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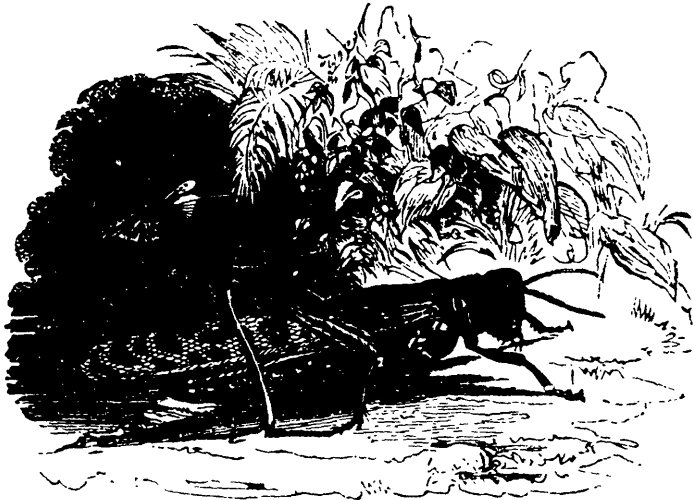
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THE MISSIONARY
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NATURAL HISTORY.

THE LOCUST.

There are no insects more celebrated for the extensive injury they do to vegetation than the locusts, and they are known and dreaded in all the warmer parts of the old world. The locust is armed with two pair of very strong jaws, the upper terminating in short, and the lower in long teeth, by which it can both lacerate and grind its food; and its stomach is of extraordinary capacity and power. It is not, of course, the power of a few of these insects that is so much to be dreaded; but the immense numbers in which they appear, enable them to devour every green leaf of the field, in the course of their progress. The Arabians, who were well acquainted with the locust, make this insect say to Mahomet, "We are the army of the great God; we produce

ninety-nine eggs; if the hundred were completed, we should consume the whole earth, and all that is in it."

The plague of locusts appears to have been more frequently felt, and that to a greater extent, in Africa than in any other country. The first notice we have of it is in the Scriptures, in the case of Pharaoh, king of Egypt. Ancient writers speak of one occasion, when Africa was infested with such myriads of these animals, that, having devoured every green thing, after flying off to sea, they were drowned; and being cast upon shore, they emitted a stench greater than could have been produced by the carcasses of 100,000 men. But Europe has not been exempt from the scourge; in 1478 more than 30,000 persons perished in the Venetian territories, through the famine

caused by the invasion of an army of locusts; and in 1650, they even entered Russia at three different places, passing over Poland and Lithuania, where the air was darkened by their numbers. In some places they were seen lying dead, heaped upon one another, to the depth of four feet; in others, they covered the surface like a black cloth, the trees bent with their weight, and the damage they did was beyond all computation.

To give some further idea of the immense numbers of these insects, we may mention, that a flight of locusts seen in India, not a great many years back, and supposed to have come from Arabia, was composed of a column extending over five hundred miles; and so compact was it when on the wing, that, like an eclipse, it completely hid the sun, so that no shadow was cast by any object, and some lofty tombs, not more than two hundred yards distant from the dwelling of the observer, were rendered quite invisible.

The Child Found Again by her Mother.

A poor German left this country a long time ago and went to America, and settled in Pennsylvania. He had a large family of children, and he wished for some house of God to send them to on the Sabbath. But there was none. There was no Sunday school. The Sabbath was not known in that dark part of the country where he lived. But this poor German had God's word in his house, and he loved it with all his heart. He was very anxious that his children should love it too, so he and his good wife taught them to read it, and to repeat hymns.

Whilst they were thus busily employed in earning their livelihood, and teaching their children, a dreadful war broke out, and it came and swept over their peaceful home. A party of Indians who were going about the country just to burn houses, and murder the people, and steal anything that they saw and wished to have, found their way to the

house of the poor German. They murdered him and one of his sons, and took away his two little girls. The wife and another son happened not to be at home at the time, or they would have lost their lives too. The names of the two little girls who were carried away, were Barbara and Regina. What became of Barbara no one knows; but Regina, with another little girl who had been carried away from her parents too, was given to an old Indian woman. This old woman was very poor and very cruel; sometimes she had not enough to eat for herself, and could not give anything to the two children; so she used to send them into the woods, to gather roots and herbs for themselves, and to bring her some, and if they could not find enough, she would beat them terribly.

