





**THE  
MISSIONARY  
AND  
SABBATH SCHOOL  
RECORD**

FOR  
MARCH,  
1851.



THE  
MISSIONARY  
AND  
SABBATH  
SCHOOL  
RECORD

TERMS: 1s per Annum, in advance, Exclusive of Postage. The profits of this publication go to the funds of the Canada Sunday School Union.

Montreal:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. C. BECKET.

J. WELCH

# LIST OF AGENTS FOR THE "RECORD."

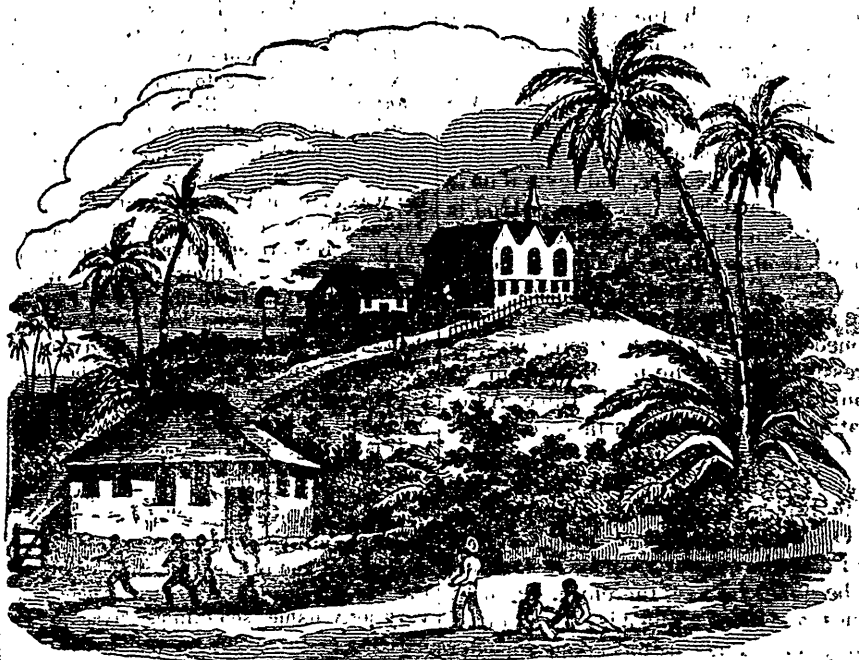
Amberstburgh . . .	Rev Robert Peden.	Durham . . . . .	Wober Cross.
Ayr . . . . .	Robert Wylie.	Dunnville . . . . .	J R Brown.
Amtens . . . . .	Rev A Kennedy.	Easton's Corners . . .	Horace Brown.
Argentieu . . . . .	James Draper.	Eaton . . . . .	W Sawyer.
Alexandria . . . . .	John M'Pherson.	Edwardburgh . . . . .	Dr W F Gates.
Bainston . . . . .	Rev J Green.	Elkfrid . . . . .	Charles M'Fie.
Barrie . . . . .	James Edwards.	Elora . . . . .	Jos Carder.
Bath . . . . .	John Cameron.	Esquecing . . . . .	Rev John Clark.
Bothurst . . . . .	John Playfair.	Etobicoke . . . . .	Alex M'Farlane.
Beachville . . . . .	E Burdoch.	Embros . . . . .	Dr Paterson.
Beamsville . . . . .	J Tufford, jr.	Embros, (Nissourie)	Murdoch M'Kenzie.
Beaverton . . . . .	Alexander Calder.	Farnham East . . . . .	Henry Taber.
Bedford . . . . .	S W Stone.	Eergus . . . . .	J Watt.
Bell's Corners, (North East Hope)	Walter Milne.	Finch . . . . .	Neil M'Coll.
Béleville, (Taurlog)	Joseph Harrison.	Fingal . . . . .	E Willson.
Bromley . . . . .	W Campbell.	Fitzroy Harbour . . .	Mr M'Laren.
Borlia . . . . .	Mr Banning.	Flos, (Modonto) . . .	Geo Burr.
Bondhead . . . . .	W. Fischer.	Franktown . . . . .	Neil Stewart.
Bradford . . . . .	Mr Daley.	Froglighsburgh . . . .	L B Hibbard.
Brantford . . . . .	James M'Kay, teacher	Frost Village . . . . .	John Williams.
Brighton . . . . .	Thomas Pilsworth.	Ganonoque . . . . .	J L M'Dohald.
Brield . . . . .	Joseph Lockwood.	Georgetown CW . . . .	Rev J Clarke.
Bruckville . . . . .	W King.	Galt . . . . .	Mr Mouat.
Broome . . . . .	Mr Fraeland, Rev J	Galt, (Doon Mills) . . .	John Craig.
Brooklin . . . . .	M'Murray.	Georgeville . . . . .	J E Bursall.
Buckingham . . . . .	H N Jackson.	Glanford . . . . .	G Smith.
Burrit's Rapids . . . . .	W Mathewson.	Godorich . . . . .	J Shaw, Mr. Campbell.
Bytown . . . . .	O. Larwell, sen.	Granby . . . . .	James Kay.
Caledon . . . . .	Mr Mills.	Grimsbv . . . . .	Mr Painer.
Carleton Place . . . . .	J Durie.	Guelph . . . . .	Rev R J Williams.
Carrillon . . . . .	Thos M'Kay, jr.	Grand River, Indiana Mills . . . . .	A Mitchell.
Castelford . . . . .	Thomas Russell.	Hamilton . . . . .	Jas Walker.
Camden East . . . . .	G Dunnet.	Hay . . . . .	D M'Lellan.
Cavan . . . . .	W Lamb.	Hawkesbury . . . . .	Alex Smith.
Chataauguay . . . . .	Peter O'Neil.	Huntingdon . . . . .	Z S Horey.
Chatham, C W . . . . .	George S Clarke.	Ingersoll . . . . .	J Knox.
Chinguacousy . . . . .	Rev Mr Bell.	Inglisfil . . . . .	J Pyper, G Stinson.
Clarence . . . . .	H M'Eachern.	Inverness . . . . .	W Climie.
Clarke's Mills . . . . .	H Verrall.	Kenyon . . . . .	A M'Killop.
Chippawa . . . . .	J Wilkinson, son.	Kilmarnock . . . . .	D Cattensch.
Cobourg . . . . .	W Edwards.	Kingston . . . . .	John Telford.
Colborne . . . . .	S Clarke.	Lachine . . . . .	W Ferguson.
Coaticook . . . . .	J W Fell.	Lachute . . . . .	S Chown.
Cooksville . . . . .	John Warn.	Lansrk . . . . .	Mr Davidson.
Cornwall . . . . .	G Inglis.	Lancaster . . . . .	S Hill.
Cowansville . . . . .	Rev J Chandler.	Leeds . . . . .	W Smyth.
Cumberland . . . . .	F. B. Morley.	Lennoxville . . . . .	T Scott.
Cummingsville . . . . .	R Craig.	Lindsay . . . . .	Rev R Swinton.
Dalhousie by Lanark	J N Humphrey.	Lloydtown . . . . .	J P Cushing.
Darville . . . . .	A Petrie.	Lochaber . . . . .	J Bigelow.
Darlington . . . . .	John Dowler.	London . . . . .	Iea Tyson.
Dawn Mills . . . . .	W Miller.	L'Orignal . . . . .	G W Cameron.
Dereliam . . . . .	T C Allis.	Lower Ireland . . . . .	W Begg, Thos Howay.
Dickenson's Landing	W Williams.	McKillop . . . . .	C P Treadwell.
Dundas . . . . .	Rev J Climie.	McNab . . . . .	R Cobban.
Dunham . . . . .	John Lullie.	Manningville . . . . .	James Scott.
	B Brown.	Markham . . . . .	Robt M'Raé.
	J N M'Nairn.	Martintown . . . . .	W Cantwell.
	Joan Waro.		Mark M Braithwaite.
	Rev J Gear.		J J Kellie.

