel him, out because God has said it, and that we must take God's word even in the dark.

After that he always seemed to trust God in the dark, even at times when he had no inward evidence of being Christ's. At one of these times, a believer, who is often in great darkness, came in, and asked him, "When you are in darkness, Jamie, how do you do? Can you go to Jesus?" He answered in his own pointed manner, "Annie, woman, *I have nae ither gate to gang.*" (I have no other way to go.)

(*To be cont nued.*)

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### THE LITTLE SWEDE.

(*From the Wesleyan Juvenile Offering.*)

The Swedish Wesleyan Missionary Society was formed in 1835. The annual subscription to this was eight shillings. An Auxiliary Society was formed in Stockholm in 1840. The annual subscription, which made a person a member of the auxiliary, was fixed at 3s. 4d. A meeting was held in the large chapel, at which the missionary begged all who could do so to become members. A little girl about six years old, named Lina, was at the meeting with her mother, and this conversation passed between them.

LINA. "Please, mother, do let me be a member of this little society; we could not afford to join the big one, but this little one would just do for me."

MOTHER. "You do not know what you ask. What we have to live upon is so uncertain, that very often I cannot tell where to-morrow's meal is to come from. It gives me great pleasure to put as much as I can into the plate at every monthly prayer-meeting, but I dare not *promise* to pay even 3s. 4d. a year."

LINA. "O, mother, I can be a member without taking any money from you."

MOTHER. "How so?"

LINA. "You give me every morning a rusk with my coffee; now I can manage to do without this; and

the price of it I suppose will be enough to make me a member of this little missionary society."

The mother's eyes filled with tears, and she said, "My darling child, if you are willing to give up your rusk for the sake of Christ, I shall gladly follow your example, and we shall both be members."

Lina and her mother went up to the Secretary, and entered their names. The little girl did not get tired; she continued cheerfully to give up part of her breakfast daily, and every Saturday, when the missionary's little boys called at the house, the money was ready for the missionary society.

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## Poetry.

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### MISSIONARY HYMN FOR A CHILD.

BY RICHARD HUIE, M. D.

(*From the Edinburgh Juvenile Missionary Annual.*)

Lord! can a simple little child like me  
Assist to turn the world to thee,  
Or send the bread of life to hands  
Stretched out for it in heathen lands.

Will this poor me I call my own,  
Lead some lost Hindoo to Thy throne,  
Or help to cast the idols down,  
Which 'midst the groves of Java frown.

Oh! yes; although this gift be small,  
Thou'lt bless it since it is my all,  
And bid it swell the glorious tide,  
By thousands of thy saints supplied.

Yon mighty flood which sweeps the plain,  
Is fed by tiny drops of rain;  
And Ocean's broad unyielding strand,  
Consists of single grains of sand.

Thus may the offerings children bring,  
Make Gentiles bow to Israel's King;  
If owned by that resistless power,  
Which curbs the sea, and forms the shower.

## Sketches of Missions.

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### MISSIONS OF THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

We have not yet in our sketches told our young friends, anything about these Missions. Let us then try and explain what they are. We have already said in the *Record*, that 50 years ago there were few Missions to the heathen; and even 20 years ago there were much fewer Missionaries preaching to the heathen than there now are. Christians seemed to be asleep, and to care little for the millions of perishing souls in the world, who had never heard of Christ, the only Saviour of sinners. The Established Church of Scotland had been for many years inactive, but at last it began to desire to help the great Missionary cause, and in 1821, just 21 years ago, it was first resolved by that Church to institute their India Mission. But some of our readers wonder, perhaps, what all this has to do with the Missions of the Free Church of Scotland, of which we promised now to give a sketch. Let us then explain. Some of you have, perhaps heard, that two years ago there was a great division in the Established Church of Scotland, and that many of the ministers and people left it, and formed themselves into the Free Church of Scotland. We have nothing at present to do with the reasons for that division, all that we wish to state is, that the Missionaries whom the Church of Scotland had sent out to the Jews, to India, and to other heathen countries, when that separation took place in 1843, all joined the Free Church of Scotland, and are now the Missionaries of that Church. As we wish, however, to tell you the whole history of these very interesting Missions, we shall begin at the beginning; and although they were set on foot by the Established Church of Scotland, yet, as now the Missionaries have joined the Free Church, we think we are right in giving them their present name.

In 1821, then, the Church of Scotland resolved to have

a Foreign Mission, and in 1829 we find that Mr. Alexander Duff, now Dr. Duff, was ordained as their first Foreign Missionary. He was appointed to go to Calcutta, the chief city in India, and sailed for that place in a ship called the "Lady Holland," in October, 1829. When he had been about four months at sea, in February, 1830, the "Lady Holland" was wrecked on a barren island about 30 miles north of Cape Town, at the extreme south of Africa. Had we space now, we could give a very interesting description of that dreadful shipwreck from the pen of Dr. Duff, but as we have not, we must just merely mention the fact. The whole crew and passengers were most wonderfully preserved, and not a single person was drowned, though they had undergone great dangers; but Dr. Duff lost everything he possessed—his books, his instruments—everything was gone. Three months afterwards he arrived in Calcutta. Dr. Duff is still alive, and is now a very celebrated and well-known Missionary. He is at the head of a noble Institution, where about 1200 young natives are instructed every day in the knowledge of God, and he has under him not a few converted Brahmins who are being educated as Christian ministers for India. But 15 years ago it was very different, and it may be interesting to our young readers to know a little of what Dr. Duff did on his first arrival in Calcutta. It was thought right to open an Institution to teach the young natives about the true God, and, after having secured a proper room for the purpose. Dr. Duff opened it upon a Tuesday.