But Regina had one great comfort, and I will tell you what it was. Her good father and mother had taught her hymns, and whenever she had time, she taught her little companion to repeat them to her, just as she used to repeat them herself, standing by her dear father's knee. There was one hymn which she especially loved. Her mother used to be fond of singing to her:

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Tho' in this solitude so drear;
I feel my Saviour always nigh,
He comes the weary hour to cheer.
I am with Him, and He with me.
Even here alone, I cannot be."

Is it not a very sweet verse? And it is quite true. If you love Jesus, you are never alone, so you never need be afraid.

"I am with Him, and He with me,
Even here alone, I cannot be."

What would Regina have done if she had not been taught by her mother? And I don't know what she would have done without her little companion; for, in teaching her, she refreshed her own memory. Perhaps she would have forgotten her hymns, if she had not this little girl to teach them to. They used to say the hymns to one another, and to

kneel down side by side under a tree, and offer up their prayer to the Lord Jesus.

Nine years had passed away, and Regina, who was ten when she was first carried off, grew to be nineteen, and the little girl was eleven years old. An English colonel came and conquered the Indians, and ordered all the white prisoners whom they had taken, to be brought to him. More than four hundred were brought to him, and amongst them were Regina and her little friend. They were carried to a town in Pennsylvania, and it was printed in the newspapers that they were there; that all who had lost children, or brothers, or sisters, or friends, by the Indians, might come and claim them. You may be sure that Regina's poor mother came, but how was she to know her daughter? Regina was grown tall, and as she had been living among the Indians so long, she looked more like an Indian than anything else. Nor could she tell which was her mother; she had forgotten her face; and, besides, her mother was altered; the loss of her husband and her children had made her cheek pale, and her hair grey.

The poor woman went up and down amongst the captives, trying to find, in some face, features that might remind her of her lost child, but she could find none. She was standing weeping, and ready to give up all hope, when the Colonel saw her, and said, "Do you remember *nothing* by which your child might be discovered?" All at once she thought of the hymn—

"Alone, yet not alone am I."

"Yes," she said, "I think my child would know that hymn again. "Sing it then," said the Colonel. So the poor woman dried her tears, and began to sing the hymn. The notes fell upon Regina's ear. She listened. She was sure it was her mother's voice. It was the same sweet voice that sang to her when she was a little girl, and which she had not heard for eleven years. She waited a moment. Two lines were already sung. She could wait no long-

er; but threw herself into her mother's arms.

The little girl who was standing by, had no parents; they had been murdered by the Indians. She begged not to be parted from Regina. Regina's mother was very poor, but God had shown mercy on her, in bringing her daughter back to her again, and she resolved to shew mercy to the poor little orphan girl. They all went home rejoicing together.

A SWEET SAYING.

Never shall I forget the thrill of pleasure which the last words of a dear child made in my mind. It came from his lips as he lay dying on my shoulder. He said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not! That is a sweet saying, is it not, uncle?" And then—that moment—he died to know its sweetness. He came from school in good health; he was gathering strawberries in the morning, and was dead in my arms at eleven the same night!

It is indeed a sweet saying; and, as it has been written in the Bible for the use of the young, every child should learn it by heart, and try to know what it means.

It is a call to children to go to Jesus. Why should they obey it? Because they are sinners; and because Jesus is a Saviour. It is his voice speaking to them, calling them to come to him, that they may be saved and be made happy. He thus speaks to them, for he loves children. If he had not loved them, he would never have laid in a manger as a poor little babe, or have died on the cross that their sins might be forgiven.

When Jesus was on the earth, he was once angry; it was not sinful anger—but he was displeased. It was not because the wicked people called him a glutton and a wine bibber. It was not when they charged him with having a devil. It was not when they cast him out of a city, and took up stones to kill him. Nor when they

spat on him, and smote him with their hands. Nor when they mocked and scourged him. Nor when they nailed him to the cross, and derided him in his sufferings. He bore all this meekly. But when he saw that his disciples would hinder little children from coming to him, he was "much displeased," and then it was he spake this sweet saying.