THE MISSIONARY  
 AND  
 SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

Vol. VIII.

MARCH 1, 1851.

No. 3



Jamaica.

We are happy to present to our readers the above picture of Mount Olivet Church and School-House, the station of the Rev. Mr. Aird. It was kindly taken, at Mr. Aird's request, by a Moravian missionary, who, in sending it to him, "transmits his brotherly salutation to the committee, assures them of his best wishes for the success of all their missionary operations, and expresses his fervent hope that wherever Presbyterians and Moravians meet in foreign lands they will cultivate brotherly love and union, as is happily the case with the congregations and brethren in Jamaica."

In connexion with the above Missionary station, as well as in fulfilment of our own promise at the close of last Volume, to urge the importance of the Mission work, so as to make 1851 remarkable for its progress in this department of Christian effort, we extract the following from the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*, of the United Presbyterian Church, published in Edinburgh, Scotland. We deem it unnecessary to add to the following any remarks of our own, it speaks for itself:—

ARE THE CHILDREN OF JAMAICA TO SURPASS THE CHILDREN OF MORE FAVORED LANDS?

Says the Rev. Mr. Blythe:—

Nothing connected with the congr-

gation has yielded me more satisfaction than this Juvenile Association. The funds are entirely collected by the young people, twenty in number, who have been brought up in the congregation. They have been exceedingly regular in attending the monthly meetings, and bringing in their subscriptions, and many of the books are kept with great correctness as well as neatness. I also give God thanks for the willingness of mind which both the subscribers and collectors have manifested. May we not hope that some of these dear youths have already given their own-selves unto the Lord? Indeed several of them have already made a profession of their faith in the Redeemer, and several have expressed a willingness to serve God in the African Mission, should they be called to it, and found fit for such a service. Only a few weeks ago, one of the youngest of our assistant elders mentioned to me that the first religious impressions which he felt arose from his connexion with a Juvenile Bible Association which existed in this congregation ten years ago, but ceased to exist when all the members were supplied with Bibles.

Our young friends are acting a wise and considerate part. Much remains to be done. They, therefore, begin by times, and work while it is called to-day. They encourage us in looking forward to the future, for if in nine months, and while yet children, they have raised £37, how much more may we expect them to accomplish when they have reached the age of maturity, and are placed in a greatly enlarged sphere of activity?

Says the Rev. Mr. Callender, writing to a friend:—

You may tell the children in your Sabbath School that the black children will be before them, if they don't take care, in their collections of money for missionary purposes. At the annual meeting of the Juvenile Missionary Society in Mr. Blythe's congregation, the amount of subscriptions by the children was, for the year, somewhere about

£40 or £50 sterling. Now, the great proportion of these are far poorer than the children at home. I can assure you that I was surprised, and somewhat ashamed too, of the little my youthful fellow-countrymen raised for the same purpose.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

### The North Sea Islands.

My Dear Young Friends,—In a former paper you were told about Woden, Frea, and Thor, who were worshipped by the Saxons, who came to this country about 1400 years ago. Besides these, there were at least twenty-one other gods and goddesses worshipped by the Saxons.

One of the other gods was called Niord. He was thought to reign over the sea.—Sailors always prayed to him for a safe voyage. Fishermen prayed that he would send the fish to their nets. When any person was drowned, it was thought that Niord had carried him away. They thought he was easily made angry, and therefore, gold and silver, and other precious things, were thrown into the sea to keep him pleased.

It is strange that the Saxons did not see it to be very foolish to think that their gods could have opposite characters. Balder was thought to be very different from Niord, having a very good temper. Balder, or the god of the sun, was said to be the second son of Woden. There is a very ugly name sometimes given to the first day of the week after this god. It would be much better if, instead of using the heathen name Sunday, you would call this day the Sabbath, or the Lord's day. Balder, besides being good tempered was also thought to be very pretty. His hair was said to be perfectly white, and his looks so dazzling, that rays of light came from his eyes. You remember a false god spoken of in Scripture, having a name somewhat like Balder. Not only was there a resemblance in name, but both Baal and Balder were idols of the sun.—How thankful ought we to be that we have been taught rather to worship the true God than the sun which he has made!

Tuisco was another God of war. You do not need to be told which day of the week is called after Tuisco. It was said that he never liked persons to live in peace with each other, but would much rather

have seen them quarrelling and fighting. Tuisco was spoken of as having only one hand, owing to a wolf having bitten off the other.

*Brage* was the name of another god. To him men prayed for help when about to make speeches. *Iduna* was said to be his wife. She was thought to have the charge of a box of apples, which the gods tasted when they felt themselves growing old, and which were thought to make them immediately young again.

Very little is known about *Soeter*, from whom Saturday takes its name. He was said to stand on a fish, with a bucket in his hand.

*Heimdall* was called "the god with the golden teeth." He was spoken of as dwelling at the entry into heaven, at the end of the rainbow, which was considered the bridge between earth and heaven.—His office was to prevent any one getting by this bridge into heaven who ought not to enter. To show his fitness for guarding the entrance to heaven, he was said to sleep more lightly than a bird,—to see 300 miles distant during the night, as well as during the day,—and to hear the grass growing on the meadows, and the wool on the backs of the sheep. Besides, he carried in the one hand a sword, and in the other a trumpet, whose sound could be heard in all worlds, when he blew it to get other gods to help him. How different from the only true God! "He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps." "He seeth under the whole heaven." "The thunder of his power, who can understand?" Well may we say to him, "Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like thee; glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?"

The Saxons who came to the North Sea Islands, and who were the forefathers of some of you, worshipped other gods and goddesses besides those already mentioned; but they were all dumb idols, which required help, instead of being able to give it.