On that morning five young men came. With them the Missionary had a pleasing conversation, and on going home they carried the tidings of their visit to their friends and neighbours. On Wednesday twenty more appeared. On Thursday eighty new scholars arrived, so that in three days, before any public notice or advertisement had been given, the Hall was nearly filled.

"On Friday (we use the Missionary's own words) it

was our intention to examine and classify the boys, but we were prevented from so doing, by the appearance of upwards of 200 new applicants. These assembled in the back court; and in their petitions were so clamorous and importunate, that, after struggling to explain to them that we could not receive them, we found it utterly impossible to proceed. Judging from the exceeding earnestness of their entreaties, that, instead of having to solicit the attendance of any as a favour, hundreds must be refused for want of sufficient accommodation, it was announced that a selection would be made, that every application must be *made in writing, and recommended, if possible, by a respectable native or European gentleman.*

“It was with the utmost difficulty we got clear of the crowd. They would extort promises which could not possibly be made. Numbers, afraid lest they might be among the unsuccessful candidates, rushed after us from the hall and court. On the street they encompassed us about; expostulation on our part was vain; their entreaties were vehemently reiterated. To every exhortation patiently to await the approaching selection they turned a deaf ear; to the last many held on, and even lingered for hours in front of our dwelling house.

“During the next week, four or five hours were spent each day in receiving applications and examining candidates. But towards the end of it, finding that the new candidates were still pressing forward in great numbers, it was found necessary to close the lists. An arrangement was at the same time made, by forming the boys into two divisions, and teaching them at different hours, by which we were enabled to receive 250 pupils, being double the number the hall could contain at once.

“Throughout the whole progress of these preparatory arrangements, the excitement among the natives continued unabated,—they pursued us along the streets,—they threw

open the very doors of our palankeen, and poured in their supplications with a pitiful earnestness of countenance that might have softened a heart of stone. In the most plaintive and pathetic strains they deplored their ignorance. They craved for 'English reading'—'English knowledge.' They constantly appealed to the compassion of an 'Ingraji' or Englishman; addressing us in their eastern style, as 'the great and fathomless ocean of all imaginable excellencies,' for having come so far to teach poor ignorant Bengalis. And then, in broken English, some would say, 'me good boy, oh take me;' others, 'me poor boy, oh take me;' some, 'me want read your good books, oh take me;' others, 'me know your commandments, thou shalt have no other gods before me, oh take me;' and many, by way of final appeal, 'oh take me, and I pray for you;' and even after the final choice was made, such was the continued press of new candidates, that it was found absolutely necessary to issue small written tickets for those who had succeeded, and to station a man at the outer door to admit only those who were of the selected number."

We shall continue the account in our next.

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## Missionary Intelligence.

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### THE NESTORIANS.—SEE WOODCUT.

*Continued from Page 79.*

Early the next morning Dr. Grant was again upon his journey, and arrived in the afternoon at a beautiful town called AKRA, where he waited on the chief man, in order to secure his favour, and obtain from him a safe conduct through the country. Here he found a few Nestorians who had become Papists, but were so poor that their priests were forced to work for their living. Formerly there were many of these interesting people in this part; but they have now either almost all died out, or adopted the Roman Catholic religion, and are called by the inhabitants Chaldeans. The Papists are doing all they can to convert the Nes-

torians to their faith, and they have not only sent numbers of active Missionaries amongst them, but tried by large bribes of money to bring them over to their views. Some in the low countries have joined them; but those in the mountains, about whom we are going to tell you, still stand their ground. They are keeping a strong look-out against them, and when Dr. Grant came near their country, the first question they asked him was, if he were a Catholic, because, if he were, he should not pass the mountains.

In a few days he came close upon their strongholds, but, as he drew nearer to them, his guards expressed their fears lest they should fall into their hands, and be in consequence murdered. Dr. Grant had accordingly much to do to get them to proceed with him; and when at last he reached a village called Dûree, where one of the bishops lived, he thought it best to send them back, and proceed on his journey alone.

At this village he was most kindly received by the people and their bishop. Many came to him for medicine, and he remained amongst them several days. It was here where he saw the first Nestorian church. It was a large cave, running far in under the front of a high precipitous rock, and within as dark as midnight. The bishop led him in, and going up to the altar, on which a stone cross was lying, wished Dr. Grant to kiss it as a mark of adoration. The good old bishop sleeps in the church, that he may attend to his devotions very early in the morning.