Do you know how children can now go to Jesus? You think, if he were on earth it would be easy to go to him. You could ask your parents to take you to him, that his hand might be placed on your head. But it is easier to go to Jesus now that he is in heaven, than it was when he lived on earth. How could children who live in America go to Jesus at Jerusalem? How could the little Hindoos or Africans reach him? or the young in China, or Greenland, or the South Seas? Thousands of miles, by land and by water, would have to be passed before you or they could get to him. And then how could the poor get the money, or find the time that would be needful? No; Jesus is not now at Jerusalem; he is in heaven: and the poorest child can go to him without money, and without walking a mile. We have only to pray, and he will hear us; and if we pray in faith and love, he will bless us. Children in all parts of the world can now go to him at the same moment of time. He is still, in his holy word, repeating the sweet saying, and calling little children to his arms.

There is every thing in Jesus to win your heart. He is meek, tender, and full of love. He can do you all the good you need, and save you from all the evil you fear. If you are a poor child, he can make you rich with the best riches; for he can give you his grace. If you are an ignorant child, he can give you his Holy Spirit to teach you. If you are an orphan child, he can be better to you than father and mother and all earthly friends. If you are an afflicted child, he can comfort and bless you. But one thing is cer-

tain, you are a sinful child; and if you wish to be saved, you must go to Jesus. He will save you from the love and power of sin, and from its guilt and punishment. He obeyed his father's law, and died on the cross that he might save all who believe on him. Go, then, to Jesus; he will make you happy while you live, happy when you die, and happy for ever. Oh, then, do not forget to praise him for his sweet saying.—*Child's Companion.*

A Heathen Boy's Cross, and how he Bore it.

In the late missionary Journals, we find the following interesting sketch of the noble bearing of a heathen boy under dreadful persecution. The writer of the letter is an American Missionary stationed at Erzeroom in Turkish Armenia, and was once a Sunday scholar, under the care of the writer of this note. We hope the boys at present in our Sunday-schools are preparing to show themselves equally firm and faithful in their adherence to the truth.

An event has occurred within the past month, which proves to us that the enemy is not always to triumph. A boy who has regularly attended our service on the Sabbath for several months, having been turned away by his mother on this account, and being unable to find work, was offered employment by one of the brethren which he accepted. This greatly incensed the neighbors, and they went immediately to his father and mother (who were very poor, and receive aid from them) and threatened to drive them from their house and withhold all assistance, if they did not take their son from the Protestants. Accordingly, on his return home at night, his parents refused him admission, and threatened to disown him, if he would not leave the Protestants.

This not having the desired effect, his mother went the next day to the Vartabed, and besought him to interfere for her son's deliverance. The Vartabed at once summoned the boy before

him; and by offering a present of clothes and money, sought to win him back to a corrupt faith. Not succeeding, he threatened the lad with the awful curse of excommunication. As this had no effect, he was put in irons and thrown into prison. After a while, the Vartabed again called the boy into his presence, and with renewed efforts, sought to persuade him to renounce his belief in the gospel. Neither promises nor threats, however, had any influence upon the boy. He was then taken from his irons, beaten, and driven to his father's house, where he was locked up for the night.

The next morning, on being informed of this treatment, the head of the Protestants complained to the Pasha. The boy having been sent for, an investigation was had, and the matter was deferred to be adjudged before the Turkish tribunal, the following day.

In the meantime, the boy was left in the hands of his enemies, who again labored to make him deny that he was a Protestant; but they labored in vain. The next day, when the Council met, the boy was called and the investigation renewed. The first and chief point, namely, "Is the boy old enough to change his religion?" was at once decided, for the Mufti (whose opinion is regarded as divine) arose, looked at the boy, and said, very unexpectedly to all, "He is old enough."

The Pasha then asked the boy what he was, to which he replied, "I am a Protestant." When asked the reason of his preferring the new religion to the one he previously professed, he said that he had learned from the gospel that it was true; and he also said that he had not been persuaded to embrace it because the Protestants had offered him clothes, money, or any thing of the kind. The Pasha then said to the Vartabed, "Have the Protestants put the boy in irons, or thrown him into a prison, or offered him clothes, money, or the like, as you have, to persuade him to receive their faith?" "No," said the Vartabed. Then said the

Pasha, "The boy changes his religion without compulsion; and he has a right to choose that which he likes best." But the Vartabed, not satisfied with this decision, requested that the boy might remain with them for a month, promising that if he wished, he might then return to the Protestants. But the Pasha refused this also, saying, "For sixteen years he has been with you; that is enough. He may go to the Protestants, to-day if he wishes."

Thus, for once, the Turkish tribunal has dispensed justice to the Protestants. It is a great point gained, and will stand as a precedent for the future. The occurrence has produced much excitement in the city, and has emboldened the timid, and created an interest in the minds of many (who are ignorant) to know what the Gospel and Protestantism are. On the last Sabbath, three young men, who had never been present before, attended our service. The Lord will, we doubt not, overrule this event for great good.