The notions which the Saxons had of heaven were no better than their notions about God. The names they gave to heaven were Valhalla and Gladheim.—They thought that only those who had been great warriors, or who died bravely in battle, were admitted to Valhalla. What do you think they thought the perfect happiness of Valhalla consisted in? They thought that in Valhalla a cock, with a

crest of gold, crowed every morning to awake the heroes to battle. Thus aroused the heroes armed themselves and rushed to the battle. Then they slew one another with the utmost fury. But these deaths were only for a short time. When dinner-time drew near, Woden spoke the word, and that instant the dead started up as if nothing had happened, and rode into the great palace, where they sat down together in the most friendly manner. Thus seated at dinner, they feasted abundantly on the never-ending flesh of the boar *Scrimmer*, and drank huge draughts of mead and ale from the skulls of their enemies. Such being their low views of heaven's happiness, they were accustomed to express their hopes of enjoying it in thoughts like these:—

"When with Woden, I shall be,  
Seats shall be prepared for me;  
There our ale in brimmers flows,  
And the hollow skulls of foes  
For our pitchers we shall choose."

But their low thoughts of future happiness led the Saxons to far worse conduct than merely saying foolish things about it. Thinking that a man's happiness in Valhalla would depend on the number of enemies whom he had conquered or killed, they were awfully savage in battle.—Thinking that Woden would not admit any wives or servants who died a natural death, many gave themselves up to the most violent deaths. Thinking, too, that admission to Valhalla might be obtained by the violent death of a substitute, many cowards put their slaves to death. How different is the true heaven, and the preparation for entering it!

"Pure are the joys above the sky,  
And all the regions peace;  
No wanton lips nor envious eye  
Can see or taste the bliss.

Those holy gates for ever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame;  
None shall obtain admittance there  
But followers of the Lamb."

In this series of letters you have been told a little about three different kinds of idolatry that were practised in the North Sea Islands. The British, Roman, and Saxon false gods have all disappeared long ago. In a former letter you were told about how the knowledge of the true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent, is thought to have been first brought to this country. There is reason for thinking that this knowledge was never completely lost, but that, owing to the Saxons forcing the

former inhabitants out of England, it was a considerable time before these Saxons gave up the worship of Woden and their other false gods. By degrees, however, the glad tidings of salvation spread throughout Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, by means of Columba and others. As wars between the Saxons and Britons became less frequent, Christians had more opportunity to teach these Saxons about the great God. Some progress was thus being made by Christians of different tribes of North Sea Islanders instructing their ignorant fellow-countrymen. While Christianity was thus spreading, the attention of Gregory of Rome was directed to the state of England. About the year 598 he saw some Saxon boys being sold in Rome as slaves. They were very fair children, with blooming cheeks and blue eyes, and flowing yellow hair. "To what nation do these poor boys belong?" Gregory asked the slave-dealer. "They are Angels," he replied. "Well may they be so called," said Gregory, "for they are as comely as angels; and would that, like angels, they might become cherubim in heaven. But from which of the many provinces of Britain do they come?" "From Deira," was the answer. "Indeed!" said Gregory, "from the ire of God they are to be delivered. But what is the king's name?" "Ala," replied the slave-dealer. On hearing which, Gregory at once made the remark, "Then Alleluiah should be sung in his dominions." This conversation was in the Latin language, in which the play upon the words is much more evident than can be represented in the English.

Some years after this conversation, Gregory sent to England Augustine—the great and good man best known by that name, but a monk so called—and along with him a number of other missionaries. By means of their preaching, and that of British Christians, all the false gods, of which you have been told in these letters, were utterly abolished.

Now, the North Sea Islanders, notwithstanding all their faults, are superior in point of privilege, knowledge, and piety, to every other nation. But besides being thankful for the privileges we enjoy, we must do all we can to let those who are still in heathen darkness enjoy the same privileges as ourselves. There is a little hymn which expresses what ought to be our feelings towards the worshippers of false gods, and I am sure that you will be

glad to let me finish these letters by quoting it:—

"But thousands and thousands who wander  
and fall,  
Never heard of the heavenly home;  
I should like them to know there is room for  
them all,  
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

I long for the joy of that glorious time,  
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,  
When the dear little children of every clime,  
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest."

Farewell.—Your affectionate friend,

R.S.J.

### Christian Female Heroism.

Now listen, while I tell you a story of two heroines, Mrs. Lyth and Mrs. Calvert, wives of missionaries in Fejee.

The Chief of Bau, the cruel, wicked, savage Tanoa, was visited by some of his friends, and he wished to make a feast on the occasion. The people of Bau are heathen, and so wicked and fierce, that hitherto the missionaries have not dared to live among them. Tanoa gave orders that fifteen women should be seized, killed, and cooked for the feast.

This shocking news reached Vewa, where the missionaries live; Mr. Lyth and Mr. Calvert were away from home, on a visit to other islands.—What was to be done? Who could interfere to try and save the lives of these poor women condemned to be eaten? Mrs. Lyth and Mrs. Calvert resolved that they would go to Bau, and ask the Chief to spare their lives. They ordered a boat, and were rowed over from Vewa to Bau: they landed; and these two weak, defenceless women, appeared before the mighty chief, whose very name is a terror to all Fejee, and begged him to save the women's lives. They were weak in body, but they were mighty in faith, strong in the cause of humanity. Their eyes quailed not, their cheeks blanched not, when they stood in the presence of the mighty Tanoa and his fierce warriors, who

with one word could have ordered them to be put to death for daring to interfere with his pleasure, and beg the lives of the women. How did he receive them? What did he do?— Surely a ray of divine mercy must have shone on his hard heart, when he said to the missionaries' wives, in answer to their request, "Those that are dead, are dead; those that are alive may live!"

But alas! alas! only five were living; ten had already been killed, to satisfy the appetites of the brutal chiefs.

The missionaries' wives returned to their home in Vewa, sorrowful, yet rejoicing; thankful for the lives that had been spared; mourning for those that had been sacrificed.

Mr. Calvert has written to say that they mean to go and live in Bau—heathen Bau. He has sent to England for an iron house, to be put up there; for he says the people are so desperately wicked, that they dare not go, unless they have an iron house to live in.

And now let us, one and all, join in prayer for the missionaries in Fejee.  
—*Juvenile Offering.*

### Ignorance of Hindoo Women.

Mrs. Edward Porter has sent home an interesting account of her labours among the women round Mudanumpilly, in the Telooogo country in India. She says that they are very willing to talk with her. They come to her in groups every day. Mrs. Porter writes, "I asked several the other day what God they worshipped. One poor old woman, who seemed to think more than the rest, said, 'Vanketishourdo.' 'Well,' I said, 'many years you have worshipped him, for you are very old. *What has he done for you?*' With a look of painful dismay, she replied, 'What has he done? *Nothing!*' I said, 'What can he do? You see this stone,' (a small block of granite lying near her) 'This is like your God; it cannot help itself; how then can it help you?'