Dr. Grant had not yet entered the proper country of the Nestorians, and so, with a young Nestorian and two others with mules, he again set out on his journey. It was now very difficult to travel. The high steep mountains they had to climb, and the deep chasms they had to pass, rendered the journey very difficult and painful; but it was at last accomplished, and they stood upon the summit of a hill, from whence they got a splendid view of the mountain home of the Nestorian Christians. The snow-topped summits by which he

was surrounded, and the high rocky hills that stretched out on every side, brought many solemn thoughts to the Missionary's mind. It was here where God had kept one hundred thousand Christians for many years in the midst of dark and Pagan nations, and he could not help exclaiming,

“ On the mountain's top appearing,  
Lo, the sacred herald stands :  
Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
Zion long in hostile lands !  
Mourning captive !  
God himself shall loose thy bands !”

But we must now try and give an account of all Dr. Grant did amongst these interesting people. Let us just mention something of their present condition and the cruelties they lately endured. We have said that they were surrounded in their mountain home by the cruel Koords, who were always trying to get into their country. Well, some months ago they succeeded in doing so, and after climbing up by a fearful pass in the mountains attacked the poor Nestorians, massacred some thousands of them, and carried many others away captive. Dr. Grant has written a letter to the children of America, and here is an extract from it about the way in which the Koords treated the poor children.

“ I presume you have all heard of the attack which the Koords have recently made on the Nestorians. Perhaps you would like to be told how some of the children have been treated by their hard hearted oppressors. I will mention two or three cases which have come to my knowledge.

“ Two bright little Nestorian children, a brother and sister,—who had been stolen from their quiet mountain home, torn from parents and friends, and hurried away with hundreds more by the wild Koords,—were at length carried to the distant town of Mardin, where the little brother was sold for two thousand piastres, or about one hundred dollars. Then his little sister began

to cry, to think that she must be parted from her dear brother; for he was all that was left to her in the wide world. The brother, too, cried that he was to see his sweet little sister no more; and they both wept and clung to each other a long time, and would not be parted. So the man returned his slave, and took back his money. Then the little boy was taken away, with his sister, to Diarbekir,—a city of Mesopotamia, surrounded by high walls of black hewn stone, with towers and strong iron gates; and we do not know what has become of them now.

“You have, perhaps, heard that some of the poor captives threw themselves into the river Zab, to escape from the Koords, and were drowned. There was one young woman that jumped into the Tigris, which runs by this city, and thus put an end to her life, because the cruel Koords tortured her with hot irons to compel her to renounce her religion, and embrace that of Mohammed. And some of these wicked Koords tried to frighten some children to receive the false prophet Mohammed, instead of that precious Saviour, who said, “Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.” So they threatened to kill them, and dug their graves before their faces, to bury them up in the ground.

“Some other very small children were thrown up in the air that the Koords might cut them in two with their swords while they were falling. Others they held up by their heels and cut off their heads. And one very pretty little boy who attended our school, and used to come every day and kiss my hand, had his head cut off with a sword. His father was a priest, and taught our school at Asheta, and he was also killed by the Koords. Another priest who was killed, a man of superior learning, had also been in our employ as a teacher in another village, But I have said enough for the present.”

Let us all pray that God may turn even these cruelties to the promotion of his glory!

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GLASGOW.**

In submitting to the public, and to Sabbath school teachers  
in particular, this second series of Scripture lessons, we  
would invite special attention to the few prefatory remarks  
here subjoined.

The "course" issued last year, having given such  
general satisfaction that the whole impression has been  
for some time disposed of, the present series has been pub-  
lished with the view of supplying the demand felt for a  
manual of this kind. The present is not a *continuation* of the  
same series, it is similar in some respects, whilst it has  
other peculiar characteristics which we shall state in the  
language of the Rev. Author.

"The Table of lessons contains, 1st, the number of les-  
sons, amounting to 50.

2nd, A column left blank for the date—that it may be  
begun at any season of the year.

3rd, The passages to be read in the class.—It is under-  
stood that the Teacher, in prescribing each lesson, will  
press the children to read it carefully at home, especially  
those passages which may be found too long for being  
wholly read in the class.

4th, A verse or verses to be committed, selected from  
the lesson, or cognate texts from other parts of scripture.—  
Where two or three verses are noted, one or more may be  
committed, according to the discretion of the Teacher, and  
the capacity of the children.

5th, The subjects showing as much as possible their mutual relation and natural sequence.

6th, Jottings of the more prominent points in the lesson, to help inexperienced Teachers in fixing on the things to be more fully explained and applied.—It will be observed that there is in this column no attempt to expound the passages; the hints which it contains are intended, not to inform the Teacher, but to keep before his eye the many subjects which he ought to go over, that he may guard against the error of spending all his time with the first one or two. It will be found that many of the lessons are too long to be fully taken up in one evening; in these cases, this column will be of use—from the topics suggested in it, he may select beforehand a few to be more minutely examined.”

J. C. BECKET.

Montreal, April 1, 1845.

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