WHO IS A MURDERER.

Every boy who reads the Scriptures, feels a strong dislike of Cain; yet many boys indulge in tempers and habits which are very much like those of Cain. I do not suppose that Cain became a murderer all at once. This is not the way Satan trains up murderers. He *hated* his brother, before he slew him. But did he hate him all at once? I suppose not. He began by fretting at him, then he got to be angry with him. First slightly, perhaps, then violently. Instead of rejoicing at any thing which made his brother happy, I suppose he was jealous of him, and envied him. Thus it is, that selfishness produces ill-will; ill-will, hatred; hatred, murder. The seeds of crime are sown very early in the infant mind. There is one thing which may be in the soul, and which will certainly prevent all these evils—it is LOVE. It is one of God's most precious gifts. Let us pray for more of it in ourselves, and in all children.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE.—C. M. DOUBLE.

Allegretto. Steady Time.

There is a place of wave-less rest, Far, far be-yond the

skies, Where beau-ty smiles e - - ter-nal-ly, And plea-sure ne-ver

dies; My Fa-ther's house, my heavenly home' Where many mansions stand,

Pre-pared by hands di-vine, for all Who seek the bet-ter land.

When toss'd upon the waves of life,
 With fear on every side,—
 When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
 And foams the angry tide;
 Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
 Breaks forth the light of morn,
 Bright beaming from my Father's house,
 To cheer the souls forlorn.

Yes! even at that fearful hour,
 When death shall seize its prey,
 And from the place that knows us now,
 Shall hurry us away;—

The vision of that heavenly home,
 Shall cheer that parting soul,
 And o'er it mounting to the skies,
 A tide of rapture roll.

In that pure home of tearless joy,
 Earth's parted friends shall meet,
 With smiles of love that never fade,
 And blessedness complete;
 There, there adieus are sounds unknown,
 Death frowns not on that scene,
 But life and glorious beauty, shine,
 Untroubled and serene.



PERILS IN AFRICA.

The following fact, related by Mr. Moffat, the missionary, will show the fearful danger to which solitary travellers in Africa are sometimes exposed.—“A man belonging to Mr. Schmelen’s congregation, at Bethany, returning homewards from a visit to his friends, took a circuitous course in order to pass a small fountain, or rather pool, where he hoped to kill an antelope to carry home to his family. The sun had risen to some height by the time he reached the spot, and seeing no game, he laid his gun down on a shelving low rock, the back part of which was covered over with a species of dwarf thorn bushes. He went to the water, took a hearty drink, and returned to the rock, smoked his pipe, and being a little tired, fell asleep. In a short time the heat reflected from the rock awoke him, and opening his eyes, he saw a large lion crouching before him, with its eyes glaring in his face, and within little more than a yard of his feet. He sat motionless for some minutes, till he had recovered his presence of mind; then eyeing his gun, moved his hand slowly towards it; the lion seeing him, raised its head, and gave a tremendous roar; he made another and another attempt, but the gun being far beyond his reach, he gave it up, as the lion seemed well aware of his object, and was enraged whenever he attempted to move his hand.

The situation of the poor man now

became painful in the extreme; the rock on which he sat became so hot that he could scarcely bear his naked feet to touch it, and kept moving them, alternately placing one above the other. The day passed, and the night also, but the lion never moved from the spot; the sun rose again, and its intense heat soon rendered his feet past feeling. At noon the lion rose and walked to the water, only a few yards distant; looking behind as it went, lest the man should move; and seeing him stretch out his hand to take his gun, turned in a rage, and was on the point of springing upon him. The animal went to the water, drank, and returning, lay down again at the edge of the rock. Another night passed; the man describing it, said he knew not whether he slept, but if he did, it must have been with his eyes open, for he always saw the lion at his feet. Next day, in the forenoon, the animal went again to the water, and while there he listened to some noise apparently in an opposite quarter, and disappeared in the bushes. The man now made another effort, and seized his gun; but in attempting to rise he fell, his ankles being without power. With his gun in his hand he crept towards the water, and drank, but looking at his feet, he saw, as he expressed it, his ‘toes roasted,’ and the skin torn off with the grass. There he sat a few moments, expecting the lion’s return, when he was resolved to send the contents of the gun through its head; but as it did not appear, tying his gun to his back, the poor man made the best of his way on his hands and knees to the nearest path, hoping some solitary individual might pass. He could go no further, when providentially a person came up, who took him to a place of safety, from whence he obtained help, though he lost his toes, and was a cripple for life.