The poor woman turned upon me with a look of anguish I shall never forget, and said, 'Oh! my mother, what can I do? I know no other. But if you will tell me, I will listen, and my joy will be great.' This woman has been here many times since; and as an expression of her regard, has brought a coconut and some sugar, and laid it at my feet."

At another time, a group of Mohomedan women came to Mrs. Porter's bungalow. They looked about at every thing, and were especially amused with Mrs. Porter's little girl, who was sitting by her mamma's side, nursing her dolly. There was one noble looking old woman amongst them, in whom Mrs. Porter felt deep interest. She said to her, "What God do you worship?" The old woman replied, "Mohammed." "But," said Mrs. Porter, "Mohammed is not God; he was only a man; you should worship God." "Ah! my mother," said the woman, "many, many years have I lived in this jungle, and no one ever told me about God; how, then, should I know? I eat rice—wear cloth—soon I shall die and be put in the ground—and what then?—I do not know."

Mrs. Porter writes, "There is much that is very encouraging in this mission, and much that is very trying. Prejudices of the strangest kind have to be met. One respectable man said yesterday, 'The reason why Missionaries wish us to embrace their religion is, that they receive *good pay* for every fresh convert.' A few evenings ago I went to a village at a short distance, and thinking the children might be frightened at me, I took some sugarcandy with me, which I knew would soon send away their fears. It did so, and many of the people promised to send their children to school if we would begin one. All were most civil, but one old Brahmin was pleased with nothing about me but my *glasses*. 'Can you see well through those glasses?' he asked. I told him yes. 'Well then,' he said, 'I wish you would be so good



as to get some for me.' But alas! for the sugar-candy! The inhabitants of another village, not far off, heard of my distributing sugar-candy among the children, and immediately spread a report that the Padre's wife had mixed *Christian Powder* with sugar-candy, and that now the people of that village would all become Christians. I thought, Well, if this be true, Oh! for *Christian Powder*!—there should be no spare of that."—*Missionary Repository*.

### On Learning all You Can.

When you were a little baby you knew nothing. You are now learning to read. There are many things which you have yet to learn.

You often ask your parents about what you see or hear, and you are very well pleased when they tell you something which you did not know before.

Your parents cannot always be talking with you, as they must attend to other things, so they send you to school that you may be taught to read and know.

Regard what your Teacher says. When you talk to a boy or girl, you do not like them to turn their backs, and not hear you. So you must hear your Teacher, when he talks to you.

Now mind; there are so many nice things in the Bible and other good books, and you will be so glad when you can read them, that you must lose no time, but learn as fast as you can. And then I hope you will grow up to be wise, and good, and happy; and all good people will love you.—*Little Child's Magazine*.

### A Golden Crown.

A teacher once asked a child, "If you had a golden crown, what would you do with it?" The child replied, "I would give it to my father to keep till I was a man." He asked another: "I would buy a coach and horses with it," was the reply. He asked a third: "O," said the little girl to whom he spoke, "O, I would do with it the same as the people in hea-

ven: do with their crowns, I would cast it at the Saviour's feet."—*Youth's Missionary Repository*.

### OLD MAN AND BOY.

(From the *Sunday School Advocate*.)

OLD MAN.

When youth's bright sunny days are gone,—  
The days of hope and joy,—  
What do you mean to do, my son,  
And how your time employ?

BOY.

I mean to visit other climes,  
To traverse land and sea,  
Till fortune shows her golden mines,  
And opens them to me.

OLD MAN.

What then—what then, my boy?

BOY.

I mean to have what gold can buy,  
Bread, lands and lovely cheer;  
All things that please the human eye,  
Or charm the human ear.

OLD MAN.

What then—what then, my son?

BOY.

I mean with children, friends, and wife,  
To share my gifts and gold;  
To sail with them the sea of life,  
Slowly becoming old.

OLD MAN.

What then—what then, my boy?

BOY.

Why, I must share the common lot,  
Like others, I must die;  
But still my name shall perish not  
When in the grave I lie.  
My tomb shall rise in lofty state,  
Of architecture rare,  
And men shall pause, and call me great,  
While I am sleeping there.

OLD MAN.

What then—what then, my boy?

BOY.

And therefore ask—down to the tomb  
Life's journey we can trace,  
But who can pierce the rayless gloom  
Still brooding o'er that place?

OLD MAN.

The tale to guilty man is told,  
And though believed by few,  
Will far outweigh the miser's gold,  
Or riches of Peru.  
Faith, faith in God—a treasure bright,  
Where riches ne'er decay—  
Will fill the silent tomb with light  
On everlasting day.



### Emily and the Baby.

So, Emily returned last night from her long visit in the country, and very glad she is to come home; though her grandmother and aunts could not have been kinder, and Purley cottage is a pleasant place to be staying at in any season of the year. But Emily dearly loves her parents and her brother; and she thought of them so often, that the time seemed long while she was away. Besides this, there was the baby, little Fanny, whom she had never seen. No wonder that Emily was overjoyed when her father came to fetch her home!

It was late last night before they came in from their journey, and she could only take a little peep at the baby as it lay sleeping in its cot. But this morning she was up betimes. One run round the garden she had to please her brother, and stopped two minutes to talk to the parrot in its cage; but she has not been out of the nursery since the little one was awake. It seems as if she would never be tired of kissing its soft and delicate cheek, and twining its tiny fingers round her own.

Now the darling is dressed; and

nurse, with many injunctions to be careful, has placed her in Emily's arms. How happy and pleased is the little girl to be thus trusted! How fondly she gazes on the half sleeping infant, while her heart is full of love more deep and tender than words can tell. Take care of it! Oh! never fear, good nurse; you may see that Emily would not hurt her sweet baby for the world!

If little Fanny should live, it will not be long before she learns to know her sister, and to laugh at the sound of her merry voice. By-and-by, as she grows older, she will try to imitate her looks and ways; and whatever she does, whether it be right or wrong, baby will wish to do the same. What a powerful motive this should be for Emily to strive against her faults! How would she grieve hereafter to see little Fanny become passionate and self-willed; sometimes disobedient to her parents, and often careless about the commands of God. Yet this will certainly happen if Emily does not resolutely set about the amendment of her own conduct; for the example of an elder sister has

more influence with the little ones of a family than all the lessons which they are taught, or the admonitions that they receive.

So fair and innocent as seems the helpless baby, it is sad to think that it was born with a corrupt and sinful nature, and evil will show itself in that little heart, long before the light of reason dawns upon the mind. But take comfort, Emily, when you grieve for this. Jesus tells us to bring our little children to him and promises to give his blessing in answer to our prayers. Let us ask that our dear babe may be washed from sin in his most precious blood, and its fallen nature be renewed by the Spirit of all grace; and when it can speak, let us teach its infant lips to praise a Saviour's name; and let us lead its young heart to him, who once for our sakes became a little child.—*Child's Companion.*

### The Arithmetic of Life.

*Tom.* If I choose, I will be a great soldier—would not that be grand?

*James.* How do you know that you shall live to be a man?

*Tom.* Oh, nonsense! you need not preach to me. Does not almost every boy live to be a man? Answer me, Mr. Sobriety.

*James.* No, Mr. Presumption; I can tell you the young die as well as the old! Did you never see a child's grave?

*Tom.* Oh, yes. Now, I think of it, there is to be a child buried near us this afternoon.

*James.* Did you never see the dead body of a child?

*Tom.* Yes, my little sister died, two or three summers ago, when we were in the country.

*James.* Did you never hear how many of the people who die are young?

*Tom.* No.

*James.* Then look into the report of deaths in the city newspaper every week, and you will see that half of all the deaths are of children.

*Tom.* Yes, but I am strong and hearty.

*James.* So were many of those who are dying this minute—

*Tom.* —This minute! Who told you any body was dying this minute?

*James.* I have read in a book, that somebody is dying every minute; and I have gone far enough in my arithmetic, to know it must be so; for if there are 900,000,000 inhabitants in the world, and these die off in 30 years, then all I have to do, is to divide by 30, to find how many die in a year. Let me set it down:—

30)900,000,000(30,000,000.

It comes to thirty millions.

*Tom.* What! thirty millions die in a year?

*James.* Just so. Now, divide that by the number of days in the year, and we shall have the number that die in a day:

365)30,000,000(82,191+

Eighty-two thousand one hundred and ninety-one (and a little over) die every day.

*Tom.* That is frightful!

*James.* Stop; there are 24 hours in a day, and 60 minutes in an hour; that is, 1440 minutes in a day. Divide by that, and we shall have the number that die in a minute:

1440)82,191(57+

Fifty-seven (and something over) die every minute.

*Tom.* I wish you would keep your arithmetic to yourself, if you cypher out such frightful things.

*James.* If we are not prepared to die, it is alarming indeed. But we have the opportunity to prepare;—and in such a dying world, it is well to remember that we do not know what a day may bring forth.

Where should I be, if God should say

I must not live another day;

And send and take away my breath?

What is eternity and death?

My body is of little worth,

'T would soon be mingled with the earth;

For we were made of clay, and must

Again, at death, return to dust.

Yet heaven must be a world of bliss,  
Where God himself for ever is;  
Where saints around his throne adore,  
And never sin nor suffer more.

And hell's a state of endless woe,  
Where unrepenting sinners go;  
But none that seek the Saviour's grace  
Shall ever see that dreadful place.

Oh, let me then at once apply  
To him who did for sinners die  
And this shall be my great reward,  
To dwell for ever with the Lord.

### A Young Gideon.

A boy belonging to one of the schools established by the missionaries in the South Seas, had heard so much of the sin and folly of idolatry, that his confidence in idols was shaken, and he longed to know for a certainty whether the images he had been accustomed to worship were really possessed of power or not. One day his father and mother went out, and left him at home alone. He had spent some time in reading his tasks, and thinking over what he had been taught at the school the day before. At last the idea came into his mind that it would be a good thing to burn the idols. He was, however, afraid, partly on account of his parents, and partly from the dread he had of offending the gods, and bringing down upon him swift destruction. In this difficulty he knelt down, and entreated the God of the Christians to take care of him and help him. He then rose, and, taking up one of the smallest idols, he put it on the fire; the flames kindled about it, and in a short time not a vestige of it remained. The terrified child looked on with astonishment; but no sooner was the first consumed than he threw on another, and another, and another, till, like Gideon of old, he had thoroughly cleansed his father's house. When, however, the flames had subsided, and all was over, the boy became alarmed at his own temerity. He had no more fear of the gods of wood and stone, but he trembled at the thought of what his father might say, and he was half inclined to repent

of his rashness. In this extremity he shut up the dwelling, and went into the woods; and there, in the best way he could, he devoted himself to God, promising that if God would befriend him and be his God, he would serve him all the days of his life. While he was there, his father and mother returned, and, missing at once the idols and the boy, they feared some spirit had come and taken them away together. As soon as they recovered themselves a little, they went to the missionary, and asked him if he knew any thing about their son. He said he did not; but, suspecting what had been done, he offered to accompany them and find him out. After going in various directions, they bent their steps to the wood, and there, at some distance, under the shadow of a large tree, they saw the lad kneeling before God. The parents were so thankful to see him again, and to find that not a hair of his head had been hurt, that they forgot their rebukes, were persuaded to renounce their heathenish customs, and henceforth gave themselves up to the study of the Holy Scriptures.—The boy, encouraged by the Divine goodness, was confirmed in his resolution to be the Lord's, and afterward became a zealous teacher in the schools, and a preacher of the gospel, among his brethren.—*Sunday School Penny Magazine.*

### Goobbee.—I. The Town.

(From the *Missionary Repository for Youth.*)

I am going to tell you about a Missionary station in India, where Mr. Arthur, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society was laboring a short time since, till he was obliged to leave it on account of ill health. He has published a very interesting book about it; but as it is likely that most of my little readers will not have an opportunity of reading it, they will be glad to have my short account. It will show them what sort of work missionary work in India is, and it will teach them

much about the manners and customs of the *Hindoos*.

Mr. Arthur was appointed to labor at Goobbee, a town in the Mysore district, situated about sixty miles north-west from Bangalore. Probably it is not marked on the map, but Mysore is marked, to the south of it, and Goobbee is distant from Mysore ninety miles: Bellary is marked to the north of it, and Goobbee is distant from Bellary about two hundred miles: Mangalore is marked to the west of it, and Goobbee is distant from Mangalore perhaps more than two hundred miles. So, by the help of these four places, my readers may manage pretty correctly to place their finger on the spot where Goobbee is on the map. The way by which Mr. Arthur reached his station, was, by a ship from London to Madras; then by a palanquin from Madras to Bangalore; and then on horseback, from Bangalore to Goobbee.

The town of Goobbee has between six and seven thousand inhabitants. They are chiefly engaged as merchants, trading in the betel-nut, in coffee, and grain. They are generally well off. It does not cost much to support a Hindoo in a small, central town like this. His raagi and spices cost very little; his rent scarcely anything; and if he has no money for clothing, it does not much matter, he hardly wants clothing, the climate is so warm. A man will gladly work for three rupees a month. A rupee is two shillings. With ten rupees a month he would be very well off indeed; with fifty, he would be thought extremely prosperous; with a hundred, he would be quite rich.