CAIN IN HEAVEN.

A man, who entertained the unscriptural belief that all persons ultimately go to heaven, was instructing his child

in the story about Cain and Abel. When they came to the murder, the child, who was only four or five years old, looked up with a tender countenance, and said,—

“Father, where did Abel go when he died?”

“Why, to heaven,” answered his father.

“And where did Cain go when he died?”

“Why, I suppose to heaven,” was the reply.

“Ah, then,” said the child, “would he not murder Abel again?”

He understood, that if translated to heaven without a change of heart and disposition, he would still retain his murderous propensities.

JESUS CHRIST INVITES YOU.

“Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.”—Mark x. 14.

If you will read the connexion of this passage, dear children, you will see Jesus Christ in a most interesting position. He is surrounded by a company of fathers and mothers, and older brothers and sisters, all bringing up the little children that he may bless them and do them good. Some have thought from the words, “*touch them*,” that the children were all sick, or in some bodily affliction, and it may be, some were. Thus there might be seen the poor mother holding up her little blind child, over whom she had often wept, and praying him to restore to it its sight. Or there might be seen the father with his little insane girl, whose fits made every one to weep that saw them, and filled them with sorrow on her account. And perhaps a mourning company of friends might be seen coming up and carrying, wrapped up in the white grave clothes, the corps of some lovely child, that Christ might bring it back to life. However all this might be, there were others who had no maladies, and came for some spiritual gifts. And oh! must it not have been delightful to see that little company all gathering round the Saviour’s feet, and

then to look on his own bright countenance lit up with smiles as he pronounced on them a blessing! There were some there who thought it was beneath the Saviour’s greatness to stoop to pay attention to the wants of little children. But no! he said, “Suffer them to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

My business to-day, dear children, is to direct you to the same Saviour now. He is not on earth, but in heaven; not seen, but unseen; yet he is just as willing to receive the little children as he was on earth, and says now as then, “Suffer them to come unto me, and forbid them not.”

Let me show you,

1. To whom you are to come;
2. The way in which you are to come; and,
3. The reason why you are to come.

To Jesus, the friend of publicans and sinners; the friend of little children too.

1. To the kindest of friends.

There is none so kind as Christ. What does Dr Watts say about him? “His heart is made of tenderness, His bowels melt with love.” What did Isaiah say about him? “The bruised reed he will not break, the smoking flax he will not quench. He shall come down as the gentle rain upon the tender grass.” What did his enemies the Pharisees, say about him? “He is the friend of publicans and sinners.” That he is the kindest of friends you may learn from the way the wretched acted towards him. The widow and the orphan; the sick and the afflicted; the poor and the persecuted, all come to tell to Christ their sorrows, and get his sympathy and help. Would they have done so had he been as unkind and unfeeling as the haughty scribes? Ah no! He was so full of love that they came at once to him. And he is just so yet. When he went to heaven he did not drop his heart of tenderness as Elijah dropped his mantle, but he bore it up to the throne of God, and

there he wears it still, and all that come to him find him yet the kindest being in the universe.

2. To whom are you to come? To the most *willing of friends.*

Jesus is quite as willing to bless as the sun is to shine. It is indeed just as much his nature to diffuse blessings on all that come, as for the sun to diffuse light on all that come beneath his beams. How willing does he prove himself in his written declarations. "Come unto me and I will give thee rest." "Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out." "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the waters of life freely." "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy wine and milk without money, and without price." How willing, again, does he prove himself by the way he acted when on earth! As soon as Jairus came and told him about his little daughter, "I will come and heal her," he said: and away he went. He did not stop at home till the poor beggar crawled to his door and asked him for an alms, but "he went about doing good," visiting the houses of woe, and seeking out the people that wanted help. And now in heaven he is just as willing as when here on earth, and invites you all to come.