Goobbee, like all other towns in India, is surrounded by a wall of mud. These walls of mud have sometimes given great trouble to English soldiers, when besieging a place, as their shots have sunk into the mud without producing any effect. When a place has both a wall and a market, it is called in India, a "town:" when it has a

wall and no market, it is called a "village." "City" is a term applied only to seats of government, or very large places. A village has but one gate; a town, two; a city, several. The gate-way is a covered passage, several yards long, with a raised seat on either side. In a village, you often find the magistrates of the place seated at the gate early in the morning, ready to transact the business of the people, as they pass and repass. This reminds us of the custom mentioned in Scripture, Deut. xxi. 19; Ruth iv. 1; 2 Sam. xix. 18; Amos v. 15.

There are many temples in Goobbee, very costly and magnificent. Close by some of these temples, there stands a house built of mud, and white-washed. A small and lowly house though it be, the God of heaven and earth does not pass it by. It is the Missionary Chapel. Here the servants of God proclaim His word. Here the blessed Spirit is poured forth, and makes that word sink deep into the hearts of them that hear. There is no place in the whole town so honored as the Missionary Chapel.

So much for the *town* of Goobbee. In my next paper I will tell you about the *people* who live in it.

#### Little Facts for Little Folks.

A little girl was one night walking with her Mother, when the stars shone very bright, and she said, "Mother, what are those shining things in the sky?" "They are stars, my dear," said her Mother. "Are they, Mother," she said, "I thought they had been little gimlet holes to let glory through."

A great and a good man once said, "I am now an old man, but I have always, every night, all my life, said the little prayer my Mother taught me when I was a child."

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Another great man, when he was a little boy, very often asked his Mother about many things which he wanted to know. His Mother said to him, "Read, my dear, and you will know—read and you will know." And so he began to read, and he read a great many books, and when he became a man he was very wise, and great, and good. So read, and you will know.—*Little Child's Magazine.*

### THE AMBASSADOR FROM NEPAUL.

BY THE REV. ANDREW A. BONAR, COL-  
LACE.

Three thousand years ago Hannah, the mother of Samuel, who is such a bright example to the young, sang of the Lord at the time of her son's birth—

He raiseth up the poor out of the dust,  
And lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill,  
To set them among princes."—1 SAM. ii. 8.

And long after, the Psalmist, who saw the Lord doing such things still in his days, sang thus—

"He from the dust doth raise the poor,  
That very low doth lie;  
And from the dunghill lifts the man  
Oppress'd with poverty;  
That he may highly him exalt,  
And with the princes set."—Ps. cxlii. 7, 8.

Now, dear young friends, it is the Lord's way, down to our day, to do such things. He finds sinners in their sins, baser, meaner, more degraded, more wretched, more worthless than the lowest beggar; and yet it pleases the Lord to send Jesus to such, and Jesus calls them, and lifts them up, and sets them beside himself. Did not Jesus do this when he said to the dying thief, "To-day *thou* shalt be *with me* in Paradise?"

I read lately something that reminded me of this. The people who inhabit *Nepaul*, a country to the north-east of the British possessions in India, sent over some of their number on an embassy to this country. They were in Scotland last month. Perhaps some of my readers saw them in the streets of Edinburgh.

The chief of these was riding lately through London in his carriage, dressed with rich raiment, adorned with jewels—the value of his dress is said to have been £150,000. When he was come near the great church of St Paul's, his eye fell on a poor man who was sweeping the crossing of the street, and who had done so for many years, in order to get the means of living. This man was dark in colour, and the Nepaulese ambassador quickly discerned that he was a fellow-countryman. He stopped his carriage, beckoned to the poor Hindoo, spoke a few words to him at the carriage-steps—and lo! the poor man's eye glistened with delight, and next moment the broom with which he was sweeping the street was flung over the churchyard railing, while he himself sprang up into the carriage, and sat beside his wealthy countryman.

The next time he was seen, this man, once a poor beggar, was dressed in splendid attire, sitting beside the ambassador, acting as his interpreter. He had been invited to leave his former employment and become interpreter, and too glad was he so easily to become honourable and rich. But now that he was so lifted up, it was observed that he was not proud—for he liked to take notice of his old companions as he rode that way.

Is not this like God's way of dealing with us? This Nepaulese ambassador shewed a true brother's love to a brother in adversity. And such—but far beyond it, too—was the love of Jesus, who saw us in our low estate, and who came on very purpose to raise us up. It is his way to pass by where we are, and to beckon to us by his Word and Spirit, and to propose to us that we leave all and come to him. All he expects of us afterwards, in way of requital, is, that we interpret His mind to the strange people of this evil world, while he puts on us a dress of his own, undertakes for us all our days, and is not ashamed to call us his brethren. Even now, he

says, we "sit with him in heavenly places" (Ephes. ii. 6), and soon we shall "sit with him on his throne" (Rev. iii. 21).

One question, then, dear young friends. Have you seen him wave his hand to you? Have you heard him propose that you should leave all and follow Him? And have you agreed? And are there any of you who, having got a seat by his side, and a place in his heart, are too proud, too self-pleased, to care for those left behind! Is there, can there be, any one sitting by his side, and learning his mind, whose eye does not look with tenderness upon Jews and Gentiles, at home and abroad, still in the dust and on the dunghill? You might speak in his ear in their behalf, and it might be that he would send even you to bring some of them into the number of his princes.—*Free Church Missionary Record.*

### Teacher's Corner.

#### "Who is Sufficient for these Things?"

It is a generally admitted fact, that the work of the Sabbath School Teacher is no small undertaking, and that it involves immense responsibilities. But how few realize this responsibility! It is very easy to say that Sabbath school teachers occupy important and responsible stations, but to feel deeply that my work is solemn as eternity, is quite another thing.

While visiting the families connected with the school over which I am placed, I often hear of simple facts which impress my mind more and more deeply with a sense of its greatness. A few days ago, when conversing with the mother of two little boys, she mentioned some circumstances, which I will mention, as illustrating the importance of Sabbath school teachers faithfully attending to their great work of instruction.

The eldest of these boys, not six years old, about a year since, became the subject of some religious impressions. He often made very interesting inquiries relative to Christ, heaven, the soul, &c., which increased the anxiety of the mother, that those thoughts and impressions should be cherished. That he might be under a good influence in school, and, at the same time enjoy the watchful care of pious teachers, she sent him to school in the country, and placed him in the family of the teacher, who was thought a very suit-

able person to have charge of him in this very interesting state of mind. The mother gave the reason for placing him under his care. At the close of the term he came home. On the first evening after reaching home, he said to his mother, "I have almost forgotten how to pray, mother, and have hardly read my Bible since I left home." His mother, surprised to hear this, asked him, "Why, did not Mr. or Mrs. — talk with you about the Bible, and teach you to pray?" "No, mother, they did not speak to me once about it."