3. To whom are you to come? To the most *able of friends.* There is no gift you can desire but he has it to bestow. "ALL power is given unto him in heaven and in earth." He is "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords," and says, because he can fulfil it, "Ask, and you shall receive, seek and you shall find." There is no sin that can defile your spirit, but he can wash it out. No weakness you can feel, but he can give strength to overcome it. No trouble you can endure, but he can help you out. See what he did of old. When his people wanted a road to go to Canaan, he rolled back the very sea, and made them a dry path to go over on. When they had to take Jericho, he threw down the wall, and gave to them the victory. Daniel was cast in-

to the lion's den, but he closed the lion's mouths. Jonan was thrown into the sea, and a fish swallowed him, but he made the fish throw him out. Jeremiah was flung into a pit and sunk into the mire, but he helped him out. He has all power to help in this way, and then all power to save. If you come to him, you will find he will make all your enemies to serve you; he will keep you in sorrow; he will bless you in death; and when the world shall be destroyed, will bear up your spirit above its ruins, and set you at his own right hand for ever.

Such is the being to whom you are to come. Will you not do it, and even now, in simple childlike confidence, approach him as your Lord?—*Children's Monthly Miss. Newspaper.*

LONDON RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

In a recent number of the *Record*, we called the attention of our readers to the efforts of the above Society, for the past fifty years, to supply "the world," with books and tracts of the best kind, and on the most important of all subjects; and endeavored to show how much we in Canada were indebted to it for our supplies of Religious Books; and, as a consequence, the obligation we are under to contribute to the "Jubilee Fund," which was intended to be collected in May. We are not aware that that call was suitably responded to; and we know that good reasons existed for this apparent neglect; we observe, however, from the last *Christian Spectator*, with which we are kindly favored, that the Committee of the London Religious Tract Society have determined to keep the fund open a few months longer, so that should any of the friends of this society feel at liberty to contribute to it, they will still have an opportunity of doing so.

JUBILEE FUND.

The Committee having been informed that many of their societies and friends had not been able, from a variety of circumstances, to respond to the Jubilee appeal before the 9th of May last, they determined to keep open the special Fund for a few months, that all the Society's kind supporters might have an opportunity of testifying the interest they take in the great objects which engage its attention.

The Society has received liberal donations for this object from many of the auxiliaries, without any material diminution of their ordinary contributions.

The Committee request the friends of their auxiliaries to co-operate with them in raising the funds that are needful to send Divine truth to the opening countries on the Continent of Europe, and by colportage to the depressed people of Ireland.

Already large grants have been made for France, Italy, and Austria, and they hope greatly to enlarge their operations in these countries, should the present excitement peacefully and satisfactorily terminate.

The assistance requested may be rendered by individual subscriptions, congregational collections, or through the Jubilee collecting-books.

The Committee trust that their esteemed friends connected with the established church who have not been hitherto able to contribute to the Jubilee Fund in consequence of similar appeals from the Church Missionary Society, will be able to comply with this renewed appeal for their kind co-operation and support.

Should any of our friends desire it, contributions may be sent to this office marked "Jubilee Fund," and we will see that they are forwarded.

NOT YET.

BY WILLIAM HENRY.

I took the smiling boy apart,
From those with whom in sport he met;
And bade him give the Lord his heart;
He sped away, and said, "Not Yet."

A youth I found, who in the prime
Of life was stranger to regret;
I asked him when he would find time
To seek the Lord? he said, "Not Yet."

The man of business next I sought,
Whom earthly cares had caused to fret;
"Serve thou the Lord," said I, but thought
I heard him answer me, "Not Yet."

I told the man of hoary hairs,
Whose sun of earthly bliss had set,
To lift his eyes to God, who cares
For sinners, but he said, "Not Yet."

In time to come, each means to be
Religious, and resolves to get
Conversion; but seems not to see
Time flying, while he says, "Not Yet."

WHEN IS THE TIME TO DIE.

I asked the glad and happy child
Whose hands were filled with flowers—
Whose silvery laugh rang free and wild
Among the wine-wreath'd bowers;
I crossed her sunny path, and cried,
"When is the time to die?"

"Not yet! not yet!" the child replied,
And swiftly bounded by.

I asked a maiden: back she threw
The tresses of her hair;
Grief's traces o'er her cheeks I knew,
Like pearls they glistened there;
A flush passed o'er her lily brow.
I heard her spirit sigh—
"Not now," she cried; "O no! not now,
Youth is no time to die!"

I asked a mother, as she pressed
Her first-born in her arms—
As gently on her tender breast
She hush'd her babe's alarms;
In quivering tones her accents came,
Her eyes were dim with tears—
"My boy his mother's life must claim
For many, many years."

I questioned one in manhood's prime,
Of proud and fearless air;
His brow was furrowed not by time,
Or dimmed with woe or care.
In angry accents he replied,
And flashed with scorn his eye—
"Talk not to me of death," he cried,
"For only age should die."

I questioned age; for him the tomb
Had long been all prepared;
But death, who withers youth and bloom,
This man of years had spared,
Once more his nature's dying fire
Flashed high, and thus he cried—
"Life! only life is my desire!"
Then gasped, and groaned, and died.

I asked a Christian—"Answer thou,
When is the hour of death?"
A holy calm was on his brow,
And peaceful was his breath.
And sweetly o'er his features stole
A smile, a light divine;
He spake the language of his soul—
"My master's time is mine!"

TEACHERS' CORNER.

A WORD TO TEACHERS.

While looking over the Concordance a few days since, in search of a passage of Scripture, my attention was arrested by the command of the Saviour, "Have faith in God." And from my heart came the fervent prayer, that every Sabbath School teacher might realize the full import of the divine injunction. To be faithful teachers, we must be full of faith. And while we pray, "Lord increase our faith," we should use every means to increase our knowledge of the way of faith.

To the mind of the young convert, or the earnest inquirer after truth, there is perhaps no subject involved in greater mystery than

the doctrine of justification by faith. I was much pleased, and I trust profited, while reading, a short time since, a book entitled Faith and its Effects. The author is Mrs. Palmer, of New York, and to any one who has read her writings, the name of the author will be a sufficient recommendation for this new work. It is calculated to interest and instruct every believer, and it seems to me to be particularly adapted to Sabbath School teachers. It will greatly assist them in explaining the way of faith to their scholars, and, if read with prayerful attention, will hardly fail to increase in their own hearts "the work of faith with power."—*Sunday School Advocate.*

THE SIXPENCE.

We transfer the following interesting narrative to our columns, as an illustration of what the faithful Sabbath School Teacher may and ought to look for as the result of his labors. And oh what a delightful change would soon be produced in our land, if but a tithe of even our meagre Sabbath School efforts would bear such fruit. But why expect only a tithe? why should not the whole seed sown, spring up and bear fruit? We leave our Sabbath School Teachers to answer the question, each one for himself, in his own retirement.

Some time in the latter part of the last century, says Rev. Mr. Grinnell, a missionary from one of the New England Societies was laboring in the interior of the State of New York, where the settlements were very few and far between. This missionary was much devoted to his work, meek and affable, and possessed of a remarkable faculty for introducing the subject of religion to every individual with whom he came in contact. On a hot summer's day, while his horse was drinking from a small brook through which he rode, there came along a poor-dressed bare-headed bare-footed boy, about seven years old, and stood looking at the missionary from the bridge just above him.

"My son," said the missionary, "have you any parents?"

"Yes, sir; they live in that house," pointing to a cabin near by.

"Do your parents pray?"

"No, sir."

"Why do they not pray?"

"I do not know sir."

"Do you pray?"

"No, sir."

"Why do you not pray?"

"I do not know how to pray."

"Can you read?"

"Yes, sir; my mother has taught me to read the New Testament."

"If I will give you this sixpence, will you go home and read the third chapter of John,

and read the third verse over three times?" The little boy said he would; and the missionary gave him the sixpence and rode on.

Some twenty years had elapsed, and the same missionary, advanced in years, was laboring in a sparsely peopled region, in another part of the same state. While on his way to a little village one day, late in the afternoon, he called at a small house, and inquired the distance.—"Six miles," was the reply. He then stated that himself and horse were very weary, and inquired if he could not stay all night. The woman of the house objected on account of their poverty, but the husband said, "Sir, you shall be welcome to such as we have."

The missionary dismounted and went in. The wife began to prepare his supper, while her husband proceeded to take care of the horse. As he came in, the missionary addressed him: "Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" "That," said the man, "is a great question." "True," said the missionary, "but I cannot eat till you tell me." "Sir," said the man, "about twenty years ago, I lived in the interior of this state, and was then about seven years old. While playing in the road one day, a gentleman in black, rode into the brook near by me, to water his horse.—As I stood on the bridge above, looking at him, he began to converse with me about praying, and reading the Bible; and told me he would give me a sixpence if I would read the third chapter of John and the third verse three times.—And Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." I gave him my promise, took the money, and felt wealthy indeed. I went home, and read as I had promised. That verse produced an uneasiness in my mind, which followed me for days, and finally I was led by its influence, as I trust, to love Jesus as my Saviour!" "Glory to God!" said the missionary, rising from his seat; "here is one of my spiritual children; the bread cast on the waters is found after many days!"