Who can tell what may be the result of this neglect? or, had they faithfully discharged their duty, who can tell how changed might have been his situation ere this? Soon after returning home, he went to the north part of the city to visit a friend, and spent the Sabbath with him. His little friend was a member of the S. m. street Sabbath school, and invited Edward to go with him, which he cheerfully did. Returning home early in the week he said to his mother, "I wish I could always go to Moses' Sunday school, the teacher talked so pretty about Jesus; I loved to hear him talk." "Well, did not your teacher N—n, talk like him?" asked the mother.—"No he did not talk like him."

These facts will speak better thoughts to each teacher who reads them, than another person could suggest. May the teacher under whose care Edward is now placed be assisted by wisdom from above to guide his youthful mind to the Saviour, and may we all remember that it is the faithful servant that shall at last receive the plaudit, "Well done."—*Sabbath School Treasury.*

#### Geographical Discoveries in the Interior of South Africa.

A communication of great interest and importance has just been received by the London Missionary Society, from the Rev. David Livingstone, dated "Banks of the River Zonga, Sept. 3, 1849." Mr. Livingstone, in company with Messrs. Murray and Oswald, has succeeded in crossing the large tract of country called the Desert,—hitherto an insurmountable barrier to Europeans,—and discovered a magnificent river of clear fresh water, the banks of which were beautiful beyond anything the travellers had ever seen, "except, perhaps, some parts of the Clyde." Gigantic trees lined the margin of the stream, two of the Boabob variety measured seventy to seventy-six feet in circumference. The farther the travellers ascended the river, the broader it became. "The fact that the Zonga is connected with large rivers coming from the north," says Mr. Livingstone, "awakens emotions in my mind which make the discovery of the lake dwindle out of sight. It opens the prospect of a highway, capable of being quickly traversed by boats, to a large section of well-peopled territory."

Marshville . . . . L Miscner.  
 Milton . . . . H E Wilmot.  
 Melrose . . . . J Forester.  
 Melbourne . . . . Q McGill.  
 Merickville . . . . W S Snowdon.  
 Metis . . . . W Turriff.  
 Middleton . . . . D C Swazy.  
 Mill Creek . . . . B Clark.  
 Mohawk . . . . A Eadio.  
 Morven . . . . J Strachan.  
 Moss . . . . John Walkor.  
 MoulINETte . . . . P Tait.  
 Napanea . . . . John Gibbard.  
 Nassagaweya . . . . Rev W Martin.  
 Nelson, (Cumminge- }  
 ville . . . . { Mr Mathews.  
 New Carlisle . . . . J Wilkie.  
 Newcastle . . . . S McCoy.  
 New Glasgow . . . . Rev A Lowden.  
 Newmarket . . . . R H Smith.  
 Niagara . . . . A R Christie  
 North Augusta . . . . A B Pardee.  
 North Sherbrooke . . . . J M'Dougall, toucher.  
 Norton Creek . . . . A Ross.  
 Norwich . . . . John Wildman.  
 Norval . . . . Geo M'Lennan.  
 Oakland . . . . Rev W Hay.  
 Oakville . . . . Mr Duff.  
 Oakwood . . . . John Dix.  
 Ormstown . . . . P Shanks.  
 Oro . . . . D Cameron.  
 Orillia . . . . Mr Dallas.  
 Osgoodo . . . . D M'Laurin.  
 Ohawa . . . . Rev R H Thonnton.  
 Onabrack . . . . H Braden.  
 Owon Sound . . . . G Newcombe.  
 Oxford . . . . James Hays.  
 Packenham . . . . James Dunnet.  
 Paris . . . . James R Hill.  
 Penetanguishone . . . . P Schonten.  
 Peterboro' . . . . J Edwards.  
 " (Dummer) . . . . Alexander K d d.  
 Perth . . . . James Allan.  
 Petite Nation . . . . Mr Dickson.  
 Philipsburg . . . . Rev W Scott.  
 Pigeon Hill . . . . Jos Ruicard.  
 Picton . . . . C Pier.  
 Port Credit . . . . W Montgomery.  
 Port Dover . . . . John J Bradley.  
 Port Hope . . . . Morrice Hay.  
 Port Sarnia . . . . A Young.  
 Port Stanley . . . . Rev W H Allworth.  
 Prescott . . . . W D Dickenson.  
 Preston . . . . W Tilt.  
 Princeton . . . . George Beanter.  
 Pelham . . . . Rev S King.  
 Point a Cavignol . . . . G Stanforth.  
 Quebec . . . . Mr Stanley.  
 Rainham . . . . Isaac Root.  
 Raleigh . . . . Rev A M'Coll.

Rawdon . . . . W Smiley.  
 Russell . . . . W Hamilton.  
 St Andrews . . . . C Wales.  
 St Brigide . . . . George Pearson.  
 St Catharines . . . . Mr Dolbier.  
 St Eustache . . . . W Stark.  
 St George, CW . . . . Mr Turnbull.  
 St George, CE . . . . J S Hale, teacher.  
 St Johns, CE . . . . W Coote.  
 St Scholastique . . . . Rev F Doudiet.  
 St Sylvester . . . . Thomas Mackie.  
 St Vincent . . . . R Burchill.  
 St Thomas . . . . W Webb, sen, H Black  
 Seneca . . . . A C Buck.  
 Seymour East . . . . Thomas Arthur.  
 Scymour West . . . . Mrs Rolle.  
 Shannonville . . . . R F Pegen.  
 Sherbrooke . . . . W Brooks.  
 Smith's Falls . . . . R Bartlett.  
 South Hinchinbrooke . . . . Thomas Helra.  
 Simcoe . . . . C B Davis.  
 Stanstead . . . . B F Hubbard.  
 Stanbridge East . . . . Moses Gage.  
 Stoney Creek . . . . Rev G Chayne.  
 Stouffville . . . . G Mortimer.  
 Sorel . . . . R Hunt.  
 Stratford . . . . Dr Hydo.  
 Sutton . . . . G C Dyer.  
 Streetsville . . . . W Blain.  
 Forbolton . . . . John M'Donald.  
 Three Rivers . . . . W Ginnis.  
 Toronto . . . . A Christie.  
 Uxbridge . . . . A T Corson.  
 Uxbridge, (Scott) . . . . Richard Hill.  
 Vankleek Hill . . . . T H Hugginson.  
 Victoria . . . . Rev A Duncan.  
 Walpole . . . . H Hanes.  
 Wardville, Masa . . . . F Maurice.  
 Warsaw . . . . T Chant.  
 Warwick . . . . H M Carroll.  
 Waterdown . . . . W M Lutbridge.  
 Water rd . . . . C Merrill, P M.  
 Waterloo, C E . . . . J Robinson.  
 Waterloo, CW . . . . A Diller.  
 Westmeath . . . . C S B'llows, P Mfr.  
 Wellington Square . . . . { Rev A M'Lean,  
 . . . . { John Buntou.  
 Weston . . . . John Pirritte.  
 West Flamboro' . . . . John Sanderson.  
 Whitechurch . . . . Mr. Applebe.  
 Whitby . . . . Rev J C Gaitie.  
 Williams . . . . Rev L M'Pherson.  
 Williamston . . . . Jas Cumming.  
 Wilton . . . . E Shuley.  
 Woodstock . . . . Chas Conger.  
 West Woolwich . . . . Jas Sim.  
 Yamachiche . . . . A Craike.  
 York Mills . . . . Rev T Wightman.  
 Zone Mills . . . . W Webster.



**Monies received on account of S. S. R.**

1849.—Dickenson's Landing, J M N, 9s; Pictou, D B & Co, £1 10s; Darlington, J C, 1s; Owen Sound, J C, 1s; Beauharnois, Rev J T P, 10s; Whitby, A M P, 2s; Vankleekhill, D McG, 1s; Danville, T C A, 15s; Beachville, E B, 1s, W F, 1s.

1850.—Cornwall, J D, 1s, H F, 1s, A E C, 1s 3d; St Brigide, G P, 1s; Toronto, A H, 1s; Princetown, G B, 5s; Oxford, Rev R W, £1; Lachuta, J S, 1s; Finch, N McC, 1s; Dalhousie, W M, 5s; Napanee, T B, 1s, H B, 1s; Belleville, Rev J R, 1s; Pictou, D B & Co, £1 10s; Lachine, Mr L, 1s, Rev Mr S, 3s; Clarence, P M D, 1s; Melrose, J F, 10s; Darlington, J C, 1s; Owen Sound, J C, 1s; Brompton, D R, 5s; Leeds, J R L, 15s; Guelph, R T, £1 10s; Nassagawega, Miss Y, 4s; Weston J P, 1 6d; Whitby, A McP, 1s, W C, 1s; McKillop, J G, 1s; Oshawa, A B, 15s; Waterloo, C E., J F, 1s; Vankleekhill, D M G, 1s; Lachine, Mr D, 1s, A L, 1s; Martintown, A S, 1s; Philipsburgh, J R, 5s; New Carlisle, J W, 1s 3d; Dunham, O W, 1s; Vankleekhill, C C, 1s; Granby, J L K, 1s; Oshawa, Mrs K, 1s; Lachine, Dr A, 1s 3d; North Georgetown, Rev J C M, £1; Perth, J McI, 1s, J S, 1s; Metis, D S, 1s, W McC, 1s; Beachville, E B, 1s, W F, 1s; Brome, J J, 6d.

1851.—Norton Creek, D S, 1s; Dickenson's Landing, J A B, 1s; Fergus, Rev G S, £1; La Guerre, Miss M F, 7d; Smith's Falls, R B, 18s; Cornwall, I C, 1s; Kingston, Private J H, 1s; Moulinette, A F, H F, T T, D T, H T, 1s each; Camden East, J S C, J & J S, M D, S L, B D, J H, jr, S L, jr, D J S, G A C, C W, 1s each; Toronto, A H, 1s; Melbourne, Q M G, 1s, H C, 1s; Frelighsburgh, F B, M H, N S, S R B, L T, 1s each; Lachute, F M G, 1s, J S, 1s; York Mills, Rev T W, 3s; Dalhousie, W M, 4s 6d; Belleville, Rev J R, 1s; Pakenham, W T, 1s; Lachine, Mr L, 1s, Rev Mr S, 3s; Streetsville, J M B, 1s; Norval, J F, 1s; Orangeville, W P L, 2s; Chinguacousy, J C, 1s, J W, 4s, W F, 1s; Clarence, P M D, 1s; Darlington, J C, 6d; Waterford, S S, N G,

J J M, W B, L B, H B, J H, J B R, J J P M P, E M, E W D, M S, J R, R S, C C, 1s each; Coteau du Lac, W S, 1s; Sand hill, T E, 1s; Owen Sound, J C, 1s; Ayr, T M, D McC, R L, J L, M G, 1s each; Middleton, Miss A J S 1s 3d; Bolton, A T, E G B, M E K, L S, J T, J A, sen, J P, S P, A S, Capt E C, A A, P A, 1s each; Georgeville, J C T, A G, M W C, C B P, P J, W E B, 1s each; Nassagawega, Miss Y, 5s; Guelph, W C, 1s; South Hinchinbrook, E H, D A, D R, G S, T H, 1s each; Fingal, E W, 2s 6d; Weston, J D, 2s, H D, A H, W T, R M D, D M D, J S, 1s each; Etobicoke, J P, T R, Mrs D, 1s each; Bristol, W K, 1s; Orillia, A M, C M K, J Q, J H, 1s each, T D, 4s; Medonte, J H, J B, jr, Oro, C J, Rev A R, 1s each; St Eustache, J M, 1s; Port Sarnia, A Y, 10s; Plympton, J D, 12s; McKillop, G H, M D, S A, J G, 1s each; Whitby, Mrs H, Mrs M, Mrs H, Mrs T, Mr T, Mr Y, Mr B, 1s each; Oshawa, Mr B, 1s, A B, 2s; Laprairie, J T, 4s; Brome, L M K, 1s; Shannonville, D S, 2s, D S, W K, C H, W S, J G, L R, J M V, E A D, H T, F S, D C, H H, H H, 1s each; Lachine, Mrs D, Miss L, Mrs S, Mrs S, Mrs W, Mrs C, Mr F, Mr S, 1s each; Martintown, P C, 1s; Melbourne, A M, 1s, Mrs W, 1s; Martintown, Mrs B McR, 1s, R S, 1s; Belleville, J H, 1s; Durham, W Q, Rev J G, E B, 1s each; Frelighsburg, R I, 1s; Dunham, O W, 1s; Vankleek hill, C C, 1s; Markham, N M B, £1; Lanark, W S, 1s, R B, 1s; Granby, J L K, 1s; Brooklin, W M, 1s; Oshawa, T T, Rev R H T, S M, 1s each; Lachute, Mr H, 1s; Lachine, J C, Mrs H, Mr D, 1s each; Cummins ville, A K, 1s; Brockville, J McL, 1s; Wellington Square, J B, 1s, Miss R, 1s; North Augusta, Widow M, Miss M B, Miss M B, T D, A B P, 1s each; Perth, A L, 6s, T N, J S, 1s each; Lachine, Mrs C, 1s; Martintown, J K, 1s, J F, 1s; Castelford, P O N, 1s; Metis, H P, 6d; Zone Mills W W, 5s; Beachville, E T, T Y, W H, C D M, Mr L G, B W C, 1s each; St Johns, J A, 1s; Brome, S C, C S C, B N D, Miss J J, 1s each; Cowansville, Z E, 1s; Frost Village, J W, 1s; Buckingham, O L, J C, O L, jr, Mr F, J H, 1s each.