They took their supper, and talked, and sang, and prayed, and rejoiced together all night long, neither of them having any disposition to sleep. The missionary found him to be poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom. Early in the morning they parted, and the missionary went his way inspired with fresh zeal for the prosecution of his pious labors.—*Cyclopaedia of Moral and Religious Anecdotes.*

WEST OF ROXBURGH SABBATH SCHOOL.

We have been favored with a Report for the past year of the West of Roxburgh Sabbath School, which, although laboring under many disadvantages, yet by diligence and perseverance on the part of those entrusted

with its management, has made great advances.

The school commenced on the 1st of June, 1848, and has continued throughout the year with an average attendance of 32, male and female. One boy, Levi Runions, who has been but six months at the school, and has never been at a day school, committed to memory and recited 673 questions and verses from the Assembly's Shorter, Church of England and Wesleyan Catechisms. Another girl recited 638 questions and verses; and another 596, besides making good progress in reading as well as in a knowledge of what they read.

We insert this notice not only to encourage those who are thus diligently laboring for the best interests of the rising generation, but also to show to others who may not yet have taken hold of this work, fearing the existence of obstacles, which would no doubt yield to the prayer of faith, accompanied with energetic and persevering action.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

One has beautifully remarked—"What a gratifying occupation it is to an affectionate mind, even in a way of nature, to walk through the fields, and lead a little child by the hand, enjoying the infantine prattle, and striving to improve the time by some kind word of instruction! I wish that every Christian pilgrim in the way of grace, as he walks through the Lord's pastures, would try to lead at least one child by the hand; and perhaps while he is endeavoring to guide and preserve his young and feeble companion, the Lord will recompense him double for all his cares, by comforting his own heart in the attempt. The experiment is worth the trial. It is supported by this recollection: 'The Lord will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for Him. Behold His reward is with Him, and His work before Him. He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His arms, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.'"

The Sabbath-school Teacher is engaged in a work similar to that here recommended. He is trying to lead, not simply one child, but a whole group of little ones to the feet of Jesus. His employment in some respects resembles that of the minister of the cross. He is a co-worker with Christ in the enterprise of bringing mind—immortal, undying mind—under the power of truth and holiness. Hence it is a perfectly legitimate inference, that the en-

terprise in which he is engaged is the cause of God, and cannot fail ultimately to succeed. —The apocalyptic address to the angel of Smyrna, therefore, is an appropriate exhortation, with which to urge the Sabbath-school Teacher on in the path of effort and of duty. "*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.*"

Though Sabbath-school Teachers often meet with discouragements, and have to encounter many difficulties, this should be their watchword with which to cheer each other onward in this high and holy path of benevolence: "*If we are faithful, we should have, when we reach the goal, a crown thickly set with rich and resplendent gems.*" Yea! a group of young immortals, sanctified and saved through the truth which they were the happy instruments of dispensing—*this* will be their crown—their glorious crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord! What an encouragement is this, to prompt the Sabbath-school Teacher to renewed effort, as he takes his seat Sabbath after Sabbath in the midst of his class, and seeks to direct their minds to divine and heavenly things.

This employment, especially when we witness any fruits of our labor, is calculated to enliven the mind with hope and fill it with gratitude. "And should our endeavors for a length of time apparently fail of success, yet we ought not to despair. Earthly impressions and convictions of conscience have sometimes lain dormant for years, and at last revived into precious existence and maturity." Where the fruit is not immediate, there is a greater demand for faith in the divine promises. The promises of God are sure. His word cannot fail. "Write it," therefore, "and make it plain upon the tables" of the child's memory, and conscience, and heart, "that he may run that readeth. At the end it shall speak, and not lie. Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry." As certain as the rain and dew which nourish the earth render it fruitful, so certain will the word of God, communicated in faith and prayer, produce sooner or later decided and permanent results. It is the declaration of God himself, "As the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall My word be that goeth forth out of My mouth; it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Even should the Sabbath-school Teacher toil on till death, without witnessing any spiritual fruits resulting from his labors, if he is faithful in doing all that can be done for the salvation of his class, this divine promise will sustain him at every step, and make him feel that, whether he sees it here or not, his "labor will not be in vain in the Lord."—*Gathered Fragments.*

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